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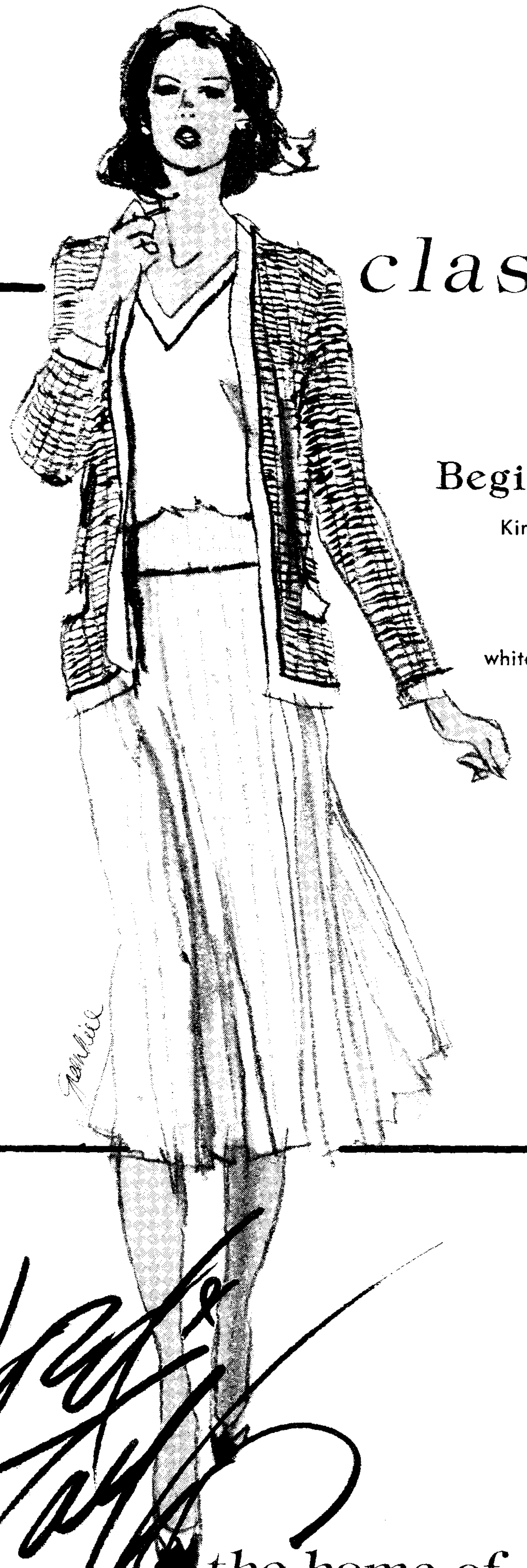

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Artichoke—A farm in Saskatchewan is the setting for this stylish, original comedy, by Joanna McClelland Glass, about sexual scandal and about the visit of an eccentric professor, whose specialty is Alexander Pope, to the farmer and his wife. The acting, under Lynne Meadow's direction, is all that it should be, *and more. Patricia Elliott is the farmer's* wife, Nicholas Hormann is the professor, Rex Robbins is the farmer, Amanda Michael Plummer is the farmer's daughter, Michael Higgins is his father-in-law, and Daniel Keyes and James Greene are a pair of scandalmongers. (3/5/79) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Ballroom—Brave Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia give more to their roles as middle-aged lovers than the roles contain. A musical with little music and an oafish book. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/1/79.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

Candida—A revival of Shaw's comedy, directed by Harold J. Kennedy. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by John Bishop, **winter signs**, is the fourth in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10; on Thursday, March 8, at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A revival of Jean Erdman's adaptation of Joyce's "Finnegans Wake," with music by Teiji Ito—and one song by Joyce. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Thursdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

The Crucifer of Blood—A very skillful parody of Arthur Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. Sherlock Holmes is splendidly embodied by Paxton Whitehead, and John Wulp's settings are sensational. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Equity Library Theatre—The E.L.T. has unearthed a buried treasure in **mary**, a little 1920 musical, with a score by Louis Hirsch and book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel. The show includes a couple of delightful, enduring hit songs, a delightful, silly script, and a few agreeable performances (though the performance as a whole is somewhat disappointing). Charming costumes and scenery by Jack McGroder and Wade Giampa, respectively. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 25. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-six and merry as a grig. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Julius Caesar and **Coriolanus**—The first two productions of a newly assembled Shakespearean troupe composed of experienced, highly proficient black and Hispanic actors, under the excellent direction of Michael Langham. **julius caesar**, with Roscoe Orman, Robert Christian, Mary Alice, Morgan Freeman, and Jaime Sanchez, among others, is always bold and clear and dramatic. (2/5/79) (Fridays and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3.) . . . ¶ Previews of **coriolanus** are following a schedule of Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; matinées Sundays at 3. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

The Kingfisher—An amiable comedy about a pair of old folk who are thinking of getting mar-

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COVER: *George Booth*

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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ried. The stars are Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose, and the author is William Douglas Home. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, March 11: PRINCESS IDA. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, March 14: THE MIKADO. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Monteith and Rand—Two pleasing young people, bright as new pennies and much more valuable, doing skits and parlor games of a Tolstoyan complexity, all simply to make us feel happy. (1/15/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Wednesday and Thursday at 8, and Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 10. Closes Saturday, March 10.)

My Old Friends—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Nevis Mountain Dew—Steve Carter's powerful, tragic, and often very funny play about a man in an iron lung and his West Indian family in their house in Queens. The acting, under Horacena J. Taylor's direction, is in every way a match for the script. Graham Brown gives a splendid performance in the leading role, and Arthur French, Frances Foster, Ethel Ayler, Barbara Montgomery, Samm-Art Williams, and Charles Brown are very good, too. The title refers to a brand of Caribbean rum. (12/18/78) (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Saravá—Tovah Feldshuh is the busy singing-and-dancing star of this overheated musical about a sexy Brazilian housewife and her two husbands—one dead, one alive, and both very active. The book and lyrics are by N. Richard Nash, and the music is by Mitch Leigh. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Spokesong—An Irish play by Stewart Parker, with music by Jimmy Kennedy. The cast includes Josef Sommer, John Lithgow, and Maria Tucci. Kenneth Frankel directed. Previews through Wednesday, March 14. Opens officially on Thursday, March 15, and will run through Sunday, May 20. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sterling Silver—A musical revue centered on the songs of Frederick Silver, performed by a cast of five. Opens Wednesday, March 7. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, March 8, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Strangers—Lois Nettleton plays Dorothy Thompson opposite Bruce Dern's Sinclair Lewis in a drama by Sherman Yellen. Directed by Arvin Brown. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Streetsongs—Geraldine Fitzgerald as singer in an enchanting one-woman show. (3/5/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Sweeney Todd—A musical with book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatre-goers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Hal Prince. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Taken in Marriage—All the action of Thomas Babe's witty, probing, and ultimately mysterious play takes place in a church basement, where five women—a bride, her family, and an entertainer—wait all day for a wedding rehearsal that never comes off. The performance, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is as distinguished as any in town. Meryl Streep, Elizabeth Wilson, Kathleen Quinlan, Nancy Marchand, and Dixie Carter are the fine actresses. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Whoopee!—Eddie Cantor starred in this preposterous musical some fifty years ago. Charles Repole plays the Cantor role, feverishly, and some of the old songs are still worth listening to. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wings—Constance Cummings is brilliant in this accurate and often moving account of the disastrous consequences of a cerebral hemorrhage. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . ANNIE: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . CHAPTER TWO: Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . DA: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . DANCIN': An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . DEATHTRAP: A stunning cast, headed by Stacy Keach, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . DRACULA: The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Raúl Juliá heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . FAMILY BUSINESS: A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . THE FANTASTICKS: 7,840 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . GEMINI: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . GREASE: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . I LOVE MY WIFE: A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . MUMMENSCHANZ: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY: A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.) . . . THE PASSION OF DRACULA: An

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unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Town Hall, 113 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Coquelico—A program of theatre, film, music, and dance, created and performed by the National Theatre of Prague. (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Mask & Wig Show—A musical revue, "You Bet Your Assets!," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday, March 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call 244-4660.)

DANCE

Nureyev and the Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of "Homage to Diaghilev," a four-week engagement that starts Wednesday, March 7, and will run through Sunday, April 1. The program: "Petrouchka," "Parade," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Wednesday, March 7, at 7, and Saturday, March 10, at 2: "Gaîté Parisienne," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Bolero." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Duo," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, at 8; Sunday, March 11, at 2; and Thursday, March 15, and Saturday, March 17, at 8: "Amor di Poeta." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 11, at 7:30: "Petrouchka," "Verdi," and "Bolero." . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 13, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Song of the Wayfarer," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 14, at 8: "Gaîté Parisienne," "Life" (première), "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Bolero." . . . ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Teak," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Life," "Verdi," and "Gaîté Parisienne." (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Closes Sunday, March 25.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER DANCE GROUP:** Wednesday, March 7, at 8, and Sunday, March 11, at 2 and 8. . . . **PEPSI BETHEL AUTHENTIC JAZZ DANCE THEATRE:** Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Bat-Dor—An Israeli company of twenty-six dancers making its first appearance here in two different programs. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 10, at 8, and Sunday, March 11, at 3.)

Don Redlich Dance Company—"Patina," "One Guiding Life," an unnamed solo work, "Finisterre," and "Traces." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 15, and Saturday and Sunday, March 17-18, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. Bassist Hakim Jami leads a quartet through Saturday, March 10; on Tuesday, March 13, trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH**, who has worked with Sun Ra and Sam Rivers, and who usually manages to round up a fine, moving ensemble, will come in. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his eighteen-piece band, the Apollo Stompers, which makes up for any shortcomings in the sound system with sheer blow power. While the walls shake, Byard leaps up from his elevated piano and runs around yelling at his musicians, goading them on. (Byard's years as a professor, at Boston's New England Conservatory, seem to have taught him a good deal about showmanship.) Music from ten.

Back Porch, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A pleasant-enough restaurant that really doesn't seem to resemble a back porch at all. What's special about the place is its singer-pianist, **DARDANELLE**, who comes from Greenwood, Mississippi—you can just catch a trace of honeyed Southernisms in her speaking voice. She's a confident, swinging pianist, but it's really her singing—clear, effortless, cheerful, direct, diction-perfect singing—that is so striking. She performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. A double bill: Peggy Hewett, Norman Rollings & Miss Faun make up half of it. Norman Rollings plays the piano and sings, Peggy Hewett is a cheerful Gilbert-and-Sullivan/Jeanette MacDonald soprano (and also plays droopy alto sax), and Miss Faun (Stacy) is a deadpan, décolleté cellist. They go on Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. The other half of the bill belongs to a singer and comedienne called nothing more than Pudgy, who works the late shift—ten-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. *Dining.*

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Unlike the other branches of this steak-and-all-the-salad-you-can-eat restaurant chain, this one offers all the first-rate jazz you can listen to. The current attraction is electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK**, his vocalist wife, **URSZULA DUDZIAK**, and their quintet; they play tunes built on jazz, rock, and Polish folk melodies. Through Saturday, March 10. On Wednesday, March 14, bassist Teruo Nakamura and his sextet, the Rising Sun, will take over. Sets begin Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**SAM** and **DAVE** (Sam Moore and Dave Prater) used to be *the* slick soul act in the late sixties—they would perform gyrating, choreographed routines as they sang, wear Shocking-pink tuxedos, and occasionally be backed by no less than Booker T. and the M.G.'s. They became famous for two huge record successes, "Hold On, I'm Coming" and "Soul Man," and for not speaking to each other, except onstage; they have not performed in New York in some time. Now that the kids from "Saturday Night Live" (the Blues Brothers) are doing so well with Sam and Dave material—their album is in the Top Ten—Sam and Dave have decided to speak to each other on a New York stage again. They'll be here on Sunday, March 11. The rest of the schedule: **PETER TOSH**, a reggae singer and songwriter and a former member of the Wailers, will be here on Wednesday and Thursday, March 7-8; Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, will belong to **DOC WATSON**, the legendary North Carolina flat-picking guitarist and singer, and his son, **MERLE**; Monday, March 12, will be a convenient date for an early St. Patrick's Day celebration, as **TOMMY MAKEM** and **LIAM CLANCY** take over the stage; Tuesday through Thursday, March 13-15, pianist **HERBIE HANCOCK** will play jazz or rock or both; and on Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, pop singer Nicolette Larson will trade sets with Steve Forbert, this year's model Dylan. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to hear it. Pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** resides here through Saturday, March 10. Then, beginning Sunday, March 11, pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** will be on hand nightly for a week or so. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a trio and vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, Monty Alexander is at the piano, playing, singing a little, and leading a trio. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to twelve-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and dignified, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly commandeers the instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Nightly, except Sundays, until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences look preppier and preppier every week. **NICO**, the pretty, blond member of the Velvet Underground more than a decade ago, will be here for three nights of chanting and playing her harmonium; Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10. (It will, more than likely, be quite crowded.) Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is in her eighties and still going strong, isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. Miss Hunter and her trio go on Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are now given over to stride pianist and occasional singer **BROOKS KERR** and his bassist, **AL HALL**, who perform from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, which features New Orleans-style food and, usually, Bourbon Street-tourist music during dinner. Trombonist **VIC DICKENSON** sneaks in a few swing licks and sings a little bit in a nicely offhand style through Friday, March 9. On Monday, March 12, former Ellington clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will arrive with a trio. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, is back on Third Avenue. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand most nights. On Sunday, March 11, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet that will feature pianist **JOHN BUNCH**, beginning at eight-thirty. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays are traditionally (in New York, anyway) big-band nights. There is no big band at Gregory's—where there is barely enough room for a trio—but this little bar shouldn't be overlooked, since Mondays here have lately been allotted to **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a virtually unknown, neglected guitarist with a distinctive personal style—one that is simultaneously singing and full and never ceases to swing. He came to this country from Hungary in 1959, and he has worked with Herbie Mann, Red Norvo, Don Friedman, and Albert Mangelsdorff. He performs with two fine players—his old collaborator **DON FRIEDMAN**, a pianist and composer, and **HARVIE SWARTZ**, a good bassist. Their hours are from ten to three. Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three; Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman show up early—at seven—on Sundays. On Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—This multilevel room looks like just another stylish, modern hotel room, but the singular views from it are what one would see out the window of an airplane in a perpetual bank. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** leads a trio for dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist **DILL JONES** alternates with them after nine-thirty.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this carpeted jazz loft. The guest performer Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, will be guitarist John Scofield; on Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, it will be pianist **KENNY BARRON**. Snacks and soft drinks. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. Trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE** is usually on the stand, supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen, Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **SAM JONES** are working in this corner restaurant, which is usually Billy Taylor's home base when he's in town, through Saturday, March 10; Tuesday through Saturday, March 13-17, **JUNIOR MANCE**, a former Dizzy Gillespie associate and an ever-bluesy pianist, will be present with a bass player. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Although it comes very close to authenticity, this Texas-on-Fifth Avenue bar attracts patrons who are a mite too sedate and hardly ever rowdy. Bluesman **ALBERT KING** sings and bends guitar strings on Wednesday, March 7; on Thursday, March 8, **DR. JOHN** and **DOUG SAHM** will perform some swamp-rock Cajun jungle music, with a little bit of T-Bone Walker (he wrote the blues classic "Stormy Monday") thrown in by Mr. Sahm; Sunday, March 11, will be Kinky Friedman night; and on Wednesday and Thursday, March 14-15, **DOUG SAHM** will show up again, but with his own band. Music weeknights, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—It's so peaceful in Michael's Pub: pianist **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** and her trio, and singer **MARLENE VER PLANCK** are paying tribute to composer Alec Wilder Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where one can run across the likes of Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey, Lew Soloff, Cornell Dupree, or James Cotton—and their respective groups—on the bandstand at one time or another. Music from ten until three. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End, but the club now has a liquor license, and even brings in non-folkie performers now and then. Tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ**—streamlined, silky, and all-business—leads his quartet through Saturday, March 10. Mondays belong to Grover, Margret, & Za Zu Zaz, a quartet that plays forties jump music. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. The eight-thirty slot is currently (Wednesdays through Saturdays) claimed by Weeden, Finkle & Fay—Bill Weeden, Dave Finkle, and Sally Fay—who sing satirical songs with the proficiency one might expect to find in a college revue. The eleven-o'clock show consists of singer Barbara Cook. Miss Cook will be absent on Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, when actor-singer Michael Moriarty will fill in for her. Mr. Moriarty also performs here on Sunday and Monday, March 11-12, at eight-thirty and eleven, and on Tuesday, March 13, at eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Randy and Mike Brecker, who are brothers, successful studio musicians, and jazz-rock recording stars, own this pleasant club (along with a third partner), and so far they've managed to round up a lot of worthwhile music. The schedule includes drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE** and his quartet Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10. On Tuesday and Wednesday, March 13-14, **REGGIE WORKMAN**, a wonderful bassist, will lead a less than modestly titled quartet, Top Shelf. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A spacious, square-shaped downstairs room with refreshingly decent acoustics and comfortable chairs. **ANITA O'DAY**, who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, is here through Saturday, March 10, with a trio and with her refined and sometimes elusive musical insights. Wednesday through Saturday, March 14-17, trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** will mug, mumble, solo, and lead his quintet. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **ANTHONY DAVIS** and flutist **JAMES NEWTON** co-pilot a quartet through Saturday, March 10; on Tuesday, March 13, flugelhornist **ART FARMER** will come in with a quartet. Sundays are reserved for drummer **PETE LA ROCA'S** quartet, and Mondays for tenor saxophonist **NOEL SMITH'S** quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A loose, relaxed room that is a hangout for musicians and listeners. Pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.**, heads up a quartet on Wednesday, March 7; Thursday through Sunday, March 8-11, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN** will lead his quartet; on Monday, March 12, pianist **RON BURTON'S** group will be on hand; and on Thursday, March 15, saxophonist Andrew White will arrive for a four-night stay. Music every night after ten. Dining.

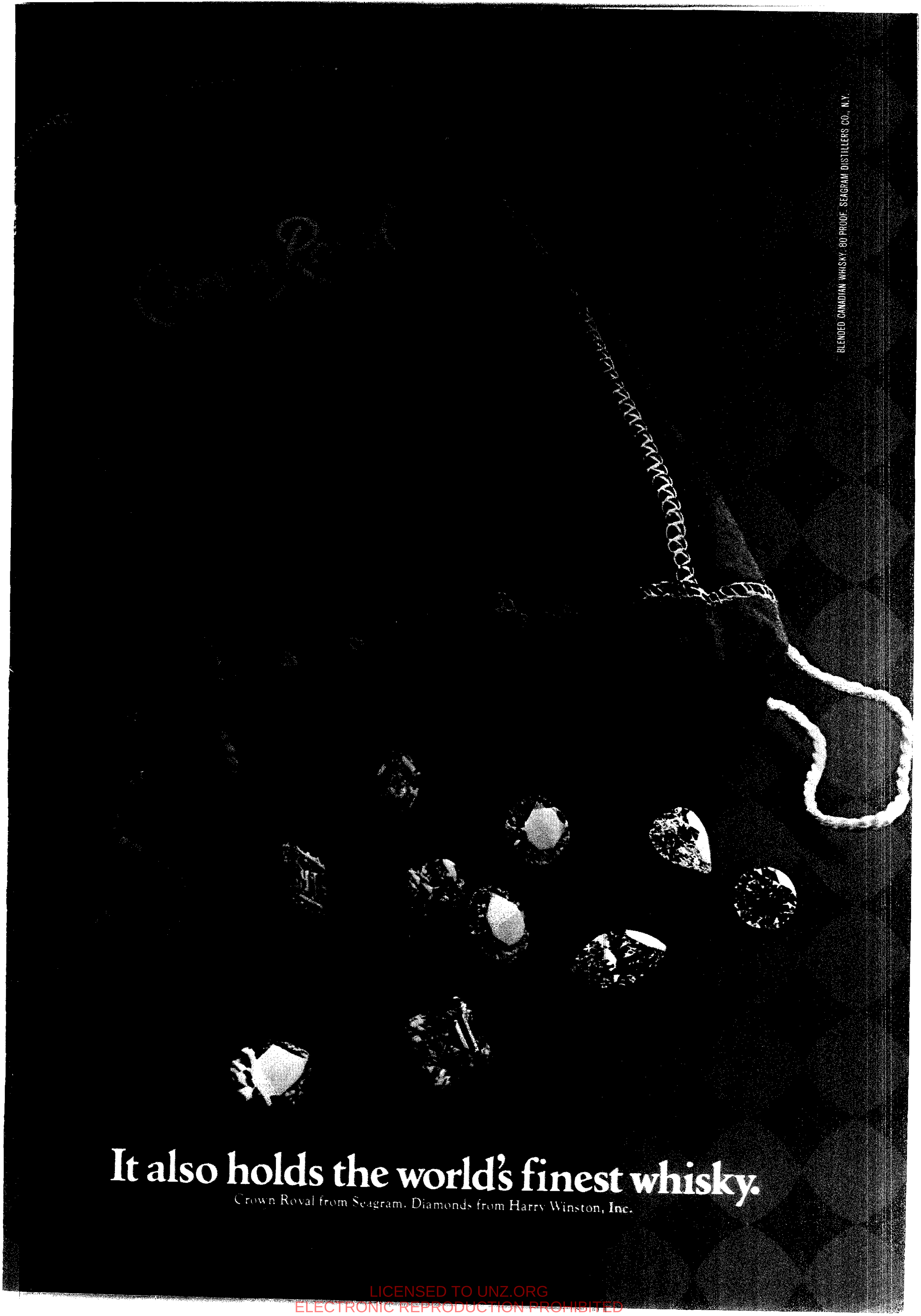
TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night except Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Singer **NINA SIMONE** will appear at the Top of the Gate on Thursday, March 8, at nine-thirty, and on Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Sundays at seven, Bob January directs a dance band, and on Tuesdays at nine, in the terrace bar, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** heads a trio.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **ARNETT COBB**, who was billed as "The Wildest Tenorman in the World" in the forties, leads his quartet through Sunday, March 11. Cobb, who works mostly out of Houston nowadays, plays breathy, looping, old-fashioned-honking R. & B. saxophone, and one doesn't run across that very often anymore. On Tuesday, March 13, **DANNIE RICHMOND**, who was the late Charles Mingus's drummer, will bring in the quintet he's been touring with over the last several months. The group has been lovingly playing all-Mingus charts, and the bass parts have been handled by **EDDIE GOMEZ**. Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big band, which is home from touring for a while, blasts forth. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. Clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and his Ellington-minded quartet wind up their visit on Sunday, March 11. Tuesday through Thursday, March 13-15, have been reserved for **EDDIE DURHAM**, one of the very first electric guitarists, and his Kansas City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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Four. On Friday, March 16, guitarist Snags Allen, who backed up the Supremes for years, will front a quartet, and on Saturday, March 17, trumpeter Franc Williams will bring in his quartet for a couple of nights. Music every night from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Good Rats and **Jimmie Mack**—A benefit concert. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday, March 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Composers in the Modern Idiom—A program of music by Teo Macero (who will be present and speak), dedicated to the late Charles Mingus and performed by Dannie Richmond and his All-Stars, John Lewis, Pepper Adams, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

Ramones and **the Fabulous Poodles**—Palladium. Friday, March 9, at 8.

Old Time Country Music Festival—Friday, March 9, at 8:30: Bill Grant and Delia Bell, plus the Red Clay Ramblers.... ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8:30: Hazel Dickens and Dewey Balfa and Friends. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Andrew Hill and **the George Lewis Quartet**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, March 9, at 11.

David (Honeyboy) Edwards—Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. 473-6072. Saturday, March 10, at 8, and Sunday, March 11, at 2:30.

Clancy Brothers—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.

Andrew Hill and **the Barry Altschul Quartet**—Public Theatre. Saturday, March 10, at 11.

Al Cohn—Lecturing and performing (with Joe Puma) at Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. 477-3077. Sunday, March 11, at 3.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The third in a series of five programs entitled "Great Lyricists Remembered" (in this case Oscar Hammerstein), with Bobbi Baird, James Hammerstein, Martha Wright, and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday and Monday, March 11-12, at 8.)

Gospel Celebration—The Dixie Hummingbirds, Inez Andrews, and the Allan Arc Singers. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, March 11, at 8.)

Milt Jackson and **Monty Alexander**—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, March 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-2557.

Highlights in Jazz—Two concerts by the Buddy Rich band and Lance Hayward. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, March 15, at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Santana and **Eddie Money**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, March 15, at 8.

Gil Scott-Heron and **Angela Bofill**—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 15, at 9.

Barry White and the Love Unlimited Orchestra—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, at 7 and 11.

Twisted Sister—Palladium. Friday, March 16, at 8.

Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand) Quartet—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, at 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Benny Andrews—Another set of his "Women I've Known" collage paintings. Through March 29. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Eleanor Antin—In her incarnation as the Ballets Russes dancer Eleanora Antinova, the artist is exhibiting stage and costume designs and other documents from a "lost" ballet. Through Saturday, March 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

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Gillian Bradshaw-Smith—Nineteen sculptures by an Englishwoman who was born in India and specializes in writhing, serpentine works. This group is cut out of laminated aluminum and painted, and seems to be a happy amalgam of elephant trunks, cobras, and Balinese dancers' fingers. Through Saturday, March 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Harvey Breverman—Paintings and drawings, usually of figures in interiors. Through March 24. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Harold Bruder—Cityscapes, in particular the streets, highways, and gas stations of the borough of Queens. Through March 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Simon Dinnerstein—Detailed realist works, some with Roman subjects, others family portraits and still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Xavier Gonzalez—Large and sometimes rather spooky representational paintings by this Spanish-born artist. Through Saturday, March 10. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St.)

Michael Heizer—New abstract paintings; also drawings and drypoints. Through March 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Bryan Hunt—Recent sculptures, two of them freestanding cast-bronze representations of waterfalls, and the others dart-shaped pieces, two or three feet long, that appear to have flown into the walls and stuck there; these are made of wood and covered with silk and metal foil—gold, silver, or copper. Through March 24. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Twenty-four portraits by a Russian modernist. Through March 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Rafael Mahdavi—Works in mixed mediums, chiefly photographs of interiors printed on linen and touched up with acrylics. Through Friday, March 16. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jan Matulka (1890-1972)—Paintings and drawings. The figures are Synchromist, the still-lifes Cubist, and the drawings Precisionist. Through Saturday, March 17. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Nickle—Fragments of paper, stray envelopes, shipping labels, tarpaper—the grimier and more weathered the better—assembled into collages that are low-key in color and solid in composition. Through Saturday, March 17. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Bob Paige—Paintings of outsize Concord grapes, and other still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 17. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Oil paintings of creatures of the imagination—birdlike things and people from nightmares—painted in carnival colors by a Danish artist who is a member of the Cobra group. Through March 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Karl Schrag—New oil paintings—Maine hillsides covered with blossoms, Jamaican landscapes heavy with fruit and flowers, plus several figurative paintings. Through Saturday, March 17. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Donald Sultan—Paintings done in oil on linoleum tiles fixed to Masonite, plus drawings in roofing tar on paper. The style is reductionist, and in one seascape of a sailboat and an iceberg the two look pretty much alike, being simple white triangles on a black field. Through March 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Sandy Walker—Semi-abstract paintings and drawings of beach scenes and the Tetons. Through March 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Arsenal Gallery**, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St.: A loan show, selected from the collections of the Metropolitan Museum, of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by twenty-five black artists, among them Alma Thomas, Alvin Loving, and Gordon Parks. Through March 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)... **Center for Inter-American Relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "A Century of Venezuelan Landscapes: 1845-1945" begins with a watercolor by Camille Pissarro and includes forty paintings by twenty artists. The works were chosen by Alejandro Otero, a Venezuelan painter and sculptor. Through April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **Knowlton**, 19 E. 71st St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists Carol Anthony, Robert Beauchamp, and others. Through April 4.... **Shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: A total of a hundred and forty-two nineteenth-century French and other Continental drawings, watercolors, and oil sketches. Through Saturday, March 10.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

William Allan—This watercolorist specializes in fresh-water fish—speckled trout, sockeye salmon in its fiery spawning colors—but he has lately encountered, and painted, such salt-water creatures as an iridescent albacore and the curious dolphin fish, which is not to be confused with the dolphin mammal. Through March 31. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Anuszkiewicz—New paintings by this Optical artist. Through April 14. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Barton Lidice Beneš—Collages of found objects, sculptures (waxed and gessoed books, envelopes stuffed with red tape), and handmade books. Through March 31. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Chandler—Drawings on a grid pattern. Through Saturday, March 10. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Gene Davis—A retrospective of drawings. Through March 31. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Dorothy Dehner—This veteran artist, known for her bronze sculptures, has shifted over to wood, using bits and pieces of fine timber, some of it rescued from cabinetmakers' shops. A number of drawings are also on view. Through Saturday, March 10. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Elisabeth Frink—Bronzes, many of horses or active male figures, plus drawings and a series of outsize stylized heads by this leading British sculptor. Through Friday, March 9. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

James Hayward—Minimalist paintings by a California artist. Through March 24. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Thirty or so painted aluminum cut-outs of the artist's friends and relatives, many of them life-size, others doll-size, and still others in between, but all freestanding. It was intended that one's sense of perspective be thrown out of kilter in a gallery full of these disproportionate figures, and it is. Through Saturday, March 17. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Mel Kendrick—Wall sculptures made of blue-painted perforated aluminum sheets bent and folded to the artist's design. The shadows they cast are an integral part of the works. First one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, March 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lee Krasner—Large-scale paintings, dated 1959-62. Through Saturday, March 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne—Functional sculpture, so to speak. For instance, a huge cast-stone gorilla has a safe in his stomach; a

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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giant fibre-glass frog has a recess in his back that serves as a seat. Through March 24. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Miriam Laufer—Large abstract paintings, most of them made up of irregular, jagged forms fitted together in a semi-Constructivist manner and painted in raw, bright colors. Through Thursday, March 15. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—Small sculptures, maquettes, and drawings, touching on all phases of his career. Through March 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Frank Metz—Deer Isle and Vinalhaven, Maine, are the settings for most of these paintings and drawings. Through March 29. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Hayes Miller (1876-1952)—A two-gallery exhibit of works by this artist and influential teacher. Paintings and drawings of New York women and shoppers, dating from the late twenties to the forties, at Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. (open Mondays), and etchings and drypoints—again, mostly of women—at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. (open Mondays). Both shows through March 31.

Margaret Miller—Sculptures that double as games. A version of hopscotch, for instance, involves chalk lines and ceramic markers. Also drawings. Through March 31. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

Beverly Pepper—Small forged and cast-steel sculptures in the shapes of columns, portals, and wedges. Through March 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—An exhibition of drawings never shown before, all of them done in the nervous, wire-edged brush line that worked in counterpoint with the stark simplicity of his draftsmanship. Through March 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Bill Sullivan—Crayon and pastel figurative drawings whose subject matter ranges from fashion models to barnyard pigs. Through March 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Thon—Watercolors of Maine. Through March 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle—A two-gallery showing of his Minimalist works on paper. At Truman, 38 E. 57th St., are ten watercolors—each little more than the flick of a brush—on glassine paper, done for a 1977 exhibition at Yale. . . . ¶ Alexander, 20 W. 57th St., is exhibiting, in the basement of that building, two hundred and fifty drawings, most of them a brief inked line, assembled into books by the artist. Both shows through Saturday, March 10.

Neil Welliver—Huge realist landscapes portraying the rugged quality of interior Maine, with its bright groves of birch and its boulder-strewn white-water streams. Through April 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Joseph Beuys—Drawings by a German conceptual artist. Through March 24. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

David Budd—Thirteen monochromatic paintings in various shades of blue. The group is called the Bisbee Series, after the blue skies of Bisbee, Arizona. Through Thursday, March 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Fran Bull / Alan Dworkowitz—Large watercolors done on vertical strips about two inches wide of scenes at Versailles and Lincoln Center, and a watering place crowded with storks, done with enormous fidelity. / Details of bicycles—the handlebars and sections of the front tire, usually—in five pencil drawings so precisely executed that it took the artist two years to complete them. Through March 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Frederick Franck—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through March 30. (Hubris, 150 Thompson St. Open Sundays.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum / Ed McGowin—Three sculptures, one of them a vast curtain, made up of strips of blued spring steel an inch and a quarter wide, which hangs in an eighty-five-foot crescent across this big gallery. Through April 7. / Two large maquettes for much larger outdoor pieces. One is a pyramid with an exterior mural tracing the life of a metalworker, and an interior room—a sort of shrine seen through windows—showing some of his tools and things he made. The other piece is a sort of kiosk, fifteen feet tall, with an interior tableau commenting on the aging process. Through March 31. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Morris—Two exhibits: a freestanding sculpture, two felt wall hangings, and twelve drawings at Sonnabend, and six sculptures that are descendants of Coney Island funhouse mirrors, at Castelli. Both galleries at 420 West Broadway, and both shows through March 24.

Joe Nicastri—Paintings and pencil drawings of figures and flowers, done on a gesso surface that is built up in repeated layers. The edges of these works are left raw, giving them the look of details chipped out of an ancient mural. First one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, March 15. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Gladys Nilsson—Watercolors depicting a multitude of amorphous figures. Through Thursday, March 15. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Charles Ross—Six huge works illuminated by spotlights, each work in two parts—a Plexiglas prism and a solid wood prism. Through March 27. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

George Schneeman—Fresco portraits. Through March 24. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Anthony Sorce / John Clem Clarke—This artist lays down layers of paint on a polyethylene surface, peels them off (just the paint), and reassembles them in abstract compositions, which he then transfers to a shaped wooden panel. / Well-known masterpieces—a Rembrandt self-portrait, an Ingres odalisque, a Parmigianino Madonna—seem to be floating just beneath a translucent surface on which splotches of raw color are applied. An incredibly complicated stencilling process is involved, requiring a separate stencil for each color—sixty or more in each composition. Through March 24. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Ursula von Rydingsvard / Mimi Smith—Sculptures made up of raw cedar poles and wedges of cedar, shaped with a chisel and a hand grinding wheel. / Working on black paper, this artist puts down in pastel strips the colors she sees on her television set, and in white ink writes some of the words she hears. Through Saturday, March 17. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Andy Warhol—Wall-to-wall Warhols—sixty-seven paintings lined shoulder to shoulder around the sides of this large exhibition room, plus sixteen more in the rear gallery. Through Saturday, March 10. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8.)

Architectural Drawings—Visionary proposals for dealing with city life by celebrated architects from all over the world—Gropius, Mies, Kahn, Mendelsohn, Soleri, Fuller, Kikutake. The end of the hall is dominated by four huge Le Corbusier sketches (one is over twenty feet long) done in bright pastels to illustrate a series of Columbia lectures on urban planning. Through May 5. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—Ten contemporary artists, among them John Lees, with a colorful painting of a mullet; Ralph Humphrey, with a nicely balanced wooden wall piece in red and blue; and David True, with an abstracted seascape from Savannah. Through March 24. (Thorp, now located at 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Sea Breeze
MOTEL
NO VACANCY
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

OTHER GALLERIES

Stephen Csoka—A retrospective of his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Saturday, March 17. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Margaret Israel—Painted earthenware containers. Through March 24. (Greenwich House, 16 Jones St., between Bleecker and West 4th Sts. Opens at 1.)

Claude Marks—A retrospective of drawings and paintings by an artist who has sketched numerous theatre personalities, among them Laurence Olivier, Maureen Stapleton, and James Earl Jones. Through March 24. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Michael Singer—Drawings. Through March 26. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Walt Whitman—An exhibit of manuscripts, first editions, letters, and other memorabilia from the collection of Charles E. Feinberg. Among the items is an 1872 linen broadside designed by Whitman and listing in no fewer than eight typefaces the books he had written by then. Through Friday, March 9. (Barnard College Library, Broadway at 117th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—The Museum of Modern Art is showing his early works (from the sixties), depicting urban and rural scenes in and around Colorado Springs and Denver. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

David A. Hanson—This photographer-filmmaker-bookbinder chooses a subject (ornithological specimens, travels to the Rio Grande), takes the necessary pictures, and then mounts them in handbound books. Twenty-three books and thirty-five wall-mounted prints make up his show. Through March 24. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Kenneth McGowan—Among the new Cibachrome additions to his œuvres: a large portrait of Jack La Lanne clad in a glowing red jumpsuit, flanked by a light-gray statue of the Winged Victory on one side and a black statue of himself on the other. Through March 24. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Ray Metzker / Bart Parker—Formalist black-and-white abstractions. / Photographs in pairs and in groups (of crushed cans, cancelled checks, clotheslines), plus text, by a Conceptualist. Through March 31. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Burk Uzzle / Lucien Clergue—Urban street scenes. / Surrealist studies of nudes. Through Saturday, March 10. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kelly Wise—Surreal photographs. Through Saturday, March 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Fifty Years of New York—More than three hundred photographs from the *News* archives have been mounted by the New York Public Library. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two shows. More than a hundred works by David Octavius Hill, Charles Nègre, and Auguste Salzmann, all of whom began their careers as academic painters. . . . ¶ Photojournalist pictures of Europe between the two wars by Lucien Aigner. Through Sunday, March 11. . . . THE NEW MUSEUM, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "The Invented Landscape" includes works by ten contemporary photographers. Through April 14. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.: Works by five photographers—John Pinderhughes, Coreen Simpson, Frank Stewart, Jules Allen, and Dawoud Bey. Through Sunday, March 11. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sun-

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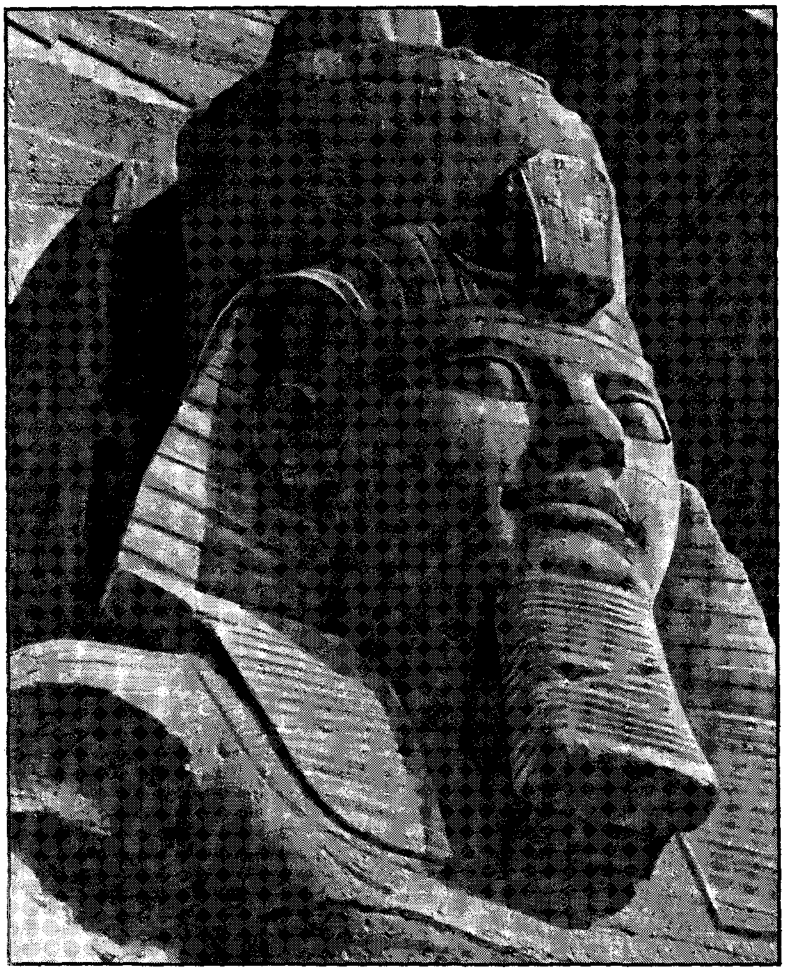

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days, 1 to 6.) . . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century Chinese panoramas (mostly harbor views) by European photographers, plus handcolored genre scenes by W. Saunders. Through April 7. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course. Through April 15. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Transformations in Modern Architecture," a show of primarily black-and-white photographs of buildings constructed in the past twenty years. Through April 24. . . . ¶ Paul Klee prints. Through April 3. . . . ¶ Bottle caps, paper clips, rubber bands, and other objects (two thousand of them) transformed by Donald Lipski into tiny sculptures that are pinned in rows on the wall. Through March 18. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: About forty pictures taken in the sixties by Robert Adams. Through May 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Planar Dimension: Europe 1912-1932" is an exhibit that examines the synthesis of painting and sculpture in two-dimensional works of art by Picasso, Archipenko, Calder, Lissitzky, and others. Starts Friday, March 9. . . . ¶ A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian (paintings and works on paper, including two sketchbooks), dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through May 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The 1979 biennial consists of works in a wide range of styles and mediums by eighty-eight artists of all ages and all levels of fame, more than a third of whom work outside the New York area. Through April 1. (Open daily except *Mondays. Hours:* Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by four British Victorian artists: George Frederic Watts, Frederic Leighton, Albert Moore, and Alfred Gilbert. Through April 8. . . . ¶ Thirty-one works by Wang Ming, including paintings on rice paper and rag board and three accordion-folded books whose opened leaves span twenty feet. Through April 8. . . . ¶ A selection of more than twenty-five handwoven bedspreads, cushion covers, and wall hangings produced in Scandinavian countries between 1650 and 1925. Through March 21. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Calligraphy as a decorative form in the arts of the Muslim world, demonstrated in a show of manuscript pages, pottery, textiles, and metalwork dating from the seventh century to the nineteenth. Through Sunday, March 11. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of designs for buildings, interiors, and objects commissioned by King Ludwig II of Bavaria. Also costumes, furniture, porcelains, and textiles that were actually used by the king. Through March 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and graphics of Arik Brauer, an artist associated with the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through April 29. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of more than a hundred handmade bookbindings, representing the full range of the library's collection, in such materials as gold, silver, and ivory. Through April 8. . . . ¶ More than three dozen single leaves from medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts, one of them from a Bible illuminated at St. Swithin's Priory, Winchester, England, in the last quarter of the twelfth century. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Mrs. John Jay's white satin shoes (circa 1785) and a red straw hat that Sally Victor designed in 1942 are part of a sizable collection of shoes and hats on view here. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection has put together an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and first editions by Henry James, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, and other authors active in the eighteen-nineties. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Pictures of New York from the last fifty years. Through March 31. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Photographic installations by four artists: Dennis Adams, James Casebere, Barbara Levy, and Donald. All shows through Saturday, March 10.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Annson Kenny (performance), Thursday, March 8, at 8:30; Jim Sutcliffe (performance), Thursday, March 15, at 8:30; books by Dick Higgins and the Something Else Press, through March 24.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Bill T. Jones (dance), Wednesday through Saturday, March 7-10, at 8:30; "C,D,F,P,T + G" (dance), Sunday, March 11, at 3 and 8:30; Christian Boltanski (slide lecture), Wednesday, March 14, at 8:30; Jean Dupuy (performance), Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, at 8:30; a program of seven videotapes from Synapse Video Center in Syracuse, through Saturday, March 17; Dennis Oppenheim (metal sculptures incorporating sound tracks), through March 24.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—At least twenty individual exhibits and several group shows are currently housed in this three-story onetime school building. Through April 1.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 7, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and Dimitri Kavrakos; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 8: A new production of Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, José van Dam, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Leona Mitchell, Rita Shane, Loretta Di Franco, Stuart Burrows, Dale Duesing, Harald Stamm, Nico Castel, and John Shirley-Quirk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2:30: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, Allan Monk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and Dimitri Kavrakos; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, March 12, at 8: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and Paul Plishka; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 13, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, José van Dam, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 14, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, Rita *Shane, Loretta Di Franco, Stuart Burrows,* Dale Duesing, Jerome Hines, Nico Castel, and John Shirley-Quirk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, Allan Monk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, José van Dam, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and Paul Plishka; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Benita Valente, May Sandoz, Loretta Di Franco, Stuart Burrows, Dale Duesing, Jerome Hines, Nico Castel, and John Shirley-Quirk; John Pritchard.

New York City Opera—Thursday, March 8, at 8: "La Traviata," with Ashley Putnam, Kathleen Hegierski, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Frederick Burchinal; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: "Faust," with Mariana Niculescu, Faith Esham, Luis Lima, Samuel Ramey, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Glenys Fowles, Eunice Hill, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Eugene Holmes, and Irwin Densen; Victor De Renzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Sharon Daniels, Ermanno Mauro, and David Holloway; Elyakum Shapirra. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 11, at 1: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Martha Thigpen, Vinson Cole, Charles Long, John Seabury, and Vernon Hartman; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 11, at 7: "Faust," with Mariana Niculescu, Faith Esham, Luis Lima, Samuel Ramey, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 13, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Gwenlynn Little, Faith Esham, Jane Shaulis, Robert Hale, Charles Long, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 14, at 2: "Faust," with *Mariana Niculescu, Kathleen Hegierski,* Luis Lima, Samuel Ramey, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Sharon Daniels, Ermanno Mauro, and David Holloway; Elyakum Shapirra. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Faye Robinson, Gwenlynn Little, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Spiro Malas, Abram Morales, and Philip Booth; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Ruth Falcon, Elizabeth Hynes, Faith Esham, Jane Shaulis, Robert Hale, Charles Long, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting Thursday, March 8, at 8:30; Friday, March 9, at 2; Saturday, March 10, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 13, at 7:30 (all with Viktoria Postnikova, piano). . . . ¶ Claudio Abbado conducting performances of Mahler's Sixth Symphony Thursday through Saturday, March 15-17, at 8:30, and Tuesday, March 20, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York—Mamoru Takahara conducting, with Oscar Ravina, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 8.)

Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale—John Mauceri

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ORIGINALS IN STERLING, CHINA, CRYSTAL AND PEWTER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conducting an all-Hindemith program, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 8.)

Orpheus—Twenty-five wind and string players who perform without a conductor. With Heather Harper, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 12, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—The last in a series of concerts by this chamber group that performs without a conductor. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, March 15, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a Bach-Handel program and acting as piano soloist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, at 8, and Sunday, March 18, at 3.)

Winchester Cathedral Choir—Martin Neary directing, with James Lancelot, organ, and the Opus I Chamber Orchestra of Cleveland. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 7, at 8.)

Music Before 1800—The tenth in a series of concerts will be performed by Cappella Nova, directed by Richard Taruskin. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 11, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing an all-Mozart program, with Judith Blegen, soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 7:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Peter Eros directing the final performance of the season, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 8.)

RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The second in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by Wolfgang Rubsam. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 7, at 5:30.)

Wanda Wilkomirska—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 7, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 7-8, at 8. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Zaidee Parkinson and Rose Taylor—Piano and mezzo-soprano, in a program of Slavic music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The second in a series of three concerts of twentieth-century European music, this one an Austro-German program, with Merja Sargon, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—Vocal and instrumental music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 8, at 8:30, a program of music of Spain, the last in a series of concerts. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 17, at 8, a program called "Masters of the German Baroque.")

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.)

Melos Quartet—The last three in a series of all-Schubert concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8, with Leonard Rose, cello; Tuesday, March 13, at 8, no soloists; and Friday, March 16, at 8, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano, and Julius Levine, bass.)

Concert-Party—The fifth in a series of seven concerts, this one performed by Ransom Wilson, flute, and Nancy Allen, harp, with a string trio. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, March 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by William Valente, Nicolas Roussakis, and Arnold Schoenberg, performed by the Columbia String Quartet. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St Friday, March 9, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Joseph Karpienia—Classical guitarist, with Andrew Bolotowsky, flute, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8:30.)

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Aston Magna—A baroque ensemble, in the last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Arthur Fennimore—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 10, at 2:30.)

Henryk Szeryng—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 10, at 8.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider, violin; Jaime Laredo, violin and viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, March 11, at 2.)

Lazar Berman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 3.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 3.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor, singing Schubert's "Die Winterreise," in a benefit recital, with Lukas Foss, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, March 11, at 3.)

Criterion Concerts—The first in a new series of three concerts of contemporary music, this one performed by Andrew Bolotowsky, flute; Jane Adler, mime; Stewart Newbold, clarinet; and others. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Sunday, March 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 11, at 3. For tickets, call 222-9311.)

Morris Moshe Cotel—Composer/pianist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—Stephanie Brown, piano; Pina Carmirelli, violin; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 12, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Jumez—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 13, at 8.)

Anton Kuerti—The sixth in a series of eight recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 13, at 8.)

Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman—Violin and violin/viola. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 14, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 8.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Josephine Mongiardo—Soprano, with Syoko Aki, violin; Toby Appel, viola; Alvin Brehm, bass; Virginia Brewer, oboe; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord and piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 16, at 8.)

Trio di Milano—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 16, at 8:30.)

New York Baroque Ensemble—A program of sonatas played on original or copies of original baroque instruments. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, March 17, at 8. For information about tickets, call 242-4087.)

MISCELLANY

Béla Bartók–The Later Years—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, a group including Pina Carmirelli, violin; Judith Raskin, soprano; the Sine Nomine Singers, directed by Harry Saltzman; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; and Gordon Gottlieb and Daniel Druckman, percussion. The final concert of the series. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. San Antonio, Saturday, March 10, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. New Orleans, Tuesday, March 13, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 17, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Seattle, Friday, March 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Sunday, March 11, at 1:45. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 16, at 8.)

Gymnastics—The Dial American Cup. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 10, at 1, and Sunday, March 11, at noon.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Wednesday, March 7. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Sunday, March 11. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, March 14. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 10. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Tuesday, March 13. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, March 15. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, March 17. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Swift, Saturday, March 10; the Correction Handicap, Sunday, March 11; and the Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, March 17. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 31. The Bowie, Saturday, March 17.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, March 10. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, March 12, through Saturday, April 21. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Harvey Shapiro and Alberta T. Turner reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 8, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Jane Cooper, Peter Everwine, and Jean Valentine reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesday, March 13, at 8.)

Cartier Vintage Aircraft Exhibit—Fifteen pioneer aircraft, dating from 1904 through the First World War, in a tribute to the Brazilian aeronaut Alberto Santos-Dumont, who built and flew aircraft in France at the turn of the century. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Tuesday, March 15-20, from 10 to 9. Free.)

Flower Shows—The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday through Sunday, March 9-11, from noon to 6. . . . ¶ The Spring Flower Show of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park, opens in the Conservatory on Saturday, March 10 (no admission charge that day). Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, March 7, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 2: European porcelains, belonging to Fritz Katz and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2: Persian rugs, from several owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 14, at 2, and Thursday, March 15, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, including ceramics, paintings, snuff bottles, and textiles; from various sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 10. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, March 9, at 10:30 and 2: English and Continental porcelains and glass, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 2: Old Master paintings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 8.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 23. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
March 7: "The Premature Burial" and "The Haunted Palace."
March 8: "Machine Gun Kelly" and "The Wild Angels."
March 9: "The Trip" and "Bloody Mama."
March 10: "The Masque of the Red Death."
March 11: " 'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes."
March 12: Theatre closed.
March 13: "The Tomb of Ligeia" and "The Pit and the Pendulum."
March 14: "Roger Corman: Hollywood's Wild Angel."
March 15: "The Intruder."
March 16: "The Little Shop of Horrors" and "A Bucket of Blood."
March 17: "Gas-s-s-s."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through March 13: "California Suite."
From March 14: "Autumn Sonata."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 8: "Movie Movie" and "The Ritz."
March 9-15: "The Lord of the Rings" and "Allegro Non Troppo."
From March 16: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 13: "Midnight Express."
From March 14: "Bread and Chocolate."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Heaven Can Wait."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Norma Rae."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 8: "In Praise of Older Women."
From March 9: "The Passage."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Great Train Robbery."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Hardcore."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Innocent."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through March 13: "Autumn Sonata."
From March 14: "Voices."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Deer Hunter."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 8: "An Unmarried Woman."
March 9-15: "All Things Bright and Beautiful."
From March 16: "Bread and Chocolate."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Agatha."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Real Life."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through March 8: "Midnight Express."
From March 9: "Same Time, Next Year."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Despair."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 10: "Coming Home."
From March 11: "Remember My Name."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (744-7339)
"Fast Break."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (744-7339)
"Norma Rae."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through March 10: "Once in Paris."
From March 11: "The French Detective."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 15: "Ice Castles."
From March 16 (tentative): "The China Syndrome."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through March 8: "Movie Movie."
From March 9: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Bread and Chocolate."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Great Train Robbery."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Fast Break."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Hardcore."
Theatre 2: Through March 8: "The Warriors." From March 9: "All Things Bright and Beautiful."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 15 (tentative): "In Praise of Older Women."
From March 16: To be announced.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 8: "Days of Heaven." From March 9: "The Great Train Robbery."
Theatre 2: Through March 15: "The Last Wave." From March 16: "Murder by Decree."
Theatre 3: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
Theatre 4: Through March 8: "Bread and Chocolate." From March 9: "The Great Train Robbery."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 8: "The Lord of the Rings."
From March 9: "All Things Bright and Beautiful."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
March 7: Theatre closed.
From March 8: "The Promise."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 11: "Murder by Decree."
March 12-13: Theatre closed.
From March 14: "Hair."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Wifemistress."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Picnic at Hanging Rock."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Innocent."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through March 13: To be announced.
From March 14: "Murder by Decree."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 10: "Your Turn, My Turn."
From March 11: "Remember My Name."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through March 10: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."
From March 11: "Your Turn, My Turn."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"The Last Wave."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 13: "California Suite." From March 14 (tentative): "Murder by Decree."
Theatre 2: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
Theatre 3: Through March 8: "The Brink's Job." From March 9 (tentative): "Same Time, Next Year."
Theatre 4: Through March 8: "The Lord of the Rings." From March 9 (tentative): "The Great Train Robbery."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through March 13: "Bread and Chocolate."
From March 14: "Autumn Sonata."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 8: "Movie Movie" and "The Ritz."
March 9-15: "The Lord of the Rings" and "Coma."
From March 16: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" and another feature, to be announced.

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through March 17 (tentative): "The Great Train Robbery." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through March 15: "Midnight Express." (†)
From March 16 (tentative): "Hardcore." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Last Wave." (†)
Theatre 3: "An Unmarried Woman." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coming Home." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Heaven Can Wait." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Norma Rae." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through March 15: "Hardcore." (†)
From March 16 (tentative): "The China Syndrome." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through March 8: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)
From March 9: "The Passage." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Fast Break." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through March 15: "Ice Castles." (†)
From March 16: "The China Syndrome." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"The Warriors." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 7: "Gilda" (1946), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), directed by John Huston, with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.
March 8: "Kanal" (1956) and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958), both films in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda.
March 9-10: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself.
March 11-12: "Duck Soup" (1933), "The Cocoanuts" (1929), and "Animal Crackers" (1930), all with the Marx Brothers.
March 13: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa, a Soviet-Japanese co-production; and "Madame Aki" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda.
March 14: "The Mattei Affair" (†) and "The Last Tycoon." (†)
March 15: "A Special Day" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "Shoe-Shine" (1946), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
March 16-17: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta

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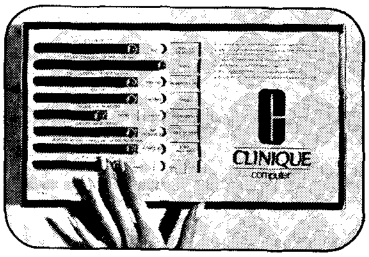

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Masina; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

March 7: "Judith Therpauve" (1978), in French, directed by Patrick Chereau; and "Le Paradis des Riches" (1978), in French, directed by Paul Barge.

March 8: "Un Balcon en Forêt" (1978), in French, directed by Michel Mitrani; and "Utopia" (1978), in French, directed by Iradj Azimi.

March 9: "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

March 10: "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando and Lee Marvin.

March 11: "On Efface Tout" (1978), in French, directed by Pascal Vidal; and "Mais Où Est Donc Ornicar" (1978), in French, directed by Bertrand van Effenterre (who will be present at the 7:45 showing).

March 12: "Judith Therpauve" and "Le Paradis des Riches."

March 13: "Martin et Léa" (1978), in French, directed by Alain Cavalier; and "Passe Montagne" (1978), in French, directed by Jean-François Stevenin.

March 14: "La Chanson de Roland" (1978), in French, directed by Frank Cassenti; and "Zoo Zero" (1978), in French, directed by Alain Fleischer.

March 15: "Un Balcon en Forêt" (the director, Michel Mitrani, will be present at the 7:15 showing); and "Utopia."

March 16: "Don't Look Now" (†) and "Dead of Night." (†)

March 17: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian) and "The Clowns" (1971; in Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 8: "Néa" (1978), in French, directed by Nelly Kaplan, with Sami Frey and Ann Zacharias; and "Candy" (1968), directed by Christian Marquand, with Ewa Aulin, Marlon Brando, Richard Burton, and James Coburn.

March 9-10: "Handle with Care" (1977; "Citizens Band"), directed by Jonathan Demme, with Paul La Mat, Marcia Rodd, and Ann Wedgeworth; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

March 11-12: "Hearts and Minds" (†) and "Ice." (†)

March 13: "The Driver" (†) and "The Passenger." (†)

March 14-15: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.

March 16-17: "Little Big Man" (1970), directed by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman; and "The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

March 7: "For Heaven's Sake" (1926), a silent film, directed by Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Noah Young; "The Kid" (1921), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, Carl Miller, and Edna Purviance; and "Three's a Crowd" (1927), a silent film, directed by, and with, Harry Langdon.

March 8: "Grandma's Boy" (1922), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Anna Townsend; and "The General" (1926), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender.

March 9: "City Lights" (1931), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "The Strongman" (1926), a silent film, directed by Frank Capra, with Harry Langdon, Priscilla Bonner, and Gertrude Astor.

March 10: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927), a silent film, directed by Charles Riesner, with Buster Keaton, Marion Byron, and Tom Lewis; and "Girl Shy" (1924), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Richard Daniels.

March 11: "Safety Last" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Bill Strothers; and "Go West" (1925), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton, Howard Truesdale, and Kathleen Myers.

March 12: "The Gold Rush" (1925), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale; and "Our Hospitality" (1923), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Jack G. Blystone, with Keaton, Natalie Talmadge, and Joe Keaton.

March 13: "Seven Chances" (†); and "Why Worry?" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston.

March 14: "The Freshman" (†); and "Chaplin Revue," three short silent films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin—"Shoulder Arms" (1918), "A Dog's Life" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923).

March 15: "City Lights" and "The Strongman."

March 16: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and "College." (†)

March 17: "The Navigator" (†) and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through March 10: "Laura" (1944), directed by Otto Preminger, with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson; and "Niagara" (1953), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters, and Richard Allan.

March 11-12: "Night Moves" (†) and "Harper." (†)

March 13-14: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley; and "Out of the Past." (†)

March 15-17: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, and John Williams; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Leo G. Carroll, and Ruth Roman.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through March 8: "Side Street" (1950), directed by Anthony Mann, with Farley Granger, Cathy O'Donnell, James Craig, and Jean Hagen; and "They Live by Night" (1948), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Farley Granger, Cathy O'Donnell, Jay C. Flippen, and Howard Da Silva.

March 9-10: "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; and "Cría!" (1977), in Spanish, directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent.

March 11: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1959), in French, directed by Marc Allegret, with Danielle Darrieux; and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson and Alan Bates.

March 12: "Waiting for Godot" (1971), directed by Alan Schneider, with Zero Mostel and Burgess Meredith; and three short films.

March 13: "Le Secret" (1975), in French, directed by Robert Enrico, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marlène Jobert, and Philippe Noiret; and "Where There's Smoke" (1975), in French, directed by André Cayatte, with Annie Girardot, Mireille Darc, and Bernard Fresson.

March 14-15: "The Killers" (1946 †) and "The Killers." (1964 †)

March 16-17: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by How-

M [illegible] a Hollywood oil field.

"This is the set where they shot 'Hello, Dolly!' What you can't see is us pumping oil behind it."

"One of the strangest places I ever produced oil," says Gulf Production Superintendent Eddie Culbertson, "was right here in Los Angeles, in the back lot of the 20th Century-Fox studio.

"They found a big oil field right under a permanent set being used for shooting the movie 'Hello, Dolly!' in 1969.

The indirect approach

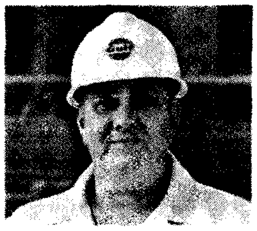
"How do you get at the oil without disturbing the set, the streets, or the buildings? With a technique called directional drilling. The oil is as far as one mile from the surface location of the drill sites, which were hidden by the scenery.

"Directional drilling has other advantages. You can drill 20 or 30 wells from just one drill site. Or you can drill for some offshore oil without putting the drilling rig right in the water.

Keep America beautiful

"Sometimes it's a real challenge getting the oil without spoiling the landscape. Directional drilling is one way to do it. There are many more.

"Getting the oil out and preserving the environment is a challenge, but I'd say we were meeting it very well."



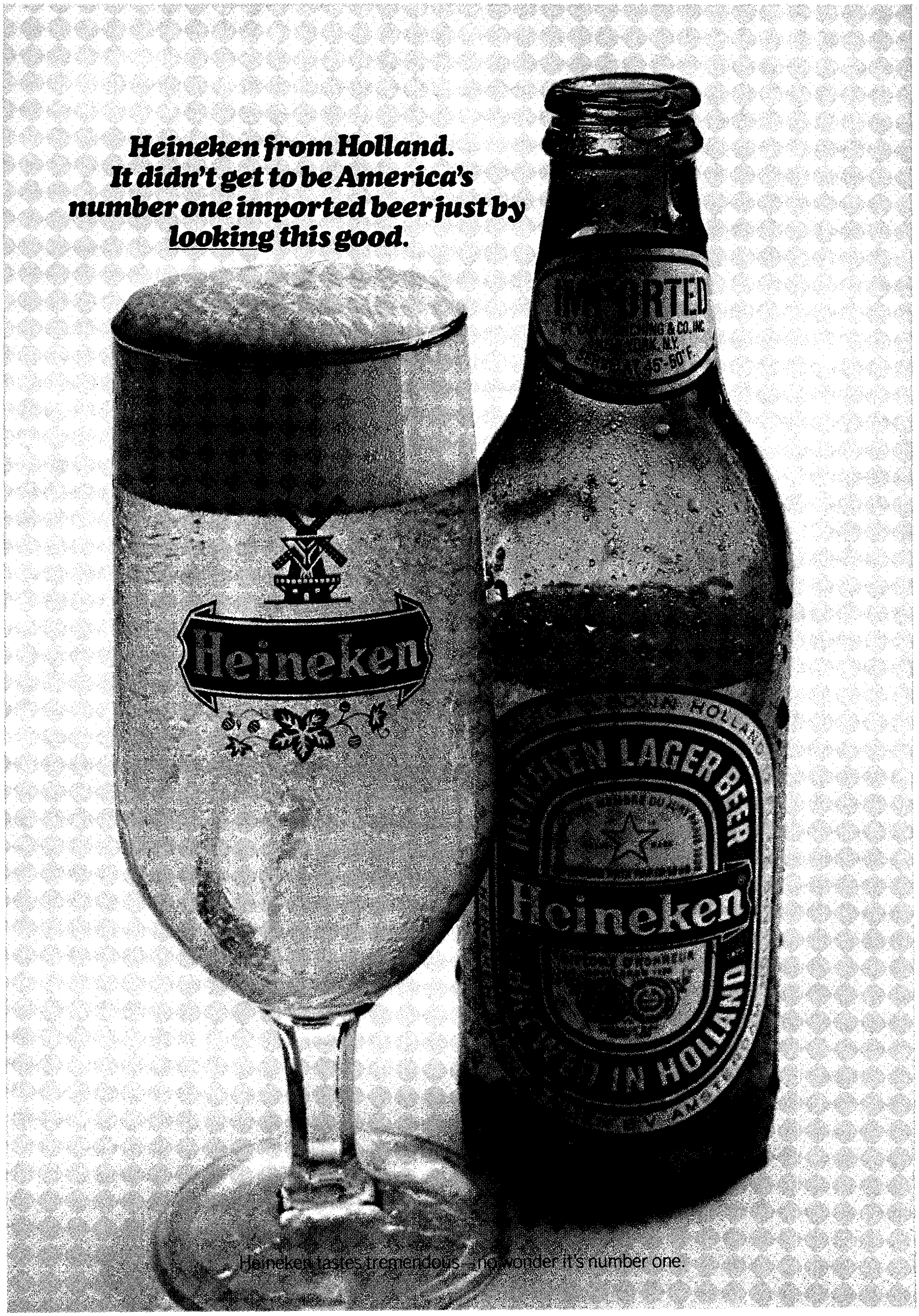
"We showed them how they could have their oil and their movies."

"Behind the scenery are 22 producing oil wells."

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challenge.

Gulf Oil Corporation.


Heineken from Holland.
It didn't get to be America's
number one imported beer just by
looking this good.
Heineken
IMPORTED
HEINEKEN LAGER BEER
Heineken
BREWED IN HOLLAND
Heineken tastes tremendous—no wonder it's number one.

ard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 7: "Boston Blackie's Rendezvous" (1945), directed by Arthur Dreifuss, with Chester Morris, Nina Foch, Steve Cochran, and Richard Lane; and "Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion" (1945), directed by Arthur Dreifuss, with Chester Morris, Lynn Merrick, and Richard Lane.

March 8-9: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea; and "The Great McGinty" (1940), directed by Preston Sturges, with Brian Donlevy, Akim Tamiroff, and Muriel Angelus.

March 10: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938), directed by James Hogan, with John Barrymore, John Howard, and Louise Campbell.

March 11: "Waterloo Bridge" (†) and "Sidewalks of London." (†)

March 12: "The White Sister" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Lewis Stone, and Louise Closser Hall; and "A Farewell to Arms" (1932), directed by Frank Borzage, with Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper, and Adolphe Menjou.

March 13: "The Children's Hour" (†); and "Green Mansions" (1959), directed by Mel Ferrer, with Audrey Hepburn, Anthony Perkins, and Lee J. Cobb.

March 14: "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (1941), directed by Alexander Hall, with Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, Edward Everett Horton, and James Gleason; and "Down to Earth." (†)

March 15: "My Name Is Julia Ross" (1945), directed by Joseph H. Lewis, with Nina Foch, George Macready, and Dame May Whitty; and "So Dark the Night" (1947), directed by Joseph H. Lewis, with Steven Geray, Ann Codee, and Micheline Cheirel.

March 16-17: "That Night in Rio" (1941), directed by Irving Cummings, with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda; and "Doll Face" (1946), directed by Lewis Seiler, with Vivian Blaine, Dennis O'Keefe, Perry Como, and Carmen Miranda.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 8 at 2:30: "Hitler's Children" (1943), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Bonita Granville, Tim Holt, and Kent Smith.... ¶ March 8 at 6: "None but the Lonely Heart" (1944), directed by Clifford Odets, with Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald.... ¶ March 8 at 8:30: "Angel Face" (1953), directed by Otto Preminger, with Jean Simmons and Robert Mitchum.... ¶ March 9 at 2:30: "Wise Girl" (1937), directed by Leigh Jason, with Miriam Hopkins and Ray Milland.... ¶ March 9 at 6: "The Wildcat" (1921), a German silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Pola Negri; German inter-titles only.... ¶ March 10 at noon: "Music for Madame" (1937), directed by John Blystone, with Nino Martini, Joan Fontaine, and Erik Rhodes.... ¶ March 10 at 2:30: "Wise Girl."... ¶ March 10 at 5 and March 11 at noon: "Step Lively" (1944), directed by Tim Whelan, with Frank Sinatra, Gloria De Haven, and Walter Slezak.... ¶ March 11 at 2:30: "Lucky Partners" (1940), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Ronald Colman, Ginger Rogers, and Jack Carson.... ¶ March 11 at 5: "Frank Film" (1973), directed by Frank Mouris; and "David Holzman's Diary" (1967), directed by Jim McBride.... ¶ March 12 at noon: "Monta Cycles" (1978), directed by Barry Braverman; and "Isaac Singer's Nightmare & Mrs. Pupko's Bread" (1973), directed by Bruce Davidson.... ¶ March 12 at 2:30: "None but the Lonely Heart."... ¶ March 12 at 6: "Charmed Particles" (1977), a silent film, directed by Andrew Noren.... ¶ March 13 at noon: "Monta Cycles" and "Isaac Singer's Nightmare & Mrs. Pupko's Bread."... ¶ March 13 at 2:30: "Berkeley Square" (1933), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Heather Angel, Leslie Howard, Valerie Taylor, and Alan Mowbray.... ¶ March 13 at 6: "Greenpeace" (1978), directed by Michael Chechik, Fred Easton, and Ron Precious.... ¶ March 15 at 2:30: "The Narrow Margin" (1952), directed by Richard Fleischer, with Charles McGraw and Marie Windsor.... ¶ March 15 at 6: "Born to Kill" (1947), directed by Robert Wise (who will be present), with Claire Trevor, Lawrence Tierney, and Walter Slezak.... ¶ March 15 at 8:30 and March 16 at 2:30: "Blood on the Moon" (1948), directed by Robert Wise (who will be present on March 15), with Robert Mitchum, Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Preston, and Walter Brennan.... ¶ March 16 at 6: "Berkeley Square."... ¶ March 17 at noon: "The Boy with Green Hair" (1948), directed by Joseph Losey, with Dean Stockwell, Pat O'Brien, Robert Ryan, and Barbara Hale.... ¶ March 17 at 2:30: "The Narrow Margin."... ¶ March 17 at 5: "Deadline at Dawn" (1946), directed by Harold Clurman (who will be present), with Susan Hayward, Paul Lukas, and Bill Williams. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—In conjunction with the 1979 biennial exhibition, film and video works made during the past two years are being shown in both the second-floor film-video exhibition space (through Sunday, March 11) and the first-floor lobby gallery (through April 1). The programs change daily and/or weekly; our best advice is to phone the museum for exact film and video titles and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of four short films by Peter Hutton. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—The first programs in a seven-week, fourteen-film program of operetta films, 1930-40. March 17 at 1: "Operette" (1940), in German, directed by Willi Forst, with Maria Holst, Leo Slezak, and Curt Jurgens; no English titles.... ¶ March 17 at 3: "The Merry Widow" (1934), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Agatha—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery, which purports to be about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. The movie has a general air of knowingness, and some of the incidental dialogue is clever, but it seems to be missing the scenes that would explain why it was made. It doesn't have a story—it's from a musing. Directed by Michael Apted. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (Cinema I.)

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (4/11/77) (Cinema Studio 2; through March 10.)

Allegro Non Troppo (1977)—A six-episode animated and live-action musical film, directed by Bruno Bozzetto. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; March 9-15.)

All Things Bright and Beautiful—With John Alderton and Colin Blakely, directed by Eric Till. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Guild; starting March 9.... ¶ D. W. Griffith; March 9-15.)

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (Baronet; through March 13.... ¶ Art, and New Yorker; starting March 14.)

Bloody Mama (1970)—Shelley Winters as incestuous Ma Barker, whose monstrous moronic brood includes a killer (Don Stroud), an addict (Robert De Niro), an alcoholic (Clint Kimbrough), and a masochistic homosexual (Robert Walden). Robert Thom wrote and Roger Corman directed. With Pat Hingle, Bruce Dern, and Diane Varsi. (Little Theatre; March 9.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Trans-Lux 85th St.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 8.... ¶ New Yorker; through March 13.... ¶ Gramercy; starting March 14.... ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting March 16.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Loews 83rd Quad; through March 8.)

A Bucket of Blood (1959)—Roger Corman made this inexpensive variation on the old "Mystery of the Wax Museum;" this time, the setting is southern California, and the sculptor who kills in order to cover the corpses and exhibit them as art is a busboy in a Venice West coffee house. Unpretentious, and with some show of grisly humor in the midst of the bloodletting. (Little Theatre; March 16.)

California Suite—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Art, and Loews 83rd Quad; through March 13.)

The Children's Hour (1962)—William Wyler, who in 1936 had made "These Three," a bowdlerized yet very fine version of the Lillian Hellman play "The Children's Hour," returned to the material in 1962 and, in the freer atmosphere of that period, remade it, with the charge of sexual deviation restored—that is, with the two schoolmistress heroines (Audrey Hepburn and Shirley MacLaine) accused of lesbianism by one of their pupils. The result is too self-conscious, though; the cinematography, by Franz Planer, may sometimes evoke Balthus, but the atmosphere is heavy and lugubrious. There were complaints at the time that the studio had hacked out the center of the film—which is a bit like complaining that a corpse has had a vital organ removed. With Miriam Hopkins, who had been one of the young teachers in the 1936 version, as the aunt; Fay Bainter as the rich old villainess; and James Garner. Hellman, who did the adaptation, is so rough on the Fay Bainter character (when the woman realizes her error and begs forgiveness, it is denied), that one develops a perverse sympathy for her. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 13.)

The China Syndrome—With Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon, and Michael Douglas; directed by James Bridges. (R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting March 16.... ¶ Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2; starting March 16, tentative.)

College (1927)—A beautiful little comedy. Buster Keaton is a bookworm, working his way through college and determined to become a star athlete. The story line isn't as miraculously fresh as in a couple of his films, but it allows for some of his most startlingly inventive stunts. Despite the many pilferings from this film (it has been a gold mine for other comedians), the routines are executed with such impeccable precision and with such an air of confident innocence that they are charged with surprise—and probably will be forever. (8th St. Playhouse; March 16.)

Coma (1978)—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young, healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. And single-handed, she begins to investigate. The story—about the body-snatching of the living—is essentially sleazy, yet this thriller shies away from sleazy jokes. It glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, and it holds you. But it doesn't give you a lift—all you get is a knot in the gut. Michael Crichton directed and did the adaptation of Robin Cook's novel. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Olympia; March 9-15.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Beekman; through March 10.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. (9/18/78) (Quad Cinema; through March 8.)

Dead of Night (1946)—Civilized five-part movie about the supernatural, with several classic episodes. The most celebrated: Michael Redgrave as a schizophrenic ventriloquist tormented by his dummy (directed by Cavalcanti); Googie Withers and Ralph Michael in the story of a mirror that reflects a crime of an earlier century (directed by Robert Hamer). Redgrave's overpowering performance—a small work of art—lifts the movie above the elegant, sophisticated entertainment it aspired to be. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 16.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Coronet.)

Despair—With Dirk Bogarde and Andrea Ferréol, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. (Gemini 2.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 16.)

Down to Earth (1947)—Celestial-whimsy musical, with arch acting and a dull score. Rita Hayworth is the goddess Terpsichore, who descends from Heaven in order to make a Broadway show called "Swinging the Muses" less offensive and more authentic. This was an attempt to cash in on the box-office success of "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," and it used the same director (Alexander Hall) and some of the same characters—Max Corkle and the Heavenly Messenger, played by the same actors, James Gleason and Edward Everett Horton. Mr. Jordan, a high executive on the Other Side, turns up in it, too, with Roland Culver replacing Claude Rains in the role. Larry Parks is the producer of the offending show; he does his own singing here, which jarred the sensibilities of viewers who had seen him in "The Jolson Story," dubbed by Jolson. (His own voice is much less convincingly his.) But it all balances out, since Hayworth's singing is dubbed by Anita Ellis. James Gleason does what he can, but his part is threadbare. With Marc Platt and George Macready. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 14.)

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11	12	13	14	15	16	17

The Driver—This gangster picture, which failed commercially here and is also an aesthetic failure, was Walter Hill's second film as a writer-director. (It was made after "Hard Times" and before "The Warriors.") Hill attempted to stylize gangster characters and conventions, and although he succeeded in the action sequences, which have a near-abstract visual power, the stylized characters, with their uninflected personalities, flatten the movie out. In trying to purify the gangster film, he lost the very element that has made gangster movies so enjoyable: the colorful low-lifes and braggarts, with their own slang. (Instead, the characters stare at each other in silence.) And in exalting "professionalism"—in setting forth a neo-Hemingway élitist attitude for judging people on the basis of their grace and courage—Hill shows such a limited perspective that the film is comic-book cops-and-robbers existentialism. Ryan O'Neal, with his soft voice, gives the central role a strange, callow quality that's very effective, but as his adversary in the police department, Bruce Dern is at his mannered worst. As a woman of mystery, Isabelle Adjani drops her voice down to a Dietrich level and never varies it—or her expression: she's as blank-faced as a figure at Mme. Tussaud's. With Ronee Blakley, who looks more vividly alive than anyone else but gets killed off fast, and Joseph Walsh. (Cinema Village; March 13.)

Fast Break—With Gabriel Kaplan, directed by Jack Smight. (Loews New York 1, Loews Ciné, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

The French Detective—With Lino Ventura, Patrick Dewaere, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting March 11.)

The Freshman (1925)—Harold Lloyd's ancient and celebrated matriculation into college. (8th St. Playhouse; March 14.)

Gas-s-s-s (1971)—A world where no one is over twenty-five. Directed by Roger Corman. (Little Theatre; March 17.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

The Great Northfield Minnesota Raid (1972)—A vivid, lucid picture about the days when adventurism and commercial excitement were taking over the West. With Cliff Robertson as Cole Younger and Robert Duvall as Jesse James; directed and written by Phil Kaufman, who made a beautiful, simple picture about the gaudiness and hope of living in 1876. The film is not really a Western—more than that. (Cinema Village; March 16-17.)

The Great Train Robbery—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea. Michael Crichton directed, and adapted from his own novel. The film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." With Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Sutton, and U. A. East. . . . ¶ Criterion; through March 17, tentative. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 9. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 9, tentative.)

Anne Burgess

Hair—Based on the Broadway musical, with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Ziegfeld; starting March 14.)

Hardcore—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The father feels no temptation, so there's no contest; he's above sex, and he hates porno the way John Wayne hates rustlers and Commies. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. It's a detached, opaque, affectionless movie; since it doesn't regard the young whores as human, there's no horror in their dehumanization—only frigid sensationalism. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (Trans-Lux East, and R.K.O. 86th St. . . . ¶ Loews State 2; through March 15. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting March 16, tentative.)

Harper (1966)—Paul Newman in a bungled attempt to recapture the Bogart private-eye world of "The Big Sleep." Shelley Winters gives the picture artificial respiration for a few minutes, but it soon relapses. The big-name cast includes Julie Harris, Lauren Bacall, Janet Leigh, and Arthur Hill. Jack Smight directed; William Goldman adapted it from Ross Macdonald's "The Moving Target." Despite the film's ignominious lack of sophistication and style, it was a box-office hit. (Regency; March 11-12.)

The Haunted Palace (1964)—Vincent Price as a happy-go-lucky warlock in a Roger Corman cheapie featuring mutants and eerie sacrificial rites. With Debra Paget and Elisha Cook, Jr. (Little Theatre; March 7.)

Hearts and Minds (1975)—This documentary on the war in Vietnam, directed by Peter Davis (of "The Selling of the Pentagon") and finished in 1974, is a film of poise and amplitude. It is really a reflection on Americans' changing view of themselves, and it is done with even temper and a heed for justice. (Cinema Village; March 11-12.)

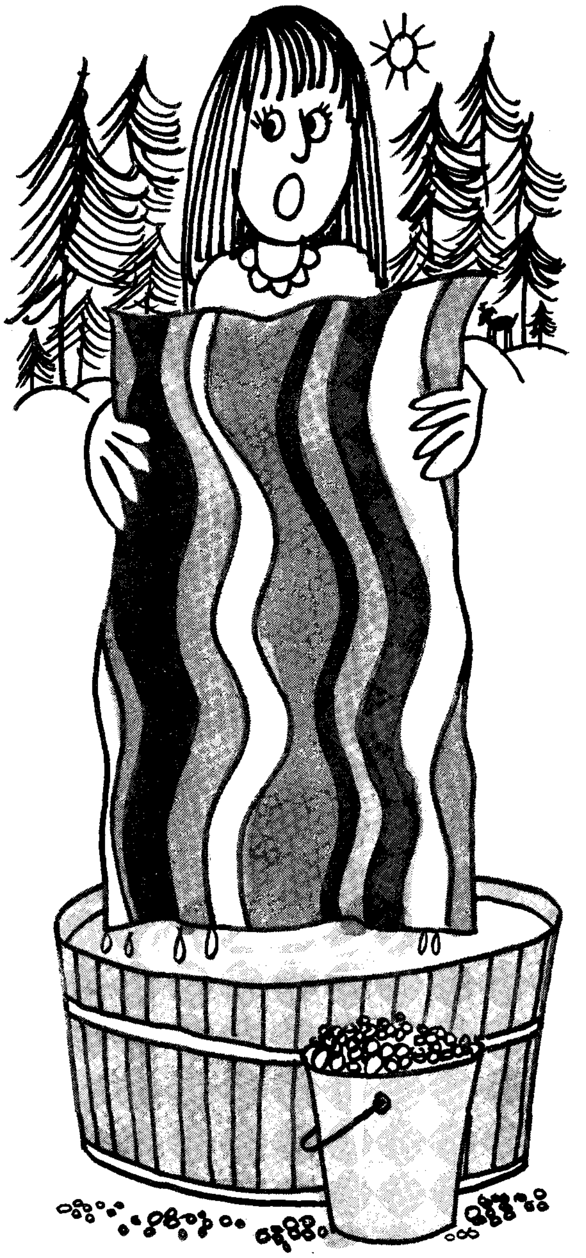
Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (Bay Cinema, and Forum.)

Ice (1970)—Made during the Vietnam War, this film by Robert Kramer is set in an indefinite near future, when Vietnam has been superseded by a war in Mexico. The picture is an extension of the late-sixties urban guerrilla attitudes and activities, and it is made in a hazy, semi-documentary style, as if a stoned anthropologist were examining his own tribe and were so indifferent to the filmmaking process that he hadn't learned how to read a light meter or bothered to work out a continuity. It's a film about political commitment that is made not only without any commitment to film as an art form but without any enthusiasm for its own political commitment. Yet this gray, grainy, painfully stagnant movie is a revealing account of the anomalies in the urban-guerrilla movement. (Cinema Village; March 11-12.)

Ice Castles—With Robby Benson, Colleen Dewhurst, Tom Skerritt, Jennifer Warren, David Huffman, and Lynn-Holly Johnson; directed by Donald Wrye. (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through March 15.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a tragicomedy

History's first fashion splash occurred in Finland in 531 A.D. when Armi Marimekko mistook a vat of wild berry juice for a tub of rinsing water.



Today, Finnish design is still ahead of its time. You can see it in the fashions of Marimekko and Vuokko, the glassware and ceramics of iittala and Arabia and the shimmering Lapland gold jewelry of Lapponia.

Let us imagine, then, that you have set aside one summer day in Helsinki for shopping. Start early on this sunny morning with coffee in Market Square; a busy colorful outdoor market on the shore of South Harbor, Helsinki's busiest port.

Adjacent to the market is the broad, linden-lined Esplanade; elegant setting for the shops of Marimekko, Arabia and iittala. Immerse yourself in the chic boutiques, fine furniture stores, jewelry shops and art galleries. Helsinki is a discriminating shopper's paradise with the best buys in Scandinavia. And what makes it even more appealing is that American credit cards are as welcome as Finnmarks.

It's lunch time. So stop by Helsinki's charming Esplanade cafe: It's the perfect place to watch the city on the move while you relax with an open sandwich of many secrets or a slice of dill-spiced Baltic salmon and a cold Finnish beer.

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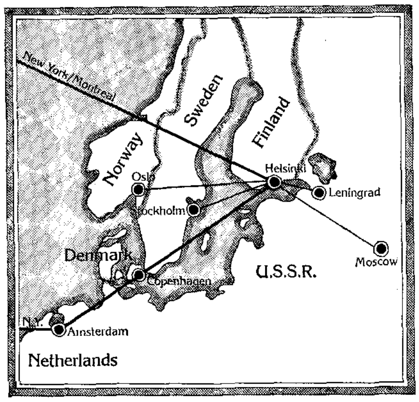

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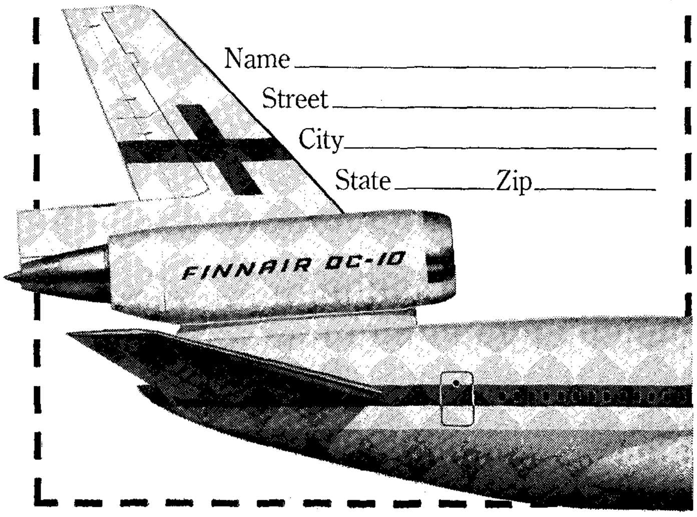

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of jealousy, and Visconti's work is masterly in its expressive turn-of-the-century décor, and in its control. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Giannini is far from ideally cast (in a role that suggests a male Anna Karenina), but he seems acceptable until he remembers to act; toward the end he's all over the place acting. Antonelli gives the picture some amusing sexual suspense. Visconti had finished shooting this film when he died in 1976, but he did not complete the editing, and perhaps the maundering second half is partly the fault of others. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza, and Cinema 3.)

In Praise of Older Women—With Karen Black, Susan Strasberg, and Tom Berenger; directed by George Kaczender. (Eastside Cinema; through March 8. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through March 15, tentative.)

The Intruder (1962)—Roger Corman's one attempt at a socially conscious message movie. William Shatner is a neurotic racist rabble-rouser in this melodrama about school integration, shot in Missouri in a documentary style. The townspeople and the atmosphere are more compelling than the implausibly resolved story. (Little Theatre; March 15. Corman will speak after the 7:30 showing.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through March 8. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting March 16.)

The Killers (1946)—Ernest Hemingway's short story about the man who does not try to escape his killers is acted out tensely and accurately, and, for once, the gangster-thriller material added to it is not just padding but is shrewdly conceived (by Anthony Veiller and John Huston, although Huston's name does not appear in the script credits) to show why the man didn't care enough about life to run away. Under the expert direction of Robert Siodmak, Burt Lancaster gives his first screen performance (and is astonishingly effective), and Siodmak also does wonders with Ava Gardner. With Edmond O'Brien, Albert Dekker, Sam Levene, Donald MacBride, Vince Barnett, and Jeff Corey. (Thalia; March 14-15.)

The Killers (1964)—Not to be confused with the 1946 version (see above), though it, too, uses the Hemingway short story as a starting point. Lee Marvin is the star of this version, directed by Don Siegel and intended to be a TV film; it was considered too brutal and was released in theatres instead. The cast includes Angie Dickinson, John Cassavetes, and Ronald Reagan (at the end of his movie career) as a tough crook. (Thalia; March 14-15.)

The Last Tycoon (1976)—Harold Pinter adapted Fitzgerald's unfinished novel about Hollywood, and Elia Kazan directed the picture, which was produced by Sam Spiegel and stars Robert De Niro as Monroe Stahr. The result is so enervated that it's like a vampire movie after the vampires have left. With Jack Nicholson, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Ray Milland, Donald Pleasence, and Dana Andrews. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 14.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 15.)

The Little Shop of Horrors (1960)—Amateurish

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yet funny, in a gross way. A simpleton (Jonathan Haze) who works in a florist shop has a prize plant that becomes a voracious, blood-seeking man-eater. It cries, "Feed me! Feed me!" The film is notable for the performance that Jack Nicholson gives in a minor role; as a pain freak who is in ecstasy in a dentist's chair, he shows the comic intensity that later made him a star. Directed by Roger Corman, from a script by Charles B. Griffith. (Little Theatre; March 16.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Guild, and Loews 83rd Quad; through March 8. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; March 9-15.)

Machine Gun Kelly (1958)—As Kelly the bank robber and kidnapper, Charles Bronson, with his stolid, brooding, Indian-looking face, gives this Roger Corman picture some substance. With Morey Amsterdam and Connie Gilchrist. (Little Theatre; March 8.)

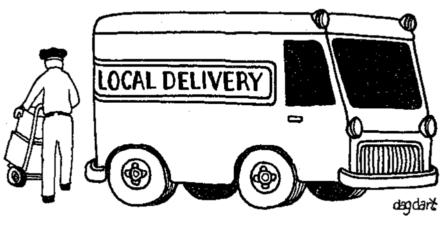
The Masque of the Red Death (1964)—Roger Corman's ornate, ambitious adaptation of Poe (combining "Hop-Frog" with the title story). The sepulchral atmosphere is, happily, redeemed by a bit of humor. With Vincent Price, Hazel Court, Jane Asher, and Patrick Magee. (Little Theatre; March 10.)

The Mattei Affair (1973)—Francesco Rosi's film about a hero to the Italians who fights for control of the natural-gas reserves in the Po Valley. The picture, posing as Socialist, seems rather confused about the nature of monopoly. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 14.)

Midnight Express—The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. (11/27/78) (Gemini 1; through March 8. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through March 13. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through March 15.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. Also with Harry Hamlin, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, Rebecca York, Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere. (12/4/78) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through March 8.)

Murder by Decree—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but as unconvincing as he is in his other roles. And, as Hopkins has written the role, this Holmes seems less a master of deduction than a wet-eyed, saintly firebrand trying (ineffectively) to save mankind from the corruption of those in power. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. With Geneviève Bujold, who does one of her finest child-woman numbers, and Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud, David Hemmings, Susan Clark, Frank Finlay, and the tedious-as-usual Anthony Quayle. The dialogue is fairly lively, though the plot is impenetrable. (Ziegfeld; through March 11. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting March 14. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 14, tentative. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting March 16.)



The Navigator (1924)—Arguably, Keaton's finest—but amongst the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie about a useless young millionaire (Keaton) who can't even shave himself, and his rich dizzy girl friend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton and Donald Crisp directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Noble Johnson plays the cannibal chief; Crisp's face appears at a porthole in a portrait that petrifies the hero. (8th St. Playhouse; March 17.)

Night Moves (1975)—Arthur Penn's picture, written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament, dressed in the paraphernalia of a thriller. The temperament is the lonely one of a private detective, played by Gene Hackman, who seems to be hunting for clues to his own character almost as if he were hunting down a wanted man. The picture is splendidly cast, especially in the selection of Jennifer Warren to play a beautiful, sardonic, tenaciously poised wit who looks after dolphins in Florida. The question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things, but two answers are in its technical mastery and in its thoughtful harping on the theme of unknowability. (Regency; March 11-12.)

Norma Rae—With Sally Field, Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges; directed by Martin Ritt. (34th St. East, Loews New York 2, and Loews State 1.)

Once in Paris—A tepid, moderately engaging brief-encounter movie about a married American screenwriter (Wayne Rogers) who arrives alone in Paris to doctor the script of a film that is going into production and falls in love with an Englishwoman (Gayle Hunnicutt) who's staying at his hotel. He also makes a friend of his chauffeur (Jack Lenoir), who has a shady past, and they're all three terribly kind and considerate of one another. The writer-director, Frank D. Gilroy, thinks small and in fifties terms, but Rogers has a gift for pantomime (each time he sees a sexy woman he looks surprised and hurt—almost stricken), and Lenoir has a slight sullenness and complication under his charm, which saves him when he's given French wisdom to spout. (2/19/79) (68th St. Playhouse; through March 10.)

Out of the Past (1947)—A thin but well-shot suspense melodrama, kept from collapsing by the suggestiveness and intensity that the director, Jacques Tourneur, pours on. It's empty trash, but you do keep watching it. Kirk Douglas, a gangster, hires Robert Mitchum to find Jane Greer, who has run away from him. Predictably, she gets Mitchum (at his most somnolent-sexy droopy-eyed) in her clutches, and there are several killings before matters are resolved. The screenplay is by Geoffrey Homes (a pseudonym of Daniel Mainwaring), from his novel "Build My Gallows High." With Rhonda Fleming. (Regency; March 13-14.)

The Passage—With Anthony Quinn, James Mason, and Malcolm McDowell; directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Eastside Cinema, and Rivoli; starting March 9.)

The Passenger (1975)—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically

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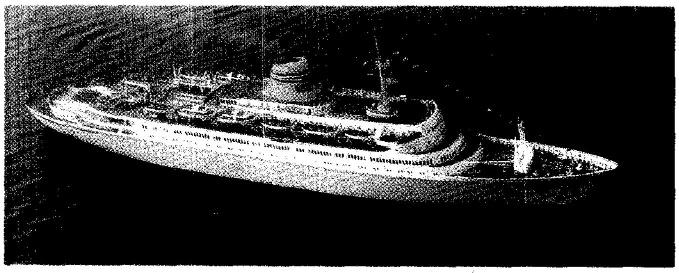

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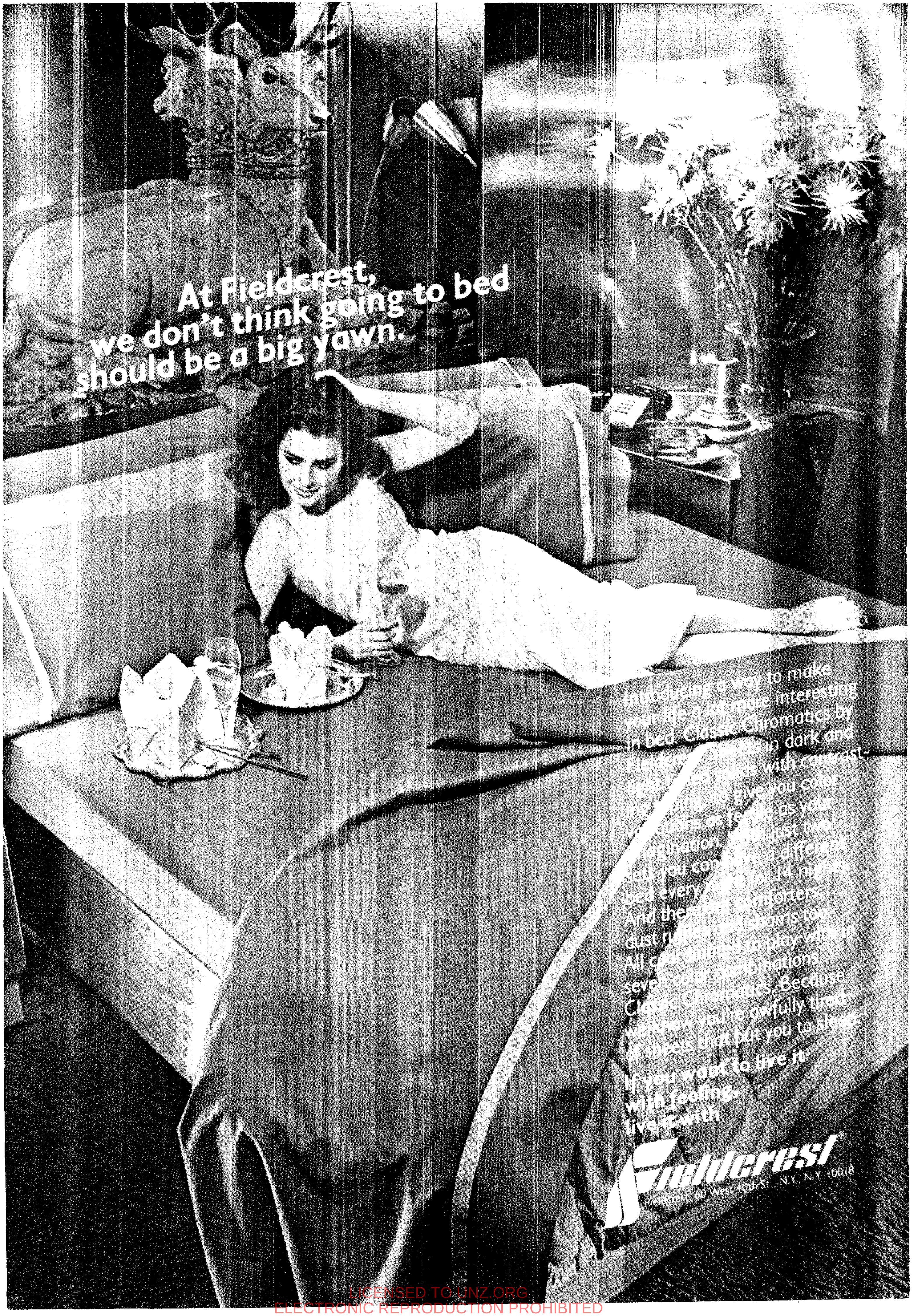

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Fieldcrest, 60 West 40th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10018 complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative *in a way that is unique in Antonioni's* work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (Cinema Village; March 13.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock—With Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard, directed by Peter Weir. (Little Carnegie.)

The Pit and the Pendulum (1961)—With Vincent Price and John Kerr; directed by Roger Corman. (Little Theatre; March 13.)

The Premature Burial (1962)—A predictable and inane version of the Poe story, directed by Roger Corman; the only distinction is in the ornate, cavernous settings. With Ray Milland, Heather Angel, Hazel Court, and Alan Napier. (Little Theatre; March 7.)

The Promise—With Kathleen Quinlan, Stephen Collins, and Beatrice Straight; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Music Hall; starting March 8.)

Real Life—With Albert Brooks and Charles Grodin, directed by Brooks. (Cinema II.)

Remember My Name—With Geraldine Chaplin, Tony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Beekman, and Cinema Studio 1; starting March 11.)

The Ritz (1976)—From Terrence McNally's play, directed by Richard Lester. We are in a New York City bathhouse where homosexuals hang out, and a rococo-Mafia atmosphere reigns. Lester's work is always to be seen, and McNally's dialogue is barbarously funny. (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through March 8.)

Roger Corman: Hollywood's Wild Angel—A documentary on the director, featuring interviews with Martin Scorsese, Jonathan Demme, David Carradine, and others. Directed by Christian Blackwood. (Little Theatre; March 14. Corman will speak after the 7:30 showing.)

Same Time, Next Year—*A tepid, sweet meal.* Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (Gemini 1; starting March 9. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 9, tentative.)

Seven Chances (1925)—The plot gimmick—the hero must be married in a few hours in order to collect an inheritance—is an antique, and the play flopped on Broadway, but what Buster Keaton and his gag writers managed to do with the material will be everlastingly fresh. When the news of the shy hero's need to wed is published in the papers, prospective brides arrive, singly at first and then in droves, and the distraught man, fleeing them, dislodges a boulder, which dislodges others, and soon he is pursued by hundreds of huge boulders. It's a lovely comedy, imaginatively—possibly faultlessly—directed by Keaton. With Snitz Edwards and Ruth Dwyer. (8th St. Playhouse; March 13.)

Sidewalks of London (1938)—Vivien Leigh in her pre-Scarlett O'Hara days, as a lovely young sidewalk entertainer who rises in the world and lands a Hollywood contract. The star of this draggy piece is Charles Laughton, as a busker. It is not one of his major—or even engaging—performances, and toward the end he turns to whining. Directed by Tim Whelan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 11.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Tomb of Ligeia (1965)—Roger Corman uses the Poe story for a send-up of the horror-thriller genre, with Vincent Price as a necrophiliac. Opulent-looking production, shot in England and featuring Stonehenge and a handsomely crumbling abbey. (Little Theatre; March 13.)

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp (1926)—Harry Langdon's first full-length comedy. Not quite the picture that his second, "The Strong Man," is, but the restrained slapstick is charming. In this one, he enters a footrace across the continent and gets caught in a chain gang and a cyclone before winning. Harry Edwards directed, with Frank Capra on the script. (8th St. Playhouse; March 17.)

The Trip (1967)—Roger Corman takes his hero, Peter Fonda (playing a TV-commercials director who lives in Los Angeles), on an extended LSD trip, during which he is reborn. Fonda's hallucinations provide Corman with opportunities to imitate a great many styles of film, and to introduce what appear to be bits of his own earlier horror movies. With Dennis Hopper, Susan Strasberg, and Bruce Dern. (Little Theatre; March 9.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates. (3/6/78) (Embassy. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through March 8.)

Voices—With Michael Ontkean, Amy Irving, and Alex Rocco; directed by Robert Markowitz. (Baronet; starting March 14.)

The Warriors—Walter Hill's spectacle that takes its story from Xenophon's Anabasis and its style from the taste of the modern urban dispossessed—in neon signs, graffiti, and the thrill of gaudiness. The film enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids out of them. In this vision, cops and kids are all there is, and the worst crime is to be chicken. It has—in visual terms—the kind of impact that "Rock Around the Clock" had when it was played behind the titles of "Blackboard Jungle." It's like visual rock. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness; the figures stand out like a jukebox in a dark bar. There's a night-blooming, psychedelic shine to the whole baroque movie. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. (3/5/79) (Victoria. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through March 8.)

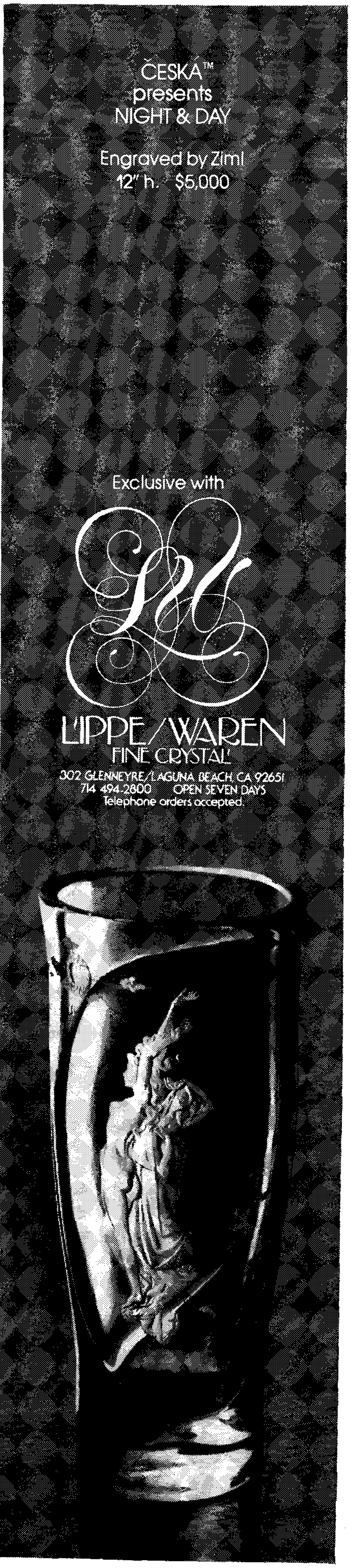
Waterloo Bridge (1940)—A great many people are inexplicably hooked on this weeper about the unlucky wartime love affair of a duke's nephew (Robert Taylor, trying to act aristocratic) and a dancer (Vivien Leigh). She becomes the saddest-eyed fallen woman ever. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, uses candlelight and rain more effectively than he does the actors. Adapted from a Robert E. Sherwood play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 11.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Festival.)

The Wild Angels (1966)—Rough-and-tumble, over-emotional motorcycle movie in the Roger Corman-A.I.P. exploitation style. It's loaded with pot and rape and Nazi emblems in a chapel and whatever else Corman, who directed, and his scenarist, Charles B. Griffith, could work in. The only way they know how to entertain an audience is with sensationalism, and, in this picture particularly, it's a very square idea of sensationalism. With Peter Fonda as Heavenly Blues, Nancy Sinatra as Mike, Bruce Dern as Loser, Michael J. Pollard as Pigmy, and Diane Ladd and Gayle Hunnicutt. (Little Theatre; March 8.)

'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes (1963)—Not as cut-and-dried as most low-budget sci-fi thrillers; some novel ideas help to sustain interest in this Roger Corman movie, though eventually it goes the tired old moralizing route, and scientific "transgression" results in doom. A solemnly serious Ray Milland is the scientist whose experiments result in the X-ray vision that torments him; Don Rickles helps to redeem the stereotyped role of the carny man who exploits him. (Little Theatre; March 11.)

Your Turn, My Turn—With Marlène Jobert and Philippe Léotard, directed by François Leterrier. In French. (Cinema Studio 1; through March 10. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 2; starting March 11.)



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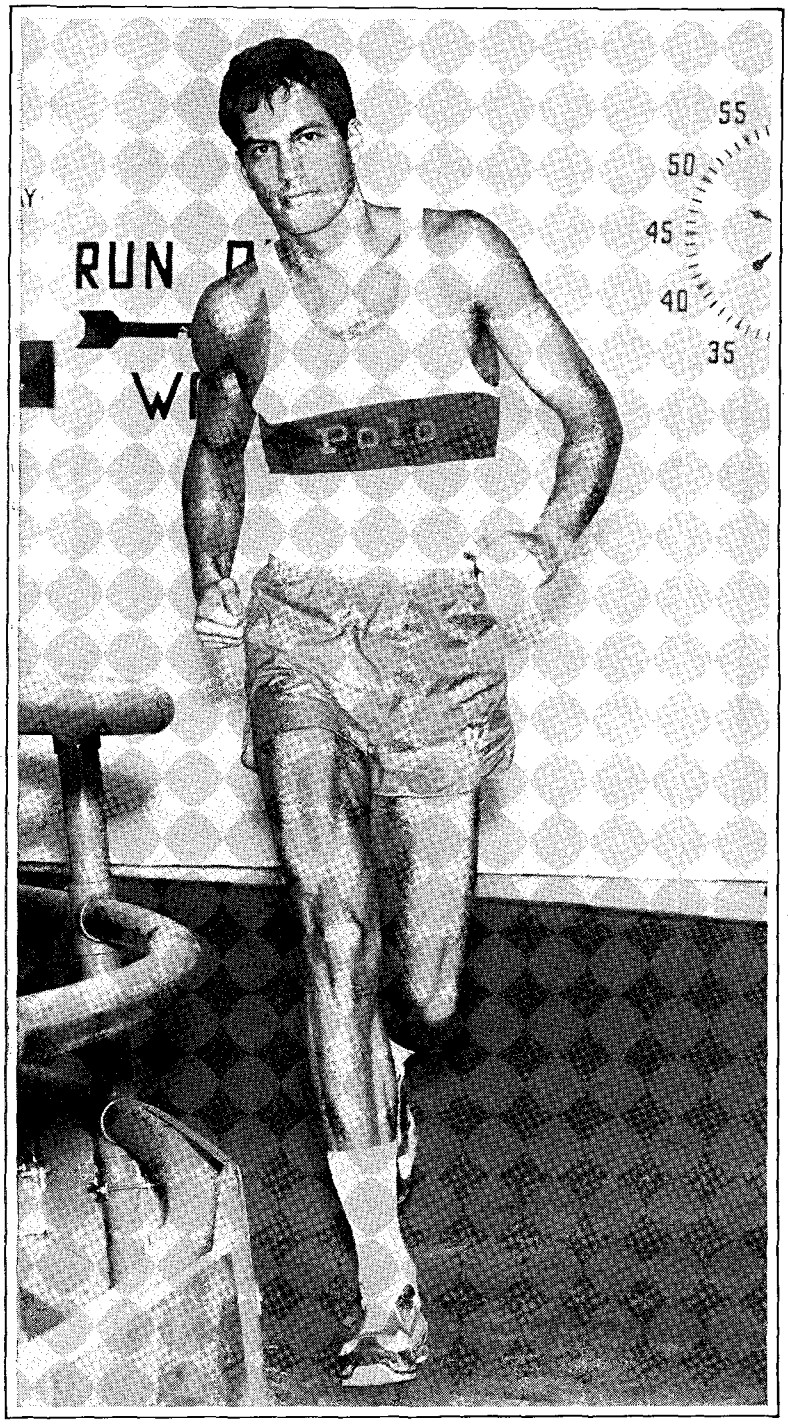

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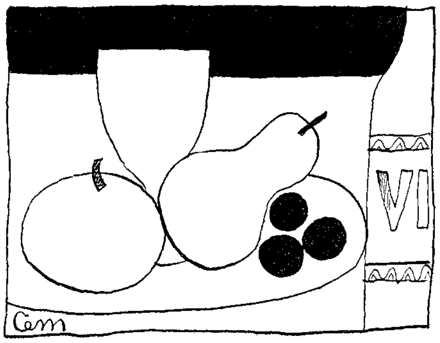
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

EACH of the world's three greatest powers—the United States, the Soviet Union, and China—now appears to fear encirclement, and even eventual defeat, by one or both of the two others. It is not only in Washington but in Moscow and Peking as well that the leadership has come to look on its country as a "pitiful, helpless giant," in the now famous phrase used by President Nixon when he ordered the invasion of Cambodia. For some reason, each country's strength has become invisible to itself. Each chooses to look on itself as a weakling among invincible bullies—and to present itself to the world in this light. Thus, in a strange reversal of the customary boastful ways of great powers, the superpowers of today are busily engaged in tearing down their own geopolitical reputations while building up those of their rivals. Vice-Premier Teng Hsiao-ping, who now seems to assail the Soviet Union for "hegemonism" every time he speaks, turns out to have the international viewpoint of an American right-wing hawk. (The world seems to have accustomed itself with amazing rapidity and ease to this startling political about-face.) In a version of the domino theory which could have been lifted directly out of the pages of the Pentagon Papers, he argues that the Soviet Union, with the help of Cuba and Vietnam, is on the verge of taking over the Middle East, all of Southeast Asia, and Africa, if not the whole world. He has criticized the United States for making a "strategic retreat" in the world, and, as though to reproach us even for our withdrawal from Vietnam, has invaded that country himself, allegedly to teach it—and, one must suppose, the Soviet Union—"a lesson." Ironically, the lesson appears to be the very one that we were trying to teach the *Chinese* when we went into Vietnam. The Russians, for their part, are convinced that the United States connived at the Chinese invasion, and now appear to be deeply afraid that a Sino-American military alliance of one kind or another may be in the offing—a not unreasonable suspicion in the light of Teng's remark, in an interview in *Time*, that the United States, China, Europe, and Japan should "unite" to "place curbs on the polar bear." Here in the United States, many members of Congress and of the press seem to have been persuaded that our country has suffered a global collapse of will in the face of rising Soviet power—although President Carter, the man whose will is most immediately in question, seems so far to be unconvinced of their point of view.

To the world at large, this rampant loss of confidence among the mighty is a cause for alarm, for if there is one thing that is more dangerous than an arrogant, overconfident superpower, it is a nervous, insecure superpower. And when all of the superpowers are frightened of one another at the same time, the danger increases, since they may be inspired to take measures of "self-defense"—such as the American action in Cambodia in 1970 or the Chinese action in Vietnam today—which the others, who all feel equally insecure, are bound to see as aggressive. Then they, too, may take measures to "defend" themselves, and no one can be sure where it will all end. For everybody's sake, the superpowers need to learn greater self-respect. They could begin by noting the fear they inspire in one another. If each one rated its own strength as highly as its rivals did, the world would be a safer place.



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Arms Bazaar

AN event called "Defense Technology '79 & Conference on Strategic Directions" recently took place in a suburb of Chicago, sponsored by two military-minded journals, *Defense & Foreign Affairs Digest* and *Electronic Warfare/Defense Electronics*, which promised both an exhibition of the newest in hardware and software and seminars in all kinds of matters of interest to professionals in the field. "The general public will not be invited to Defense Technology '79," said the program, but the general public came anyway, by the thousands, carrying signs reading "BRAHMS NOT BOMBS" and "WILL OUR CHILDREN SURVIVE DEATH TECHNOLOGY?" To separate conference-goers and protesters, a line of local police stood behind wood-and-metal barriers in front of the O'Hare International Exposition Center's glass doors. The police were armed with conventional weapons, including six Dobermans (eight hundred and fifty pounds per square inch of bite).

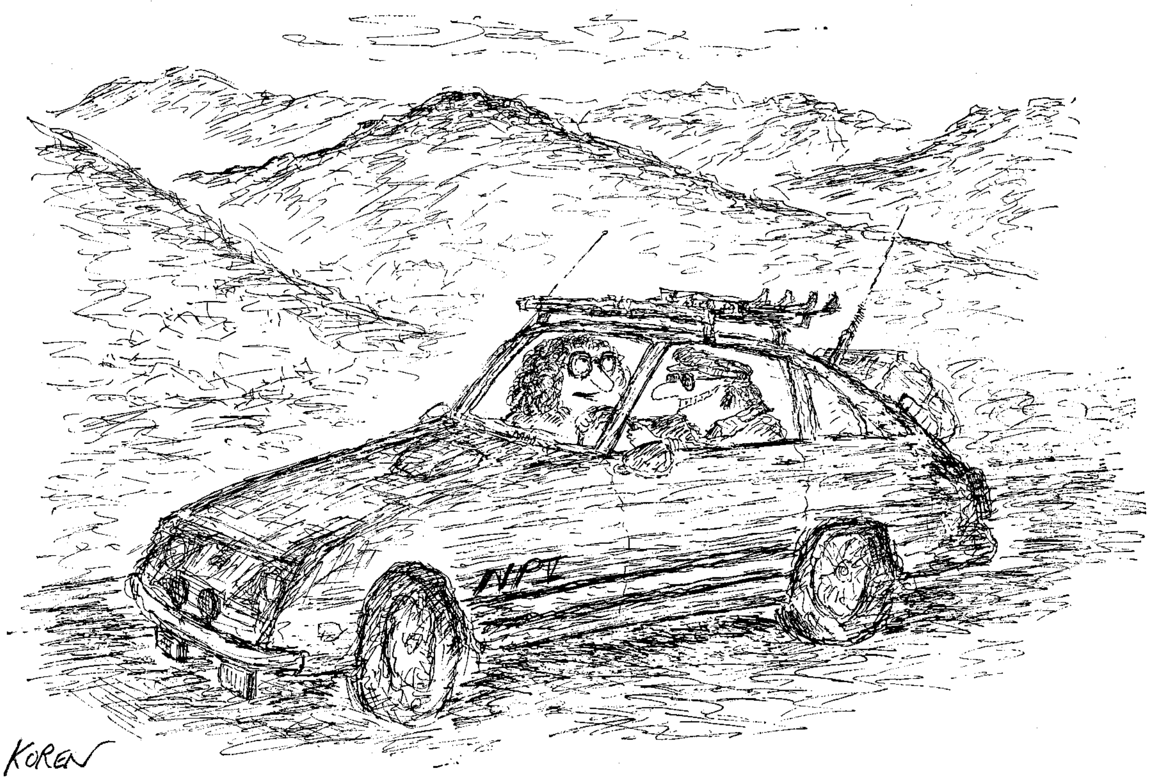
Five people were arrested on the first day (Sunday), thirteen on the second day, three on the third day, and none on the fourth day. Two small vials of blood were thrown at the Center's windows on Monday. People handcuffed themselves to the doors; the police watched, hands on hips, then unlocked the handcuffs and boosted the protesters gently back across the barricade. A young man with a red beard, Ronn Frantz, set up a King-Seeley Thermos tent on a tarp in a corner of the parking lot. He and two friends would remain as witnesses for the duration of the exposition. The protesters came from at least ten states, and there were people from many different groups: Mobilization for Survival, Veterans for Peace, Women for Peace, the Chicago Peace Council, the Great Lakes Life Community, Clergy and Laity Concerned, the American Friends Service Committee, the Church of the Brethren, and the Mennonite Church. The protests, both beforehand and on the scene, were effective.

Attendance was much smaller than expected, and exhibitors fewer. An apologetic note posted near the doors listed companies that had dropped out. Inside, the hangar-size hall was divided into sections by yellow curtains, and into booths by squares of blue rug and pots of yellow chrysanthemums. Space cost exhibitors ten dollars a square foot; the average booth, a couple of thousand dollars. No missiles or super-sophisticated aircraft were on display. Among the seven hundred registrants were representatives of the Soviet Union, Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and East Germany. There were senior management officials from the Arab Organization for Industrialization—a group of Saudi Arabians, Egyptians, and people from the United Arab Emirates and Qatar. There were prospective purchasers from Zambia, Malawi, Nigeria, Indonesia, South Korea. The uniform of the day seemed to be a judicious gray pinstripe.

What was on sale? A new .50-calibre M-2 heavy-barrel machine gun, with a complete line of accessories, including a new-generation "anti-blooming," night-vision telescope, capable of delivering four hundred to five hundred rounds per minute, from RAMO, Inc., of Nashville, Tennessee. A Beech Aircraft C-12, with a range of 1,177 nautical miles, useful for photomapping, remote sensing, maritime patrol, or as an ambulance. Bombardier military motorcycles and the Bombardier Bombi, a light-duty personnel and matériel carrier. Second Chance body armor—the Hardcorps 4 model, which gives critical kill-zone coverage regardless of the size of the individual wearing it, will stop AK-47, M-16, .30-06 ball, and NATO ball at any range—with a hundred and twenty-two documented "saves" of American policemen, and which "fights Communism around the world." The Steyr universal automatic rifle, with interchangeable barrel systems, and the Steyr sniping rifle. Bailey bridges, Uniflote ferries and landing stages, Roll On/Roll Off installations from Thos. Storey (Engineers), Ltd., of London. Smoke grenades, signal cartridges, alarm mines, tear-gas grenades, Thunderflash, for simulating exploding ammunition, from Alvico, S.A., of Switzerland. The DS-1220 dual-channel terrain-surveillance scanner ("Project Firefly"), for the detection of small targets of interest during night conditions, from Daedalus Enterprises, Inc., of Ann Arbor, Michigan. Socks, Cushioned Sole, Olive Green, from Nordac Manufacturing Corp., of Fredericksburg, Virginia. A modernization package for the M-48 main battle tank, which permits upgunning—a joint effort by Napco Industries, Inc., Detroit Diesel Allison, and Airscrew Howden, Ltd. The three-volume "Foreign Military Markets"—market studies, updated monthly, that present "the military posture, recent arms purchases, force structure and future requirements for 80 countries who purchase military equipment from the U.S. and its allies"—from Defense Marketing Services, Inc., of Greenwich, Connecticut.

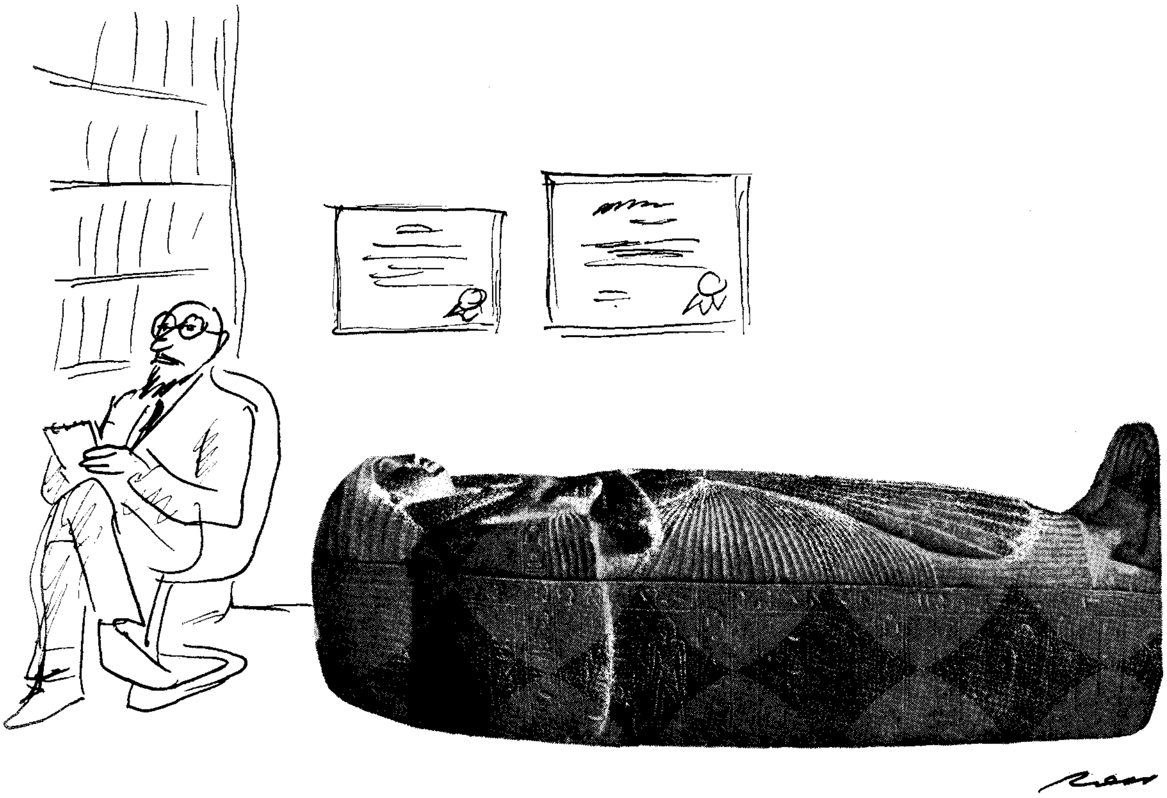
The seminars held during the exhibition included: "European Geopolitics, Threats, Markets and Exports;" "Indian Ocean Strategic Issues;" "Defense Electronics: Where Is Technology Leading?;" "Africa: Changing Geopolitics, Growing Markets;" "Small-Arms Directions;" "Third World Defense Production: A Multi-Billion Dollar Phenomenon;" "China: The Market, the Military and the Geopolitics."

At "Fighter Aircraft Developments: The Market and the Technology," one of the speakers was U.S.A.F. Lieutenant Colonel (Retired) Mark Berent, who tried to imagine what a future war would be like. "Some experts count on a duration of only three days," he said. "Modern weapons may make the first battle the last. There simply won't be any time to mobilize an entire nation—no bond drives, no gearing up, no determined national production. It's conceivable that all phases of battle could be handled automatically, resulting in the much-discussed automated battlefield. Enemy forces would be located, tracked, and targeted almost instantaneously through the use of data-length, computer-assisted intelligence evaluation and automated fire control, with first-round kill probabilities approaching certainty. . . . Availability of nuclear weapons compels defender and attacker to disperse their forces over a vast territory. The combat scene will



"Jerry, I'm beginning to think it's wrong that all our fun is based on the combustion of hydrocarbons."

consist of a multitude of relatively minor encounters among the attackers' and defenders' battle groups. The whole scenario will thus resemble a naval encounter more than a land battle. The prime tactical rule in ground warfare should therefore be not to present a suitable target for a nuclear attack. This premise is bound to be adopted if two nuclear-armed nations are facing each other, even if both have declared they would never use nuclear weapons. And we all know how far these treaties go. . . ."



Outside the hall, a policeman had stuck a sign in the Center's big glass windows saying "LET'S BE FRIENDS."

A young woman who had been inside said to a companion, "Actually, it's not so terrible."

Her companion thought for a second. "Maybe we're just getting used to terrible," she said.

Space

WE have heard from an impressionable friend who recently returned from a visit to Washington, D.C.:

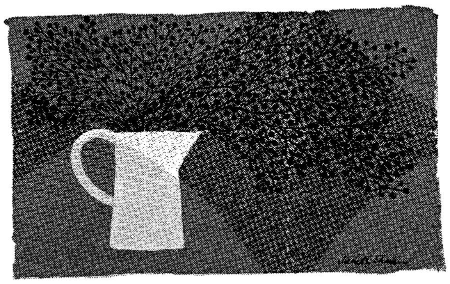
I feel like a happy isosceles triangle, a joyous tetrahedron, a carefree trapezoid. Permit me to explain myself. I have just visited the new East Building of the National Gallery, designed by I. M. Pei & Partners, and it was a stunning experience. The architects had available to them the last large undeveloped space on Pennsylvania Avenue between the Capitol and the White House (a historic route), and they divided that trapezoidal space into two triangles, the larger an isosceles facing the John Russell Pope "West Building"—opened in 1941—and the smaller a right triangle whose base faces the Capitol. So much for that. What matters is the sense of time altered and space altered which came over me as I stepped onto a quiet and slowly moving rubber walkway connecting the older building with the new one; the sense of excitement was enhanced by the gleaming aluminum side and ceiling of the walkway. I was moved with processional dignity toward the Central Court of the new building. There, overhead, a gigantic three-story Calder mobile was turning with a stately air, its red blades, blue and black discs, and finely balanced rods revolving according to their own secret choices. People in the hundreds—this was a Sunday—were walking up and down broad marble stairs. People were slowly moving up and down on escalators. People were traversing two bridges that spanned the huge open space below. Everything was moving at a different speed and in a different pattern, and all were somehow part of the whole. There were only a few scattered objects in the Central Court: a green, yellow, red, blue, white, and black Miró tapestry; an Anthony Caro sculpture, "National Gallery Ledge Piece," that seemed to be literally dripping from the space above; an imposing Noguchi sculpture, "Great Rock of Inner Seeking," of Japanese basalt, with a polished granite base. I had an odd sense of both participation and detachment, as though I were looking at familiar things that had burst forth into liberated forms and a newly found freedom. The museum was almost jammed now: more people on the escalators, more people walking, talking, staring. When I was a child visiting New York with my family, we would arrive by way of Pennsylvania Station, and I remember the sense of monumentality and pride on entering the old concourse there. The station seemed to be saying, "We have quite a city here." Now, in the East Building, I hardly dared look up, but when I did my spirits soared even higher, for the architects have installed a dazzling and complicated space frame of steel and glass, and many tetrahedrons. The space frame ties everything together, and, oddly, brings one back to earth. Heady stuff, and saved by a brilliant sense of the practical and the possible. Now I looked down again at the floor: more triangular shapes lovingly cut and put into place, and made of the same pink Tennessee marble that has darkened a shade on the older building to the west.

Obviously, I said to myself, this great, noble central area leads to pictures, and the pictures are there, in small galleries off the Central Court. Sculpture is there—David Smith's "Voltri" series, which he exhibited at the Spoleto Festival of Two Worlds in 1962 and which he fashioned from tools and sheets of steel that he found in an abandoned factory. The series is now situated in a large gallery with tiered steps, shaped like a Roman amphitheatre. I climbed to the uppermost step and looked down. There are wheels, and semaphore shapes, and workbenches, and circular objects that seemed to be sending out private portents and messages of their own. I wandered some more, into the tawny-gold galleries of the Ailsa Mellon Bruce collection of small French paintings—the Boudins, the Monets, the Renoirs. In another gallery, Picasso; in another, Kandinsky. In a tower at the top of a spiral staircase, Matisse's "Jazz" cut-outs and circus cutouts with clowns, and the internment of Pierrot. A sad moment, looking at the internment of Pierrot. Back down the stairs, across a bridge, and into the buzzing world of the Central Court. I had a strong feeling in this building that a visitor was being granted the freedom to gratify his own needs. There is a distinct Piranesi air to the vaulting lines of the metal space frame above, to the moving stairways, to the deceptively endless curves and distances. It seems as though Piranesi himself is soaring through the place, and that his imposing and chilling prison spaces have seen the light of day.

Really, I said to myself, it's time to get back to earth, and I happened to come across John Hand, an energetic, extremely affable red-bearded curator, who is normally in charge of Northern European Painting of the fifteenth through the seventeenth centuries but was curator on duty on this particular weekend. He said he was keeping an eye on things. In fact, he keeps a strict mother-hen eye on his Renaissance charges back in the old building (he will soon move his offices to the East Building), and several times a day he ducks into his galleries to make certain that such masterpieces as Rogier van der Weyden's "St. George and the Dragon" and Jan van Eyck's "The Annunciation" are being safely tended. John Hand says he loves working at the National Gallery. He is part of the Hand family (including Learned Hand) that settled on Long Island some three hundred years ago and eventually migrated across the Sound and up to Kinderhook, New York, and points north. Hand was enthusiastic about the uses to be made of the new Center for Advanced Study in the Visual Arts (in the East Building), which will house a large library and a distinguished roster of international art historians and scholars in a situation not unlike that at the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton. The library, with seventy thousand volumes, is just about to be moved from the West Building. The new library can hold three hundred thousand books. John Hand showed me the new executive offices, including a splendid one for Paul Mellon, president of the Gallery, and another for J. Carter Brown, the director. John Hand said he was continuously receiving phone calls directed to Don Hand, the National Gallery's chief horticulturist ("People are always calling up to say that their leaves have turned brown or that the four tons of peat moss have arrived").

By good luck, I also came across Don Hand, a genial man who belongs to a different Hand family and who told us that he operates six greenhouses at the National Gallery. He and his people supply both buildings with every sort of flowering plant, including the lilies at Easter. He said that the graceful leafy trees on the ground floor were *Ficus retusa*, native to India, and that they were kept alive and breathing well by means of four huge marble planters built into the floor. "They have their own watering system and drains," said Don Hand. "This was all part of the architectural plan. There are air intakes around the ledges of the planters, and we have to keep the drains clean and clear out debris that gets stuffed into them. Our trees are doing nicely—though this is their first winter and they have dropped some foliage. The big problem is the lack of natural sunlight. Sunlight keeps them going. We have put up some spotlights. We have no problem with temperature and moisture control. There is some trouble, incidentally, in the Study Center, with black olive trees, *Bucida spinosa*. I don't think they've been tried indoors before. They were fine in summer, with good foliage and leaf color, but they've suffered a lot this winter due to low light. We tried to grow star jasmine on the Romeo and Juliet balcony overlooking the Central Court but we had to take the plants out because they lost their leaves. You know, a space like this one needs green things. Green things."

Living works of art and living plants and trees complementing them. Not a bad ecosystem, I said to myself. Next I had a chat with J. Carter Brown, the museum's director. Brown is ebullient and learned, and he has no fear of his own feelings. "I love to walk through the new building," he said. "I never cease to be thrilled by the magic of the place. Why, just the other day we had some four thousand professors of art history, art historians, teaching artists, and scholars down here. They have an organization that is almost seventy years old, and I kept watching their expressions as they looked at the building. The building spreads a kind of joy! I am amazed at how easily it absorbs large masses of people, at differing speeds, and how it gives one an uncanny and new view of time itself." I agreed with him. "We have heard complaints that the building is more a tribute to architecture than to art and artists," Brown continued, "but some of the galleries are small 'house museums,' to reduce the scale and also to reduce museum fatigue. Objects need a space for themselves. After all, art must be an adventure, a *discovery*. People like to come upon art, and suddenly have it there before them, in much the way that your heart rises into your throat when you make a hairpin turn and there, below, unexpectedly, is an exquisite Mediterranean hill town. And there must be a one-to-one situation between the gallery visitor and the object. Fail to establish this, and you have pronounced a death sentence on museums. And, perhaps even more important, one needs *protected* spaces. We live in a very dangerous world. There are everyday threats to our security. I feel strongly that these fears must be relieved and we must allow the layers of armor beneath to come through. This is bound up with a sense of permanence. Pei's space frame, especially, makes me stand still whenever I see it. It is so beautiful. He has used a series of tetrahedrons in the space frame, and each plane is made of glass. I can't explain the effect. I really can't. I can only talk about it. To me, his ceiling is like a Bach fugue. There is no possible way to hear it all at one time. But somehow you *feel* that it is right. You can't *account* for it." He paused. "Pei likes to say," he continued, "that architecture must *have integrity*—like a friend."



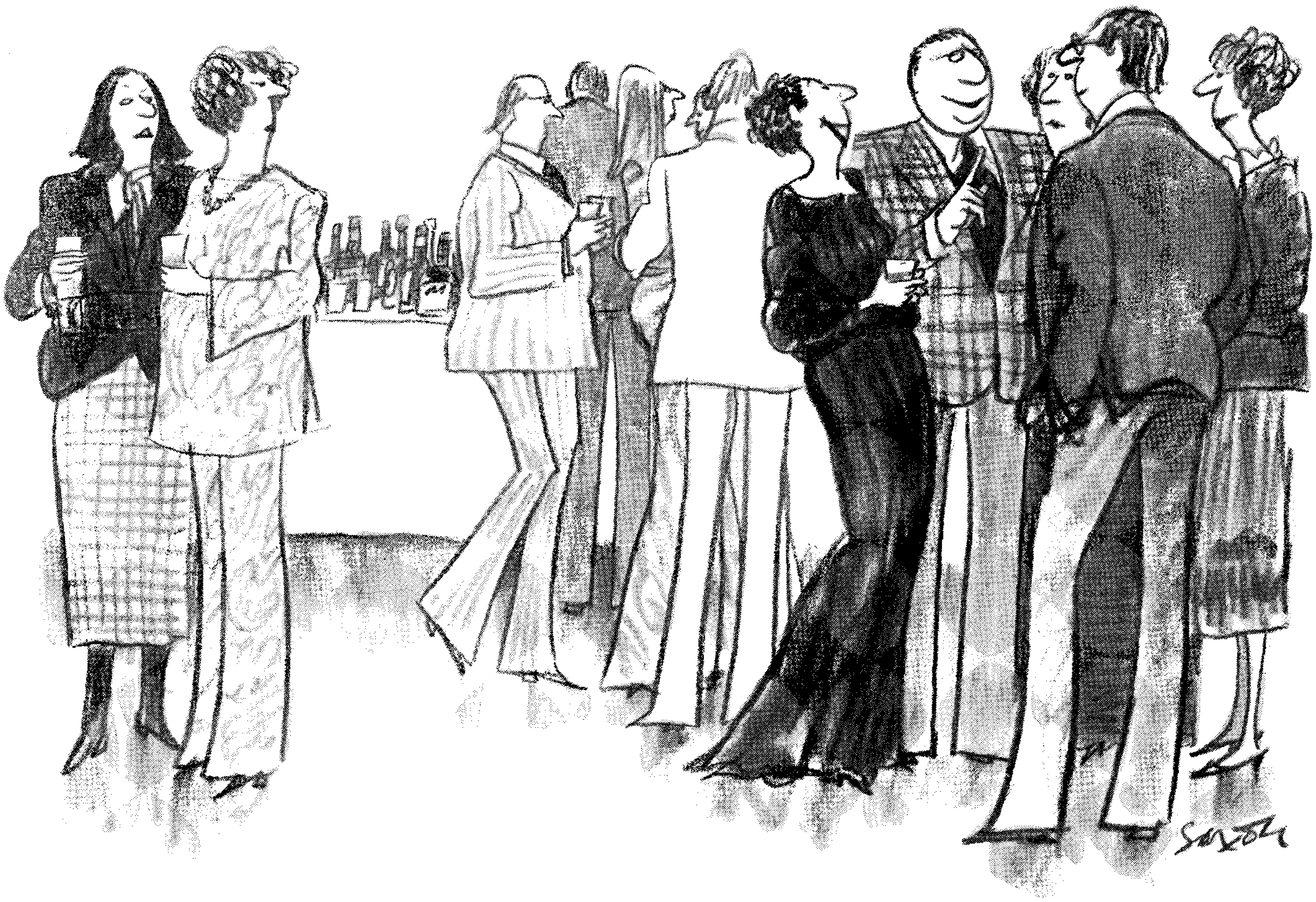
Cat

"News and Photo Tip:

"When: Monday, February 26th—11 A.M.

"Where: 1 Times Square, at 42nd Street (main floor).

"Why: The cat chosen for the role of Uncle Elizabeth in the forthcoming Broadway musical 'I Remember Mama,' starring Liv Ullmann, will be introduced to the press. 'I Remember Mama' will open on Broadway May 3, after its world-première engagement in Philadelphia March 9–April 21. Tara Kennedy, 7, who plays Miss Ullmann's youngest child in 'I Remember Mama' and is the owner of



"She supports him in public, but I hear that in private it's a whole different ballgame."

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Uncle Elizabeth in the musical, will be there to meet her stage pet. Tara comes from Scranton, Pa. She and the lucky feline will be making their Broadway débuts. Uncle Elizabeth's understudy will be introduced to the press at the same time."

Was the cat a big cat?

No. The cat was not a big cat. The cat was a very small cat.

Did you get very close to the cat? I mean, did you touch the cat?

No. I did not get too close to the cat. I mean, I am a little afraid of cats.

Did the cat have blue eyes?

No. The cat did not have blue eyes.

Did the cat look happy?

I wouldn't be able to tell a happy cat if I saw one. People say little babies don't smile. It's just their stomach griping. Someone said cats live the life of Riley.

Did the cat have a name?

Someone said that the cat's name was Jonesy.

Where did the cat come from?

Someone else said that originally she belonged to an actress but that the actress went to California to do television and couldn't take the cat.

Is the cat a light sleeper?

No. The cat is not a light sleeper. The cat is a regular cat sleeper.

Was the cat frisking about?

No. The cat was not frisking about. The cat was very passive.

Was the cat's coat beautiful?

No. The cat's coat was not beautiful. The cat's coat looked damp. It was raining that day.

Is the cat pretty?

No. The cat is not pretty. Not even for a regular house cat is the cat pretty.

What color is the cat?

The color of the cat is calico. From where I stood, not too close, the cat looked very dirty.

Did you fall in love with the cat all the same?

No. I did not fall in love with the cat all the same.

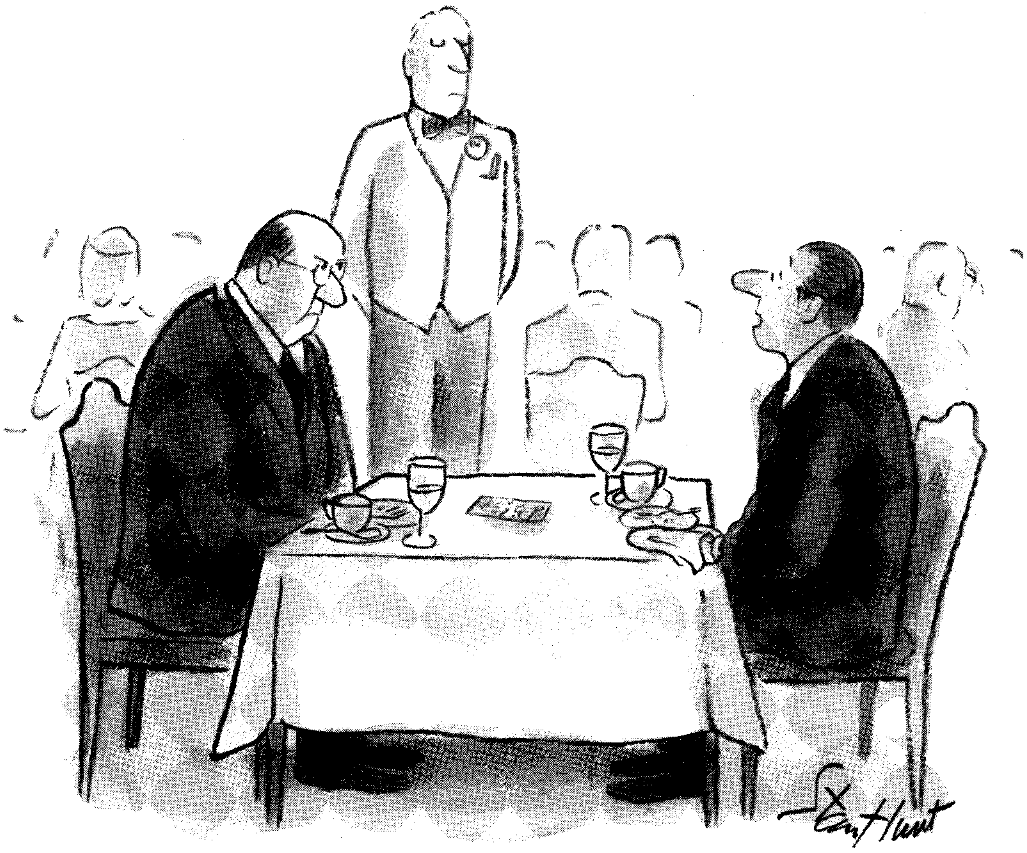
What does the cat like to eat?

I don't know, but she looked very thin.

Class

"TRY to have a little less vibrato here. You can do it. You can do it, I'm sure. You have very good breath control. You are not comfortable? But you can't breathe there. *C'est pas possible.* You just have to train yourself. Now, in this passage, you have to imitate the piano—which plays in a military rhythm. *Yam*-pam-pa-dam-pa-*pi*-a-pa! Mozart, when he approaches E minor, is always very, very expressive, and very warm. What you're doing is too much *détaché* all the time, too much like a mechanic. Oh, this should be A, not F-sharp. This edition is wrong. And Mozart is never charming—never. Even when Mozart *looks* charming, he is not. Here, make it a little shorter, and make it legato. It's more in his style." Jean-Pierre Rampal stepped back, holding his gold flute in his right hand, and with his left hand he more or less conducted—using graceful, flowing gestures—while a young woman played part of Mozart's Concerto for Flute in G Major (K. 313).

We were in the auditorium of the Ninety-second Street Y.M.-Y.W.H.A., on Lexington Avenue, where about three hundred and fifty people who had paid fifteen dollars each (half price for students) had gathered to see and hear Rampal—who is generally acknowledged to be the finest flutist in the world—instruct ten students of the flute in the fine points of their instrument. Last year, Rampal taught three such master classes at the Y, and this



"Well, gee, frankly, Mr. Danforth, you being my boss, and asking me to lunch and all, I thought you would pick up the tab."

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year he did the same. The first was held in January. This one was held last week. The third was scheduled for early this month. And he has agreed to teach at least one master class at the Y next year. We sat in the front row and watched and listened as Rampal coached the students individually—giving each about a half hour—for a total of more than five hours, breaking only for lunch. At fifty-seven, Rampal looks at least a decade younger than his years, with a full face, expressive eyes behind tortoiseshell glasses, and receding brown hair. He was wearing a tan suit and a gold-colored tie—which, as it happened, matched the stage curtains behind him, which were beige with a golden fleur-de-lis pattern. When Rampal teaches, he holds his flute in his right hand and conducts the performer with his left. His students tend to approach the event with trepidation ("I was sweating bullets," one said afterward), but they seem to relax quickly under his tutelage, and after leaving the stage most of them looked exhilarated.

That morning, five of the students played for Rampal. Two played Bach, and the others played Ibert, Mozart, and Telemann. Accompanying them on a Steinway grand onstage was a young man named Thomas Muraco, to whom Rampal spoke from time to time in French, and who appeared to have limitless endurance as Rampal asked that certain passages be repeated again and again. To illustrate a point, Rampal would play a passage on his own flute, and the warm tones of his instrument—now rich and sombre, now skittering and feathery—would fill the hall, causing some people to catch their breath. (It was as if John Gielgud had just taken over during a high-school performance of "King Lear.") The students were in their teens or twenties, and the audience—which was made up of people of all ages—was highly attentive.

At lunchtime, we spoke to Rampal in a dressing room just off the stage. Though he seemed full of enthusiasm, he said that he was tired, and he told us that he had played six concerts during the past week—in Iowa, Michigan, Ontario, New Jersey, and New York—and that he was leaving for Akron, Ohio, the next day. "I like to teach—especially the young," he said. "They bring you fresh air. You need to teach. Otherwise, you have arteriosclerosis. Even if the students are not very good, there is always a moment in teaching that can be of help to you. I teach classes at the Conservatoire, in Paris, where I live. But I never take private students—that's boring. And I never have taken private lessons myself. Of course, I don't practice enough. It's not true that I don't practice at *all*, though. I practice when I need it, and when I have time. There are a lot of people who need to practice six hours a day; other people not so much. That doesn't mean that people who don't need to practice are *better* than those who do—I would never say that. It's just that they are different. What counts is what you do on the stage."

At about three-thirty, a young man named Marco Granados, who is a native of Venezuela and a first-year student at Juilliard, stepped up and began to play the Khachaturian Violin Concerto, transcribed for flute by Rampal, at the composer's request, in 1968. It is a piece that requires rapid virtuoso playing, and Rampal was obviously impressed. After a particularly fast and complicated passage, Rampal asked the boy how old he was, and Granados said, "Seventeen." The audience applauded. Then, while trying to get Granados to play more lyrically during the concerto's slow movement, Rampal asked him his name.

"Marco," the boy said.

"Italian?"

"Spanish."

Rampal smiled. "Spanish blood," he said, patting Granados on the shoulder. "Play with your heart."

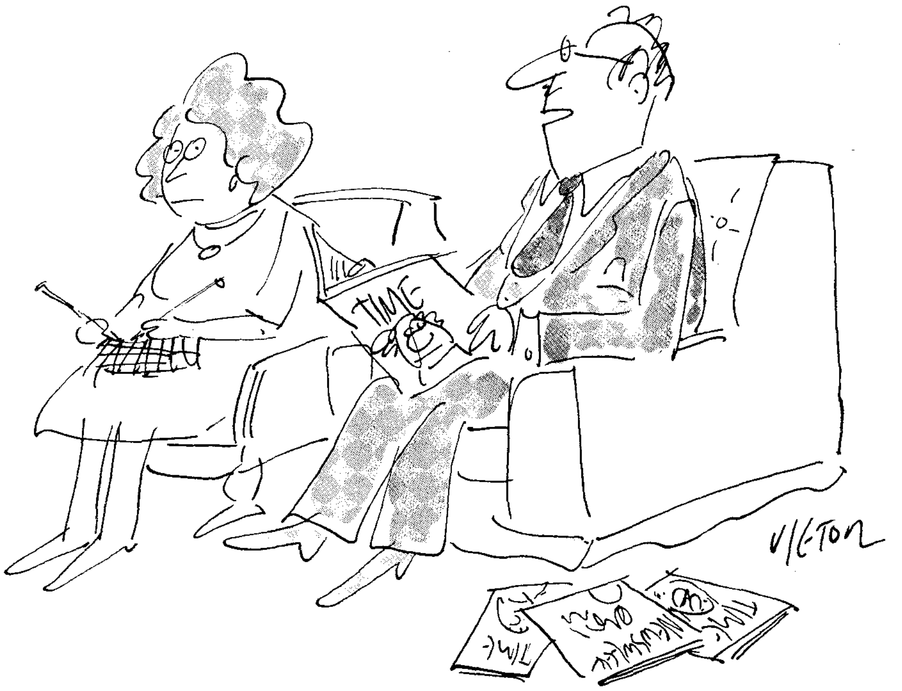
The class ended shortly after five, and Rampal accepted some questions from the audience. One man asked whether Rampal thought that a native speaker of French would have an advantage, in playing the flute, over a native speaker of English. Rampal said that, because of the facial muscles involved, the speaker of French might have a slight advantage, but only when beginning to study, and that the difference would not be definitive. Someone else asked how one should develop a vibrato, and Rampal said, "Never practice a vibrato. I don't know anyone who practices a vibrato. You are *not* to practice a vibrato. When I play vibrato, I use my diaphragm the same way as when I speak—that's all. Of course, interpretation is nothing if you don't have the technique to play. If you don't have the technique, you cannot interpret properly. But I am very much opposed to *le flûtisme*, which means concentrating too much on the instrument itself. When you play, you express yourself *through* your flute. You express, in the best way, what you feel. But it must be natural. Because when you're in good shape you *forget* you're playing the flute. You play music."

ARIA

DO they lie? Fervently. Do they steal? Only silver and gold. Do they remember? I am in constant touch. Hardly a day passes. The children. Some can't spell, still. Took a walk in the light-manufacturing district, where everything's been converted. Lots of little shops, wine bars. Saw some strange things. Saw a group of square steel plates arranged on a floor. Very interesting. Saw a Man Mountain Dean dressed in heavenly blue. Wild, chewing children. They were small. Petite. Out of scale. They came and went. Doors banging. They were of different sexes but wore similar clothes. Wandered away, then they wandered back. They're vague, you know, they tell you things in a vague way. Asked me to leave, said they'd had enough. Enough what? I asked. Enough of my lip, they said. Although the truth was that I had visited upon them only the palest of apothegms—the one about the salt losing its savor, the one about the fowls of the air. Went for a walk, whistling. Saw a throne in a window. I said: What chair is this? Is it the one great Ferdinand sat in, when he sent the ships to find the Indies? The seat is frayed. Hardly a day passes without an announcement of some kind, a marriage, a pregnancy, a cancer, a rebirth. Sometimes they drift in from the Yukon and other far places, come in and sit down at the kitchen table, want a glass of milk and a peanut-butter-and-jelly, I oblige, for old times' sake. Sent me the schedule for the Little League soccer teams, they're all named after cars, the Mustangs vs. the Mavericks, the Chargers vs. the Impalas. Something funny about that. My son. Slept with What's-Her-Name, they said, while she was asleep, I don't think that's fair. Prone and helpless in the glare of the headlights. They went away, then they came back, at Christmas and Eastertide, had quite a full table, maybe a dozen in all including all the little . . . partners they'd picked up on their travels. . . . Snatch them baldheaded, slap their teeth out. Little starved faces four feet from the screen, you'd speak to them in a loud, commanding voice, get not even a twitch. Use of the preemptive splint, not everyone knows about it. The world reminds us of its power, again and again and again. Going along minding your own business, and suddenly an act of God, right there in front of you. Great falls of snow and bursting birds. Getting guilty, letting it all slide. Sown here and there like little . . . petunias, one planted in Old Lyme, one in Fairbanks, one in Tempe, he who got into all the trouble. . . . Alleged that he slept with her while she was asleep. I can see it, under certain circumstances. You may wink, but not at another person. You may wink only at pigeons. You may pound in your tent pegs, pitch your tent, gather wood for the fire, form the hush puppies. They seek to return? Back to the nest? The warm arms? The ineffable smells? Not on your tintype. Well, I think that's a little harsh. Think that's a little harsh do you? Yes I think that's a little harsh. Think that's a little harsh do you? Yes, harsh. Harsh. Well that's a sketch, that is, that's a tin-plated sketch— They write and telephone. Short of cash? Give us a call, all inquiries handled with the utmost confidentiality. They call constantly, they're calling still, saying *williwaw*, *williwaw*—

I WALKED to the end of my rope, discovered I was tied, tethered. I never stopped to think about it, just went ahead and did it, it was a process, had one and then took care of that one and had another and then took care of the two, the others followed, and now these in turn make more and more and more. . . . Little yowls yonder kept you hopping. They came to me and said goodbye. Goodbye? I said. Goodbye, they said. You're not ridin' with me anymore, is that it? I said. That's it, they said. You're pullin' your blanket, is that it? I said. They said, that's the story Morning Glory. I saw a fish big as a house, and a tea set of Sunderland pink. Ran through the rooms ululating, pulling the tails of the curly curators, came in to say good night sometimes, curtsies and bows, these occasions were rare. Things they needed for their lives: hockey sticks, lobster pots, Mazdas. Simultaneously courting and shunning. This is a test of the system, this is only a test. Throw their wet and stinking parkas on the floor as per usual. Turn on the music and turn it off again. Clean your room, please clean your room, I beg of you, clean your room. There's a long tall Sally, polish her shoes. Polish your own shoes, black for black and brown for brown, do you see anything in my palm? just a little sheep-dip, complete your education, he's right and you're wrong, the inside track is thought to be the best, attain it, better to appear at ease, in clothes not conspicuously new, thou shalt not a, b, c, d, e, turn a little to the right, now a little to the left, *hold it!* Naked girls with the heads of Marx and Malraux prone and helpless in the glare of the headlights, tried to give them a little joie de vivre but maybe it didn't take, their constant bickering and smallness, it's like a stroke of lightning, the world reminds you of its power, tracheotomies right and left, I am spinning, my pretty child, don't scratch, pick up your feet, the long nights, spent most of my time listening.

—DONALD BARTHELME



"The center of 'Time''s consciousness and the center of 'Newsweek''s consciousness pretty much correspond with the center of my consciousness."

HEART TROUBLE

THE doctor is still at breakfast when Maria arrives. She can hear the sounds of cutlery and of people talking as she steps into the house, and then a young man with brown hair and a golden beard comes down the hall to greet her. "Hi," he says. "I'm Don." He has an American accent. "Come in here and find yourself a chair. I'll be with you in five minutes."

So she goes into the first room on the left of the hallway and sits down in a big brown velvet chair and tries to read the titles on the spines of Don's books. She is reading from "Food Is Your Best Medicine" when he comes back. He has an open notebook in his hand. He puts the notebook down on a table and then sits astride a hassock in front of her chair; his knees come close to touching hers. "Hi, Maria," he says.

"Hi," she says, and she considers asking him, Do you find it cold up here? Did you come to Canada because of the war? But she only says, "I can tell you don't come from here."

"I come from Kentucky," he says. And after a short silence he says, "Well, and what brings you here, Maria?"

"Psoriasis," she says, and she rolls up the left sleeve of her blouse and holds up her elbow for him to see. "I have it other places, too," she says. "You know, the classic places. Elbows. Scalp. Base of spine. I feel like a leper."

But Don is looking at her face. "You also have a heart murmur," he says.

"How can you tell that?"

"From your nose. There's a cleft at the bottom of it."

"I thought you used the eyes for diagnosis," Maria says.

"The eyes, too," he says, hitching the hassock closer. "Let's have a look at them."

Maria takes off her tinted glasses and Don fits over his head what appears, in Maria's blurred vision, to be a sort of belt with thick rectangular lenses in it. Then he holds up a little wand of light and shines it in her eye. Maria wishes she had brushed her teeth when she got up, but all she did was get into some cotton clothes—the friend who recommended this doctor told her not to wear synthetic clothing—and then she washed two apples to eat as breakfast on the way over.

Don looks in her eyes for a long time and makes some notes. "There's weakness in the liver and the kidneys and the heart," he says. "Also the pancreas. Also, your lymph glands are backing up. In fact, you're on your way to having what is known in iridology as a lymphatic rosary."

What else can be left? "What can we do about all of that?" she croaks up at him.

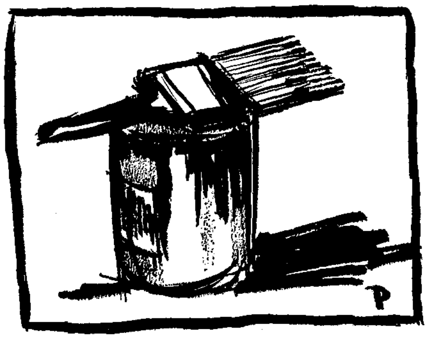
"We're going to have to detoxify you," he says, and he makes some notes for her on three little slips of paper, telling her what to eat and in what proportions, showing her which foods are yin and which are yang, and telling her that she is yin, too—very, very yin—and that she will have to give up dairy products entirely. "Also, I don't want you to drink much," he says.

"That's no problem," Maria says. "I only drink at parties and then only in very small amounts."

"Oh," he says. Then he smiles. "But I wasn't talking about alcohol. I wouldn't want you to have any alcohol at all. Not with your liver in the shape it's in. I was talking about water. All you should have is two cups a day, maximum. Your kidneys are overworked." He stands up, ready for the next patient. "I'm glad to see you're wearing natural-fibre clothes," he says, patting her cotton-clad shoulder. "That's good."

MARIA is invited to a party where she meets an architect named Steve. They stand talking to each other the whole evening, while Maria holds a glass of tonic water with a slice of lime in it. Steve's wife goes home early. She seems to be high on something. She walks past Maria and smiles a smile so sweetly eerie it is unearthly. The smile seems to go right through Maria; this is the way an angel might smile, she thinks, or a psychotic person. The person smiling it doesn't connect to you in any way—it is utterly pure and self-sustaining.

Steve says to Maria that he can tell she's a very open person. She's pleased but knows that it isn't wise to be. In her experience, the people who tell you you are open invariably end up telling you you are hard. "I don't think I'm so very open," she says.



"What I mean is, I can see you're not a hard person."

"I can be a tough person," she says. But she is smiling.

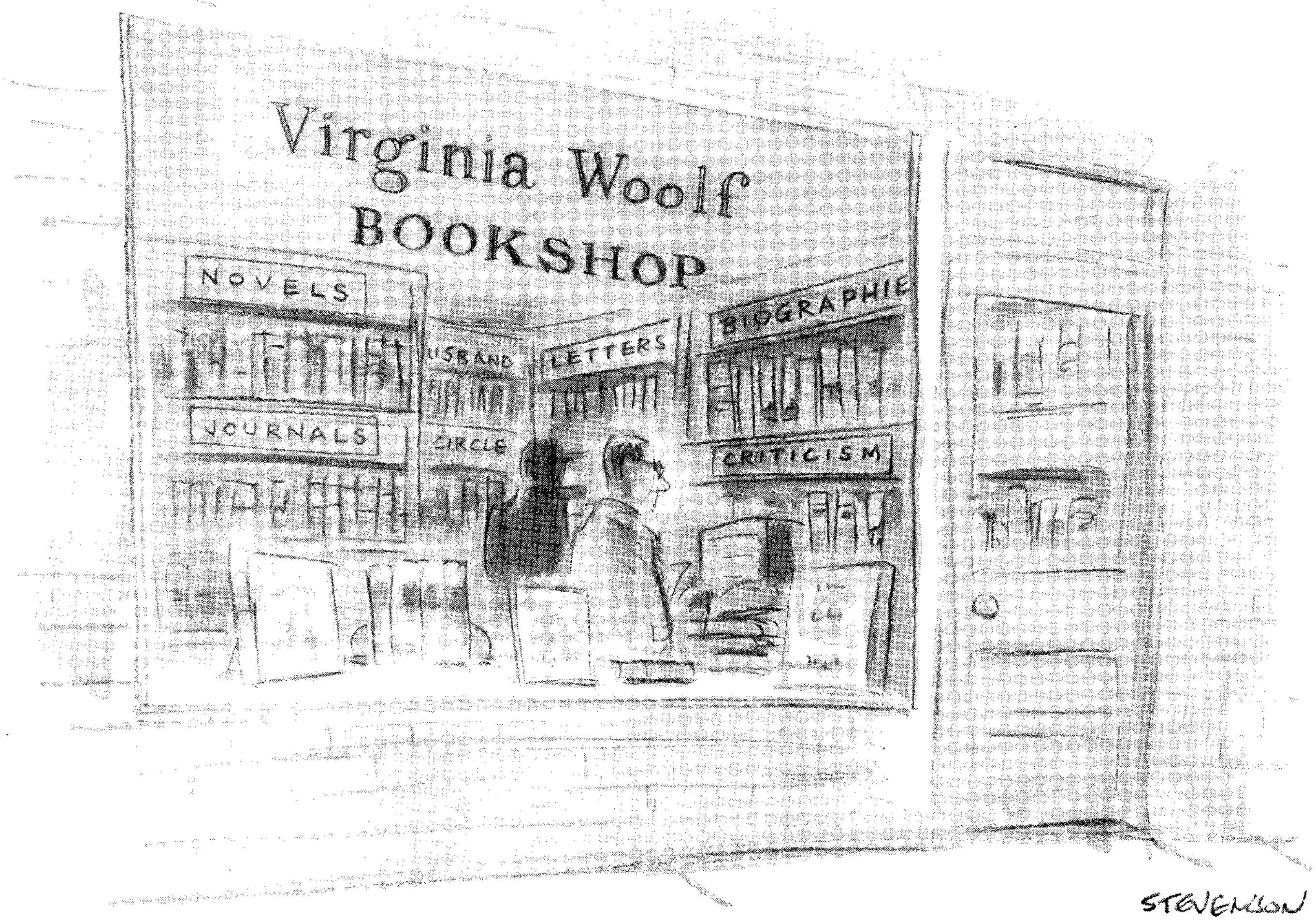
"Tough is not the same as hard," he says, and then he says, "Women have sometimes told me that I'm emotionally too demanding. I'm talking about younger women—women who are, you know, quite a bit younger than you are."

The next morning Steve phones her and suggests he come over to give her a yoga lesson. She says that would be wonderful, great. He asks her if he can come over after supper. She says no, she'll be busy, but she will be free almost any night next week.

Steve says that next week is going to be terribly busy for him, but when Maria suggests Tuesday night he does agree to that. Then he says, "My wife knows more about yoga than I do; maybe she should be the one to teach you, maybe I should bring her with me."

There is a pause and Maria says, "Oh, O.K. If you like." So when Tuesday arrives she doesn't know who is coming—both or neither or Steve alone. No, that isn't true—he will come alone or he won't come at all. Still, at supper that night she says to her sons, Tom and Andy, "Some people I met at a party last week might be coming over tonight. A husband and wife. They're going to teach me some yoga. Maybe just the wife will come. Or maybe just the husband. Maybe both. Maybe neither. It was all left very vague." The boys say that they'll be up in their rooms and that they hope they won't have to come down and say hello or anything. Maria says, "Of course not. I just wanted to let you know what might be happening." After this she relaxes a little. It is always important for her to cover herself with them—especially with Andy, who ever since Maria and Norman, her husband, broke up has been very anxious that his mother not be rejected by men. Last winter she went out for a while with a man named Al, who was very unreliable about coming anywhere near the time he promised to come; she still has a whole wine cupboard filled with bottles that he brought in apology.

Steve arrives half an hour late, and alone. They will be needing a blanket, he says, and Maria says she has an old camping blanket somewhere upstairs. As she is walking along the upstairs hall, she can hear Steve walking along the downstairs hall to the kitchen. She can hear where his feet stop. When she



comes down with the blanket he comes back into the living room and says, "This is very rude of me but I've been reading your appointment calendar." He looks pleased. Looking for other men's names, she supposes. (Only Richard's name is there.)

"And what did you find on it?" she asks him.

"That you go belly dancing."

"Oh, that was a terrible experience. I was so uncoördinated. I only went to one class." Absurd and coy was how she felt.

"Who was the teacher?"

"I forget her name. Some glamorous blond shrew, very impatient."

Steve squats and spreads the blanket out on the floor. "And who is Richard?" he asks her.

"Richard is my boss," she says in a voice whose softness does not alert him at all to her love for Richard; in fact, he even smiles.

"I want you to lie down on your back," he says.

She steps out of her shoes and onto the blanket. "You don't want to have a beer or something?" she asks him. "Before we get started?"

"Let's just do the exercises first. After we're finished you can make us some tea."

When he has her positioned on the blanket he starts pacing around her. "Relax," he says. "Let your legs go limp. Close your eyes." He paces some more. "This is called the corpse position and it's very relaxing," he says.

She smiles but keeps her eyes open. On the sofa she sees what looks like a peddler's bundle. "What's that?" she asks him.

He opens it. It's his yoga pants, tied up in a T-shirt.

"Do you want to change?" she says. "The bathroom's at the top of the stairs."

He sprints up the stairs but doesn't go into the bathroom; instead, she hears his feet running into her bedroom. She thinks of the mess in there and closes her eyes.

When he comes down again she can feel him easing himself onto the blanket beside her, feels him put a hand on her belly. "Now I'm going to teach you how to breathe," he says.

Andy comes down the stairs on his way to the basement to watch TV. "Oh, hi," he says to their two prone bodies. "Did you do the wash, Mum? Did you put it through the dryer?"

Steve stands. "You should get up for this one," he says to Maria.

"It's done," Maria says to Andy. "Bring it with you when you come up." Steve takes her hands and pulls her to her feet.

After the boys have gone to bed Maria and Steve sit across from each other at the dining-room table and have their tea. Steve talks with the speed and desperation of a man who fears he might be thrown out at any minute. Maria doesn't say much. When she does tell him something about herself he responds vivaciously—an odd word to describe a man, she thinks, but the right one. In fact, there is an overvivacity in him that suggests some fundamental lack of attention.

He tells her that yoga is important to him because he has asthma. He tells her about a co-op he lived in when he studied architecture at McGill; he talks about politics, about his work.

Finally she says, "Steve, listen, I'm going to have to ask you to go now—I'm dead, and I have to get up early tomorrow morning."

In the kitchen Steve puts his arm around her and she puts her arm around him, and on their way out his shoulder hits the wall phone and the receiver pops from its holder and falls to the floor. "Oh, that happens all the time," she says as they bend together for him to pick it up. They continue with their arms around each other to the door. His kiss grazes her cheek, and she doesn't offer more of her face to him than that. He runs from her then—out into the mild wet night. She thinks that his speed announces his hurt. She thinks, I won't see him again. She thinks, Anyway, I'm tired of people telling me I'm wonderful and looking at me with a predatory look. At the same time she thinks, But this almost never happens. In bed she has trouble sleeping.

WHEN Maria gets home from work the next afternoon Lowell, the spring-water man, is parking his truck in front of her place. "I've bought myself a still," Lowell says. "To make water, not whiskey. There's a distilled-water craze in this town. I kept getting all these calls from people who wanted to know if I could deliver distilled water to them, and so I started asking, 'Why does everyone want distilled water all of a sudden?' And it turned out they'd all been to see these same two guys—two brothers, actually—who take samples of your spit and your urine and then send them off to a big computer down in California and in a couple of weeks the computer people send back an equation which tells you everything about your health."

"And then the brothers put you on a diet of distilled water?" Maria says.

"Yeah. There's an ideal equation to aim for. One equation for Caucasians, one for Orientals. And then these guys—Walter is the one I went to—detoxify you with distilled water and rebuild your body with certain foods and minerals. They say they can even cure cancer this way. The thing is you have to drink an awful lot of water. Half, in ounces, of your body weight in pounds. For a big man it could come up to three quarts."

"I've just been to see a man—and this man is a doctor—who believes people drink too *much* water," Maria says. "He sees the kidney as an overworked sponge."

"He must be macrobiotic," Lowell says. "The macrobiotic people could put me out of business." He lines up the bottles of spring water along one wall of Maria's long kitchen.

Before Lowell leaves, Maria gets the phone number of the two brothers.

The next day Maria calls Steve at his office. When she says, "Steve, hi, this is Maria," he says "Who?" and she has to say her name two more times before he will acknowledge that he knows her. Yet when she invites him for lunch at her place he accepts quickly enough. She says she can get an hour and a half off from work tomorrow, and he says he can do the same. Then she says that she's been thinking about the other night, and that she feels she was too elusive. But then she found him too intrusive, she says, so it wasn't a simple thing.

"Too *what?*" he asks her.

"Too intrusive."

"And you were too what?"

"Too elusive."

"Oh," he says. "Well." He yawns. "You know how it is." He yawns again. "*C'est la vie,*" he says.

After Maria puts down the phone she feels herself blushing. It was silly of her to try to discuss something like that on the phone. Still, she has finally asked a man over. She goes upstairs and picks out the blouse she is going to wear, and washes it by hand with sweet-smelling soap.

At lunch they drink the wine Steve brought. It's a cheap one, Maria has noticed—during the winter with Al she became an expert on wines. She pours herself only a little bit, remembering Dr. Don, and when she goes into the kitchen for the salad she fills most of her wineglass with water.

After they finish eating, Steve talks to Maria about women he has known. He tells her that the last woman he was involved with was a poet; he even mentions her name. It's a name Maria knows, although she doesn't know the

PLATO ELABORATED

1

I should like, Fortunatus, to live in a city where a riv-
er would jut out from under a bridge like a hand from a sleeve,
and would flow toward the gulf, spreading its fingers
like Chopin, who never shook a fist at anyone as long as he lived.

There would be an Opera House, in which a slightly overripe
tenor would duly descant Mario's arias, keep-
ing the Tyrant amused. He'd applaud from his loge, but
I from the back rows would hiss through clenched teeth, "You creep!"

That city would not lack a yacht club, would not lack
a soccer club. Noting the absence of smoke from the brick
factory chimneys, I'd know it was Sunday,
and would lurch in a bus across town, clutching a couple of bucks.

I'd twine my voice into the common animal hoot-
ing on that field where what the head begins is finished by the foot.
Of the myriad laws laid down by Hammurabi
the most important deal with corner kicks, and penalty kicks to boot.

2

I'd want a Library there, and in its empty halls I'd browse
through books containing precisely the same number of commas as
the dirty words in daily gutter language—
words which haven't yet broken into literary prose. Much less into verse.

There'd be a large Railroad Station in that city—its façade,
damaged in war, would be much more impressive than the outside
world. Spotting a palm tree in an airline window,
the ape that dozes within me would open its two eyes wide.

And when winter, Fortunatus, threw its coarse shroud over the square,
I would wander, yawning, through the Gallery, where
every canvas, especially those of David and Ingres,
would seem as familiar as any birthmarks are.

From my window, at dusk, I would watch the horde
of bleating automobiles as they flash back and forth
past shapely nude columns in Doric hairdos,
standing pale and unrebellious on the steps of the City Court.

3

There would be a café in that city with a quite
decent blancmange, where, if I should ask why

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we need the twentieth century when we already
have the nineteenth, my colleague would stare fixedly at his fork or his knife.

Surely there is a street in that city with twin rows of trees,
an entrance way flanked by a nymph's torso, and other things
equally *recherchées;*
and a portrait would hang in the drawing room, giving you an idea
of how the mistress of the house looked in her salad days.

I would hear an unruffled voice calmly treat
of things not related to dinner by candlelight;
the flickering flames on the hearth, Fortunatus,
would splash crimson stains on a green dress. But finally the
fire would go out.

Time, which—unlike water—flows horizontally, threading its way
from Friday to Saturday, say,
would, in the dark of that city, smooth out every wrinkle
and then, in the end, wash its own tracks away.

4

And there ought to be monuments there. Not only the bronze riders
I would know by name—
men who have thrust their feet into History's stirrups to tame
History—I would know the names of the stallions also,
considering the stamp which the latter came

to brand the inhabitants with. A cigarette glued
to my lip, walking home well past midnight, I would conjecture aloud—
like some gypsy parsing an open palm, between hiccups,
reading the cracks in the asphalt—what fate the lifeline of the city showed.

And when they finally arrest me for espionage,
for subversive activity, vagrancy, for *ménage*
à trois, and the crowd, boiling around me, bellows,
poking me with their work-roughened forefingers, "Outsider!
We'll settle your hash!"—

then I'll secretly smile, and say to myself, "See,
this is your chance to find out, in Act Three,
how it looks from the inside—you've stared long enough
at the outside—
so take note of every detail as you shout, '*Vive la Patrie!*' "

—Joseph Brodsky

(*Translated, from the Russian, by George L. Kline.*)

• •

poet in person. But she is familiar with her face from the jacket of her latest book. In the book photograph she had dark-blond hair and was standing with her fists plunged into the pockets of an old embroidered jacket, the wind in her eyes. Steve says that the poet turned out to be a very hard woman. Maria decides to tell him about Richard, but she doesn't want to mention Richard's name. She says, "For a long time now I've loved a man I work with. Unrequited love. He has five children and is moderately happily married." Saying Richard is moderately happily married is her way of saying she hasn't been to bed with him. They carry their plates and wineglasses out to the kitchen and Maria runs hot water on them. Then Steve tells her that he was first attracted to her because of her eyes. Maria is surprised by this, because her eyes are small. "Small and sweet" is how she would, in a kindly mood, have described them to herself. "Your pupils are so dilated," Steve says. "There's some new evidence out now that people with dilated pupils are very open people. . . ."

"My pupils are always dilated; it's because I'm nearsighted," she says.

"No more nearsighted than I am. And look at mine."

She peers at them; they are skeptical pinpoints. She lifts off his glasses, takes off her own, tries his on. His glasses are very strong; his face swims before her—amoebic, pale. Only his hair is the same—a bushy gold sphinx shape. "You look sort of distorted," she whispers.

"I *am* distorted," he says in a low voice. He is standing close to her and they are both smiling. He puts his arms around her, and she rests her head on his shoulder. But she can't make any more moves toward him than that; when he kisses her she can't open her mouth to him. She is irritated with herself. When she invited him for lunch she expected they would go to bed together—she put fresh sheets on her bed in anticipation—and all she can do now is massage his arms as he stands with his hands on her hips. And say: "I like you, Steve." It sounds tepid even to her, but it is the best she can do; she isn't even sure it is true.

He drives her back to her office on his way to his own. He has an odd car for an architect, she thinks—a great raft of a car, battered heirloom of an earlier decade. The door on his side doesn't work, so he goes in on her side and hitches himself over to the steering wheel. They drive in silence through the Beechwood woods, and they pass a street that runs down to the lake. Steve says that his partner lives on the lake. Maria met Steve's partner at the party where she met Steve. "Do you know who your partner reminds me of?" she asks him. "My ex-husband. He's dark, too, and he has the same kind of drawn, delicate face. We're the same height, but I always felt I was bigger than he was." The way she really sees Norman is as a small handsome boy with a beard. "I always felt clumsy beside him," she says.

Steve smiles. His face looks whimsical in profile; he has a great beaked nose and a quick, wry smile.

"And so now I like men who are bigger than Norman," she says. "I like men with big noses," she adds. This is the truth—part of the truth—but it's also a strategy. She believes herself to be a sensible woman about men's looks, and as a sensible woman she believes she can like the looks of any man she comes to like.

Steve reaches over and takes her hand. And Maria at once feels that she has been devious. She doesn't even know if she likes this man. She only said what she said to soften him, because he seemed angry. When they get into heavier traffic she withdraws her hand.

Steve begins to talk about Liz, his wife, and about her sister, who he says is a bitch. In what way, Maria wants to know, and he tells her some of the things this sister has done to Liz. What about some of the things *you've* done to Liz, Maria wants to ask him, but she thinks this would seem, under the circumstances, a curious question. Instead, she asks him (suddenly seeing the light), "Do you think *I'm* a bitch?"

He is cleverly, judiciously slow to answer. Yes, all in all, he rather does think she has the potential to be a very difficult and demanding woman.

She feels worried; she doesn't know how much of this is true. She thinks, I don't suppose we'll see each other again after this, and she begins to hope that they won't.

AFTER a month on the macrobiotic diet, Maria still isn't sure whether she feels better. Sometimes she thinks she does, a little, but her skin is as afflicted as ever and she is having pains in her arms. She phones the California-computer brothers and makes an appointment with them. They are "camping out," one of the brothers tells her, in a private house in the east end of the city. Maria goes there on a Saturday afternoon at the beginning of August. The house is white with dark-green shutters and has a small garden; the garden has a gate with a latch. A tall, bald man opens the door to her and leads her into the dining room. They sit across from each other at the dining-room table, and he asks her some questions and makes some notes. A business card on the table says "W. B. Spaulding, Nutritionist." Balding Spaulding, thinks Maria, and she decides that this must be Walter, the brother Lowell saw. Mr. Spaulding gives her a tiny paper cup to spit into and then he gives her a bottle for her "other contribution." The bathroom is upstairs, he says, first door on the left. When he has both specimens he carries them into a sunroom off the dining room and sits, with his back to her, at a card table cluttered with jars and bottles. She closes her eyes. After a while she hears him go over to the sink and wash everything away. Then she hears him sit down at the card table again. His knee is jiggling, and in tandem with its jiggling she becomes aware of the beating of her heart. "How many children did you say you have?" he asks her. His back is still turned to her and this gives the conversation an ominous cast.

"Two."

"A boy and a girl?"

"Both boys."

"How old are they?"

"Thirteen and sixteen."

"They live with you, do they? You're responsible for them?"

She answers yes to both questions.

He gets up from the card table and goes over to a sink and washes his hands, then comes back into the dining room. He sits down at the table and transfers the test numbers onto another sheet. Then he looks up at her. It's the look she's been waiting for—the knife. "You're in rough shape, girl," he says.

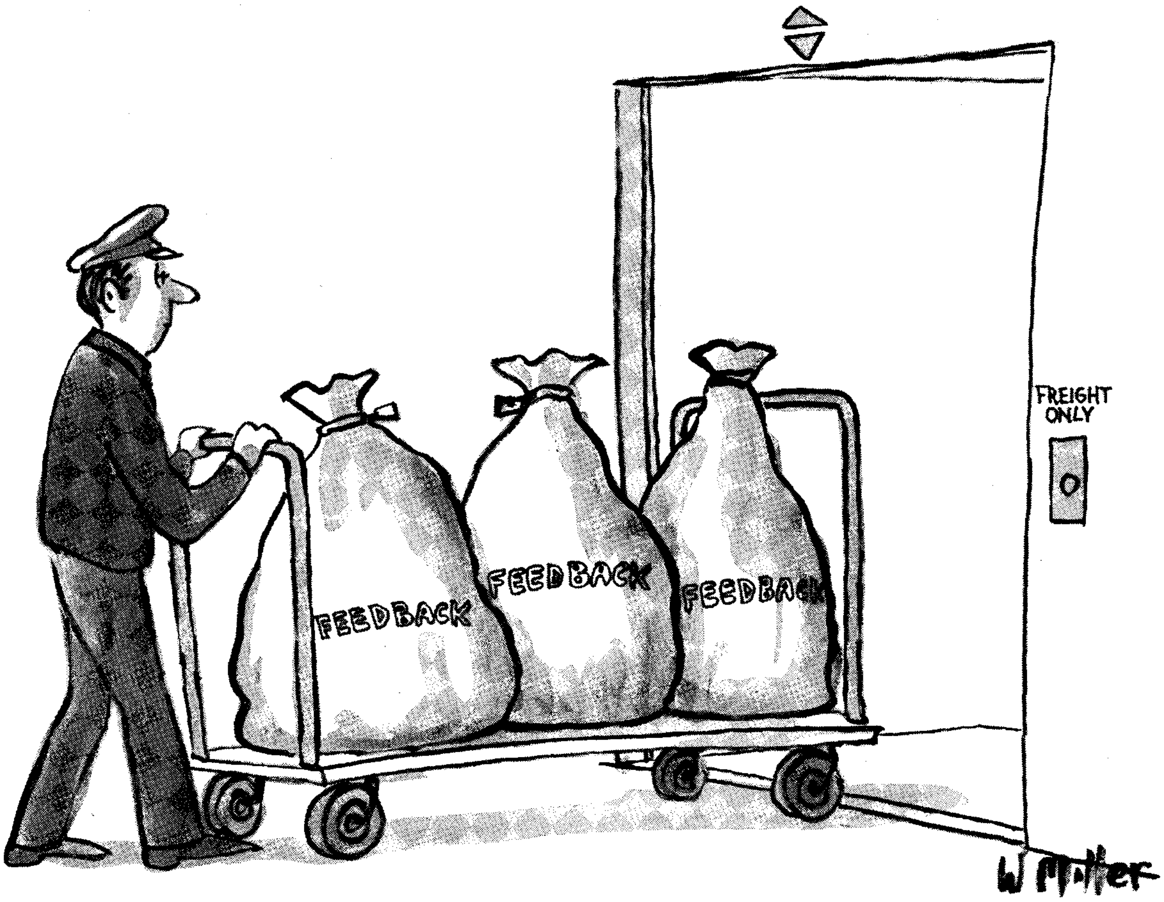
"In what way?" she asks him. She feels frightened and also, in a way that surprises her, very angry.

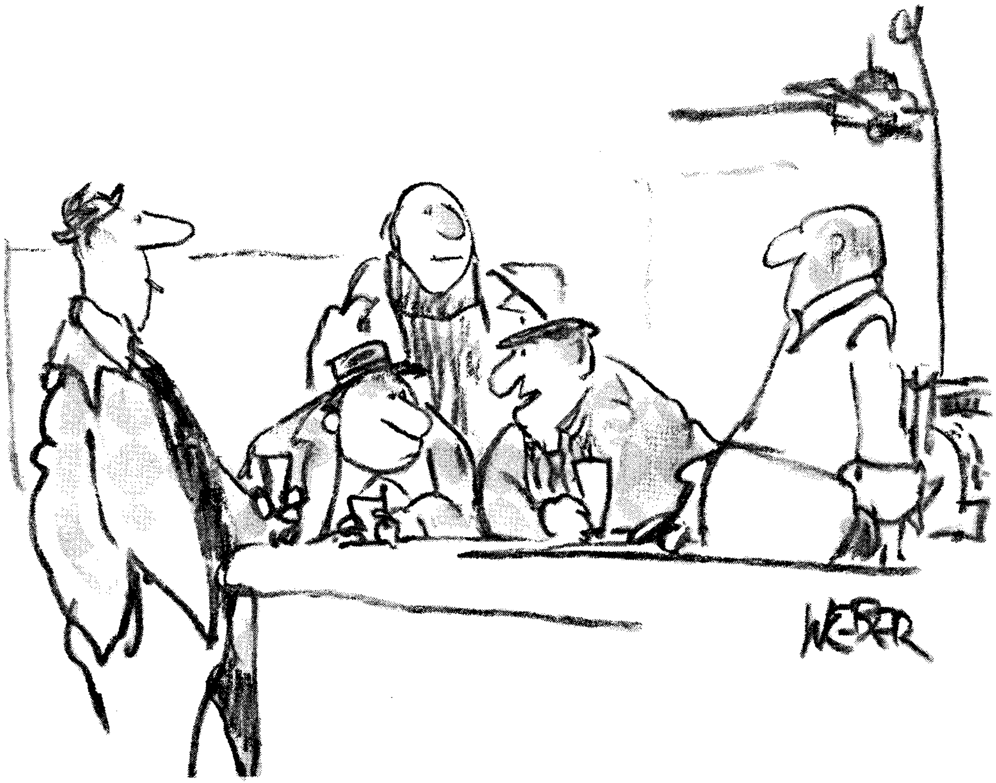
"In several ways," he says. "First of all, your salts are so high I can't measure them. Forty is the highest number for body salts and yours are higher than that. Your body is too acid. It is also throwing off one hundred times the number of dead cells that it should, and that, translated, means that it's dying faster than it's rebuilding itself. But the big thing to worry about is your uric-acid reading. It puts you smack in the middle of the zone for a major heart attack. You could drop dead at any minute, it's that bad."

There is a long silence. Then she says, "I hope that hearing all this isn't going to make things worse. For my heart. If it's in the shape you say it's in."

"I believe it's best to tell the truth," Mr. Spaulding says. "And besides, there's some good news. There aren't any cancer cells anywhere in your body. So—think positively."

That night, Maria is alone at her place. Tom and Andy are staying overnight at Norman's, as they always do on Saturdays. After supper she thinks of putting on one of their records—some Pink Floyd maybe—but the thought of the effort it would take to climb the stairs to the record-player makes her feel weary. And what would be the point of putting on a record anyway? She would put it on and then not even hear it, out of worry. She is too worried even to cry. She just wants to stay downstairs, move slowly, husband her strength, keep warm, for it is surprisingly cold for summer and the eaves of the row houses up on the hill have been hit by a low, golden fall light. She goes out into the hall





"New York has everything. Subways, barbershops, coffee shops, banks, stores, movies, bowling alleys—you name it!"

• •

and gets her shawl and puts on a pair of Andy's ski socks. Norman would be shocked to see that the ski socks are still out here in the hall in midsummer. He has a much more housewifely sense of the seasons than she does, and when they were married he was always after her to wash and put away the winter clothes early in March. Now that he no longer lives with her she doesn't do this, and on the shelf above the coatrack there's a pile of ski toques and scarves and mittens—a hilly wool banquet for moths. If she dies tonight, she thinks, or anytime this summer, this will become known about her: the state of this shelf, other shelves—the extent to which she was unable to cope with her life. Of course, Norman is right, in a way—to everything there is a season and all that—but he was rigid about it, too. He used to want Tom and Andy to talk to him at suppertime, to be funny and profound with him, because that was the only time it suited him to try to be close to them. As far as she could see, it never worked. But here she is, also out of season, maybe even dying. Does she want to die? Part of her must want to—why else should she be in the state that she's in? But oh, how hard it will be for Tom and Andy if I should die, she thinks. Odd how I feel so certain of that; they're the only ones whose love I feel sure of. I'm the one they tell their dreams to, I'm the one who loves their jokes, I'm the one they feel free to yell at—I'm necessary to them.

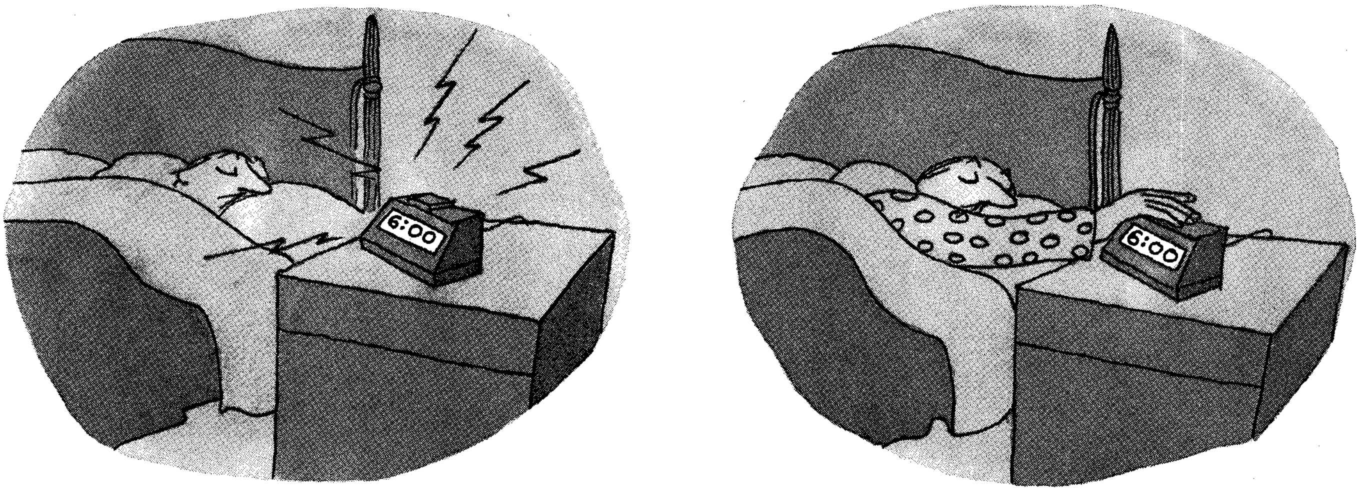
The last time Maria remembers going out with Norman—years ago now—they went to the ballet. (Norman loved the ballet, but Maria, who loved it when they were first married, had come to dislike it.) Maria brought two oranges along in the car with her to eat as supper on the way over. After she had finished peeling the first orange and was ready to section and eat it, Norman suddenly flung out his arm and hit the orange down to the floor of the car, where it rolled crazily around in the grease and fluff. "Why can't you do things when other people are doing them?" he shouted. "There's a time to eat and a time not to eat!" he yelled at her. "When will you learn that?" This scene has stuck in her mind, and now for some reason she thinks of ways she could have defended herself—lovely scenarios, herself victorious and vivid, turning on her heel in the foyer of the National Arts Centre, drawing her one good orange out of her pocket and, dancing among the gathering throng, tossing it high in the air: a proud, bright-skirted, one-orange juggler. After this she would leave Norman to his ballet and dance off to a movie.

TWO weeks later Maria makes an appointment with her own doctor, Dr. Mildred Hardy. Dr. Hardy wears her white hair in a bun and she has a silver spray of heather pinned to her flowered dress. She has very high, young breasts for such an old woman. Maria thinks Dr. Hardy is a good doctor. Not too free with medication but fond of stuffing Maria's pockets with grandmotherly little gifts—mainly samples of medicated shampoos and creams—and she is also fairly open to unorthodox medical information. Still, she is a woman whose ways were forged in a particular medical climate—she went to medical school in the forties, when she herself was in her forties—and her training is still very much with her. Maria dreads making the confession that will prove her lack of faith in Dr. Hardy, but by this time the computer in California has sent back its coded report and Mr. Spaulding has translated it for her, and she feels she has new reason to be worried on her own behalf: Cholesterol in the danger level, uric acid in the danger level, and she has, or is on her way to having, lupus erythematosus.

When Maria tells Dr. Hardy about Dr. Don and the computer brothers, Dr. Hardy only asks her how much they charged her. Maria says that Dr. Don was free and that the brothers charged forty-five dollars for two visits. Dr. Hardy looks out the window and says she can think of better uses for forty-five dollars than having her spit sent off to California. After this she talks about medical fashions. "Tongues used to be what they looked at," she says. "But nobody looks at tongues anymore." And then she tells Maria about a dress she saw last week in a store on Rideau Street—an exact replica of the dress her mother made for her the year she graduated from high school: the same voile, the same sleeves.

"The blood tests will take a week to ten days," she says when she says goodbye to Maria. "I'll call you when they come in."

According to the blood tests, the computer wasn't all right and it wasn't all wrong. Maria's cholesterol *is* high, and so is her uric acid, but the important thing is she doesn't have lupus. Dr. Hardy sends her to a dermatologist for her psoriasis. The dermatologist is a flushed, eager young man with smudged glasses. "I can only give you something to control it," he says. "As I'm sure you know, there is no cure for it. Although in Toronto now they're treating people with black light. And



swimming in the Dead Sea is supposed to be very good for it—if you ever find yourself in that part of the world. And sun, if you can get some. It's been a terrible summer, though, hasn't it? All this rain."

On Saturdays Maria always goes shopping for the week's food at the Byward market with her friend Deedee. One Saturday afternoon in September, waiting at home for Deedee, she falls asleep. She wakes up to the sound of the door slamming. When she comes downstairs she sees that one of Andy's friends has turned Andy's bike upside down and is trying to repair it. Andy is squatting beside this friend—bike surgeon's assistant.

Maria goes over to the window to watch for Deedee, but Deedee is already coming up the front walk. She's wearing jeans and an old shirt; her hair is braided to one side in one long fair braid and she is frowning.

Maria opens the door.

"Hurry up," Deedee says. "I have to go and get my father and mother at four o'clock."

Maria picks up her jacket and hits at her pockets for keys and money. Then she waves to the boys. They smile at her benevolently. She and Deedee step out into weak sunshine, and walking out to the car they bump into each other.

"I had a nap," Maria says. "After an afternoon nap all creatures are sad."

Deedee doesn't answer, and Maria wonders if she heard her. But she must have, because once they are in the car and on their way Deedee, in a voice whose explosiveness suggests a certain angry incubation, says, "Do you know what I wish? I wish you'd get over Richard, that's what I wish. *That* is what's sad."

Maria sighs. "In a way, I suppose I don't belong in this century. There's this hopeless, impossible love. Also, I don't own a car. As you may have noticed."

Deedee smiles. "Actually, I think you're kind of trendy. A woman of our time."

"Thanks a lot, friend. How am I trendy?"

"All this chasing after cures."

"I'm in pain, Deed."

"Give up dreaming of Richard and run three miles a day and your pain will vanish. I guarantee it."

"Do you run three miles a day?"

"I'm not in pain."

They drive past the street where Maria's office is. Richard's car is there, parked at the deep-shaded end of the street. The street looks like a street in a movie; it has that air of false peace.

Maria takes Andy (who has had the flu) to see Dr. Don. It is mid-fall by this time—clear, cold, brilliant days—and the pains in Maria's arms are worse than ever. Whatever they are, they can't be rheumatism. Don has moved to a community clinic with a sign on the door saying "MEDICAL CARE IS A RIGHT, NOT A PRIVILEGE." In the waiting room there are notices of abortion-referral services and clippings about diet and smoking, and there's an article headlined "BEACH BOYS GET VD BUT NO TENSION HEADACHES."

Don looks into Andy's eyes with his iridology light. When he's finished he says that Andy has a very good constitution. "Much better than yours," he says to Maria. "Your mother probably had the flu when she was expecting you."

"Am I finished now?" Andy asks them.

"You can go," Don says.

When Andy has left, Don says to Maria, "Don't be too panicky about all of this. You were a long time getting into this condition; you can expect to be a long time getting out of it. You've had years of using tar paste and cortisone cream; you've had a lot of X-rays, you've taken sedatives. . . ."

Maria bows her head. She's thinking of all the junk she's taken, also of all the nights she drank herself to sleep with hard liquor and tap water.

"Every day I see people who are desperate to make themselves better after years of eating wrong and not getting exercise," Don says. "But they don't know how to go about it, there's so much conflicting advice."

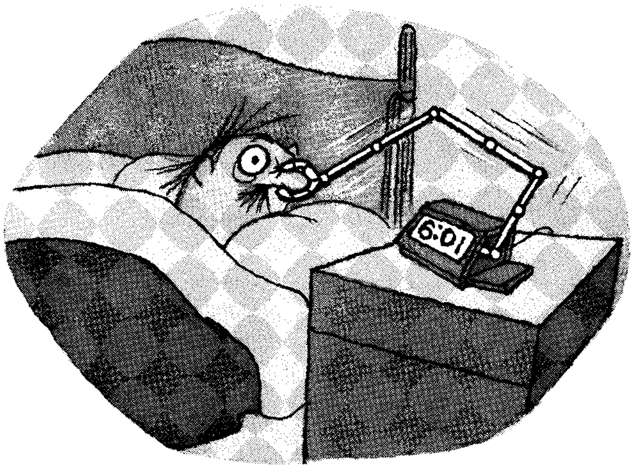
"And they've got to the point where they're afraid to trust their instincts?"

"They've got to the point where they don't *have* any instincts," Don says.

It's time for her to go. She can feel that Don is going to hug her goodbye, she can feel him priming himself to do it. They stand up at the same time, and Don hugs her and she hugs him back. When she gets her coat from the coat-rack out in the hall she thinks how inevitable that was, how it's all part of the scene here—the waiting room that looks like an old lady's parlor, the nurses in their jeans and old sweaters, and on the rack two coats that she guesses must belong to the nurses: two broad-shouldered, eroded fur jackets.

The first snow comes, and with it comes a windfall: Norman, who has sold the house they used to live in, shares the profits with her. She thinks of taking a trip. She has never wanted to go to Florida, but Florida is the closest warm place, so that's where she decides to go. She is to leave right after New Year's.

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve, Maria goes downtown to the Byward market. It's a warm, rainy day, and the air of Christmas carnage she looked forward to (the smell of tree bark, the slashed sound of bells) is partly undone by the rain and by the fleet of panel trucks parked at the mouth of the mar-



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JOSEPH FARRIS

ket and filled with flowers. She is looking at the daisies—she wants to buy several bunches of yellow ones—when she notices that a young woman buying flowers from the neighboring truck is watching her. Maria smiles at this woman—she thinks she must have met her at some party—and the woman smiles back. Then it hits Maria, what party they met at: the woman is Steve's wife. They seem to turn away from each other at the same moment, each one devoting herself to the buying of flowers.

In Florida, Maria dreams of her father. In the dream he is still alive and living in the house she was born in. She wants desperately to get to see him. She is walking across a great field of high grass. Then she comes to a trench that stretches the whole length of the field and is very deep. She looks into it and sees that if she ever fell down in there she would never get out again. But she leaps across easily and continues on her way. When she gets to the house it is completely closed up. She rings the doorbell, but no one comes. She rings it three times and at last she sees her father, looking as if he had just been awakened from a deep sleep, coming to open the door. He looks sad—she can see him and his sadness through the walls of the house—but she doesn't think his sadness has anything to do with her. In part of this dream her father is Richard.

Maria writes a letter to Tom and Andy and a postcard to Richard and everyone else at work. She writes pretty much the same thing in both. She describes the beach (how white it is) and the long, antlike lines of promenaders moving—"in nineteenth-century fashion"—endlessly up and down the shoreline in their overcoats. "The wind," she writes, "blows in from the Gulf of Mexico, and is bitterly cold; there are a few shell collectors, no swimmers, a few joggers wearing gloves."

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The best part of her day is the evening. She takes a long walk on the wet sand every day at sunset. She seldom meets anyone, and when she does it is almost always a solitary soul like herself. Her heart has a rule of thumb for the few people she does meet—if the dark figure comes toward her at a walk her heart goes on alert and her arm presses her shoulder bag tight to her side, but if the figure comes at her in a run her heart and arm don't respond at all. All a thief would have to do, she thinks, is jog. When the sky is completely dark and all the little hotels along the beach have turned on their lights, she hurries back to her room. She makes herself supper and tea, and after supper she takes a long bath and then lies on one of the big beds and reads. She keeps the door to the balcony open so that she can hear the waves coming in on the beach. Two nights it rains, and she stands awhile out on the balcony with her winter coat tied on over her nightgown and looks down at the rain falling into the garbage pit and the parking lot and the ocean. She thinks about Tom and Andy, who are staying with Norman, and wonders what they are doing. She wonders if Tom has borrowed Norman's car and driven out into the hills to go night-skiing. She tries to imagine him skiing at that latitude, in the fierce cold, under stars, but has trouble with it. Instead, she sees him lying on his bed, reading. Andy she imagines watching television. Norman is reading the paper. Maybe there is even a storm.

She takes a taxi downtown to a health-food store. The day is cold and gray. The taxi-driver says that this winter is even worse than last winter and everyone thought last winter was terrible. In the store, Maria buys almonds and peppermint tea. When she is paying for them she notices a flyer announcing a talk by a man named George Someone. He has a saint's face—a saint's or a fanatic's. According to the flyer, he is a physiotherapist who worked with the American Army in Vietnam, where he learned some Oriental pressure techniques from the Montagnard tribesmen. When she gets back to her hotel room she phones his office and makes an appointment for the following day.

The next morning is almost warm,

feels almost like a real Florida morning. And George, when she meets him, doesn't look fanatical at all; also, he looks too young to have been in the war. He takes her into a treatment room and gives her a pale-green hospital gown and a pair of pale-green shorts, then leaves her alone to change. She is puzzled by the shorts but then realizes they've been proffered in case she has come without panties. She decides that American women must be sexually more forward than Canadian women—no clinic in Canada ever supplied her with any shorts—or maybe it's American men who are more demure than Canadian men. Or maybe she's just being hit by a traveller's need for a theory.

When George comes back into the room Maria warns him about her skin. She always feels she should do this whenever she has any kind of treatment, because she wants to prevent herself hearing the other person's shocked intake of breath when he undoes the ties of her gown—no one can tell there is anything wrong with her by just seeing her face.

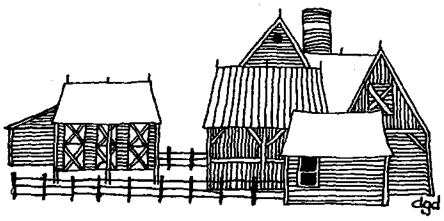
"I've seen worse cases than this," George says, very kindly.

"I've also got quite a bit of pain in my right shoulder," she says, and after he's worked on her shoulder for a while she says, "A physiotherapist I went to back home said that the karmic meaning of pain in the right shoulder is resentment, that maybe there are people I need to forgive." She is thinking of her mother—her mother and a few others.

"Maybe you need to forgive yourself," George says, and then he talks to her about herbs and tells her how he cured a baby's colic by feeding it bottles of catnip tea. George also has iridology equipment and he looks into Maria's eyes with it. "Liver," he says. "Also heart."

George recommends some books to Maria, one of them a book on herbs that she sits out in the sun and reads that afternoon. For nervousness it advises red sage, skullcap, and catnip. It says that one great cause of nervousness is novel-reading. Later that day a wind comes up and it turns very cold. The wind makes her feel as if she has a bad toothache in her right shoulder blade. The next day is no better, and that night, when she is taking her pre-supper walk along the beach, she suddenly admits to herself that she wants to go home. She goes up to her room and phones Air Canada's toll-free number in wherever it is—she guesses it's in Miami—and, to her amazement, is able to get a flight out of Tampa first thing the next morning. Then she goes down to the desk and says to one of the boys there, "I'm checking out tomorrow; I can't stand the cold," and the boy says, "I don't blame you." All the way back to her room she thinks, That was easy, that was easy.

THE day after she gets back home Maria makes two appointments—one with a doctor who Dr. Hardy suggested might be able to help her with the pain in her shoulder, one with an herbalist. She goes to see the herbalist first.



The herbalist's name is Monsieur Lamarre and he looks like Maria's idea of a chef—big belly, benign smile. "Bad circulation," he says when she has described her symptoms. "I have here herbs to clean you out."

"I was afraid there might be something wrong with my liver," she says in a low voice. "I was afraid of cancer."

"There is no cancer anywhere in your body," he says. "I am clairvoyant—I can tell. It is your heart I worry about—the angina. You must be very careful of this. Is there heart trouble in your family?"

"My father died of a heart attack. My mother had one, too."

Monsieur Lamarre checks "Heart" on his questionnaire. "Diabetes?"

"Both sides."

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527 CATHEDRAL PARKWAY

Squatting under the weight
of the balcony they support,
four gargoyles in need of cleaning:

The first, hunched over a bowl,
raises a spoon to his gaping mouth—
the Black Hole of Cathedral Parkway.
His right foot has four toes
with lots of dirt between them.
His nose is long, blunt at the tip.
He must be very hungry—lids
lowered, eyes only for his food.

The second is bald, bends
over a book, his filthy beard
caught among the pages. One
eyebrow raised, both eyes dart
to the left; they have a knowing look.
In his right hand a heavy plume.
If he's an artist, the arts are black.

The third, alchemist or cook,
clutches a cauldron. Flames lick
its bottom. He looks younger
than the others, lacks a tooth,
sticks out his tongue, touches
it with a finger.

The fourth, greedy, *very* greedy,
has a whole roast chicken on a platter.
He is not intent on eating, only
on keeping it for himself. His legs
bend in the lotus position; in every
other way he's a dog.

Eastward, their four twin brothers hold up
another balcony, but in a different order:
The Cook, *Jack Sprat*, *Rover*, *The Leery Sage*.
Higher up, over us all,
ten heads as well as two gryphons
drop their blessings on all who pass.

—RIKA LESSER

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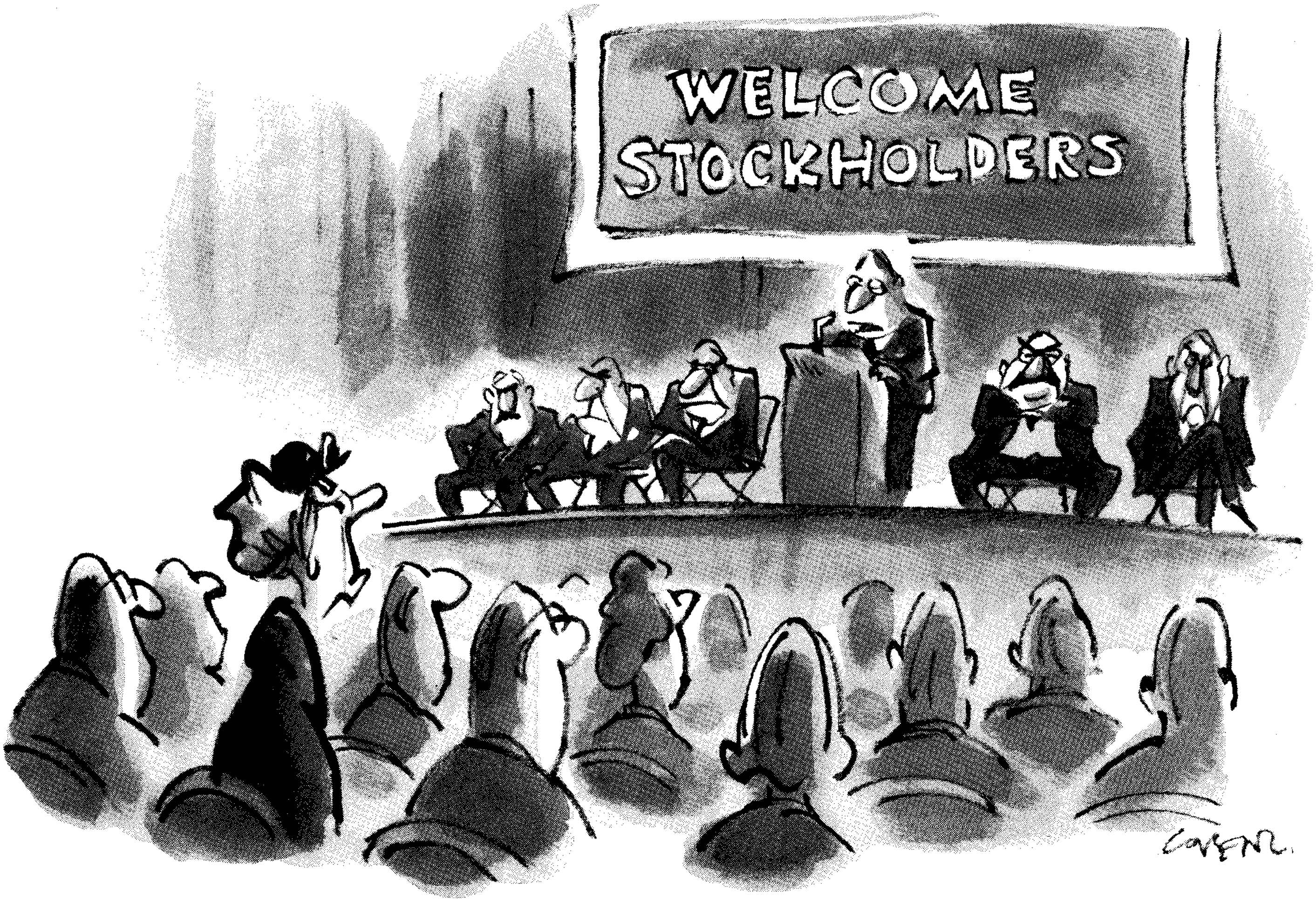

"There is a motion on the floor suggesting your board of directors is not dealing from a full deck. Is there a second?"

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"Diabetes, both sides, *oui*," says Monsieur Lamarre.

"Nervousness?"

Maria smiles.

"Nervousness, *oui*," says Monsieur Lamarre. "*Oui, oui, oui, oui.*"

They both laugh. Then Monsieur Lamarre leans back in his chair and looks at a spot on the floor. "You have not had an easy life," he says, and she wants to cry out, *Oh, that is true!* At the same time, she recalls all the times she has been abnormally lazy, has let life go sliding by. "You are a hard worker," says Monsieur Lamarre. "Of course, it is hard when a person does not have someone to care for her. I am not just talking about sex, I am also talking about someone to really love you and care for you. You do not have this in your life at this time." He doesn't look at her when he says this, he doesn't need her eyes to acknowledge that what he says is true: he believes in his own clairvoyance.

The doctor recommended by Dr. Hardy is young, but he has stern, hypnotic eyes. He asks her to get undressed. "This is the hardest thing I'm going to ask you to do," he says. His voice surprises her; it is so kind.

She stands naked before him.

But he looks into her eyes. "Your pupils are fairly dilated," he says.

"They're always dilated. I think it's because I'm nearsighted."

"You see nearsightedness as a cause. I see it as an effect."

"What is the cause, then?"

"When you were a little girl, something made you open your eyes too wide. You tried to see everything and you ended up not seeing very much. My guess is that you let people push you around."

He paces around her, frowning; she feels like a horse or a slave on the block—his look is so shrewd and total.

"You would believe almost anything anyone told you," he says. Norman used to say that, too. (Norman, who was always bossing her around.)

"Also, you keep your knees locked."

"Oh, do I? Why do I do that?"

"Fear," he says in a light voice.

"Of what?"

"Someone was always at you when you were small. Wouldn't let you be." He kneels to her knees to unlock them.

She starts to cry.

"That's right. Cry," he says.

"But I cry easily. Always have."

"But do you cry right? Do you cry with your body? Or are you just crying up in your head?"

"I cry as quietly as I can, usually," she says.

"Well, yes, that's what I see when I look at your body. A tremendous stillness. You've stilled your body so much. It's as if your body is saying, 'I'll be quiet, I'll be good, I won't have temper tantrums, I'll work hard, I'll study hard, and I'll think, think, think.' You must get very very tired of being so good all the time."

It is a moment before she is able to answer him. When she does she says, "I do."

—BETH HARVOR

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Q: What do the words "thou," "canst," "liketh," "me-thinks" and "prithee" have in common?

A: They are all words that entered the English language within the last five years.—*San Juan (P.R.) Star.*

Next question.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

REWRITING AMERICAN HISTORY—III

A CASUAL reader of American-history textbooks for elementary and secondary schools might be tempted to conclude that the signal quality of all of them is an astonishing dullness. But this would be unfair, because some texts are not dull at all. The mid-nineteenth-century Peter Parley texts, with their tales of earthquakes and heroic children captured by Indians are, for instance, quite readable compared with the histories of the eighteen-nineties—though, of course, somewhat less factual. The first few editions of David Saville Muzzey's "American History" are full of life, and the anti-Communist tracts of the fifties have a certain hysterical suspensefulness. American-history texts are not, in other words, by their nature dull. They have achieved dullness. And, it must be said, they have maintained a fairly consistent level of dullness ever since the nineteen-thirties. The proposition is inadequate as well as unfair, because the dullness the texts have achieved is neither simple nor self-explanatory. Leonard C. Wood, Ralph H. Gabriel, and Edward L. Biller's description of poverty in "America: Its People and Values" and Lewis Paul Todd and Merle Curti's theory of the Vietnam War in "Rise of the American Nation" could not have come from mindless drudging or ad-hoc worrying about offense to some group. No, these textbook theories are the product of a coherent world view, a philosophy of history. And this world view emerges if one examines the peculiar quality of the texts' dullness.

To read an account of, say, the American Revolution in one of the so-called inquiry, or discovery, textbooks—which focus on a few topics, illustrate them with documents from primary and secondary sources, and include a list of questions designed to force students to think much as historians do—is to see that the narrative texts, past and present, are dull in part because of their silences. The longest of these silences—it begins with the foundation of the Republic and remains perfect even today—is on the subject of intellectual history. It is not that modern texts are hostile to intellectuals. It is not that at all. Ever since the thirties, text writers have taken to stopping every hundred pages or so to build a section around American cultural achievements. Since the fifties, they have given American writers and artists at least as much space as they give to sports stars, and their works as much space as technological advances in the media. They are not quite as up to date about writers as they are about painters and painting (current texts include Op and Pop Art, but stop with Faulkner and Hemingway), but their literary appreciations are quite sophisticated. (Not since the thirties has a text summed up "Moby Dick" as "a story about a whale.") American art—if not intellectual life in general—has become an attraction, a matter for national pride. Of course, these culture sections do bear some resemblance to what in news magazines is called "the back of the book," and American intellectuals might with some justice complain that they have been ghettoized in them—fenced off by black lines from the serious people and serious concerns of the age. But the problem is really the contrary of that: these serious people who wield political power or influence are never credited by the textbooks with having thought anything. It is, for instance, a well-kept secret of the texts that the Founding Fathers were intellectuals. But this is the least of it. What is missing is not a history of intellectuals but intellectual history in the broadest sense.

"How about a cracker, Baldy?"

Were a foreigner to read American-history texts (and particularly a foreigner brought up, as the French are, to put Descartes before anyone else), he or she would have to conclude that American political life was completely mindless. For instance, the texts report that Thomas Paine's "Common Sense" was an influential pamphlet without ever discussing what it says. (The fact that Paine was an internationalist who believed that the Revolution would spread back to Europe is another well-kept secret.) Similarly, they report that the Populists represented rural interests, called for government ownership of railroads, and sounded more extreme than they actually were. Of the Populists' highly colored and wholly original view of the world they say nothing. (It is possible to imagine that the radicals of the sixties, such as Tom Hayden and Sam Brown, associated themselves with the Populist tradition because their American histories told them a lot about Robert La Follette and nothing about the rural, reactionary, Catholic-hating, Jew-baiting strain

"*Sincerely yours, Jim Hartwig. No—make that: Sincerely yours, Dick Mason.*"

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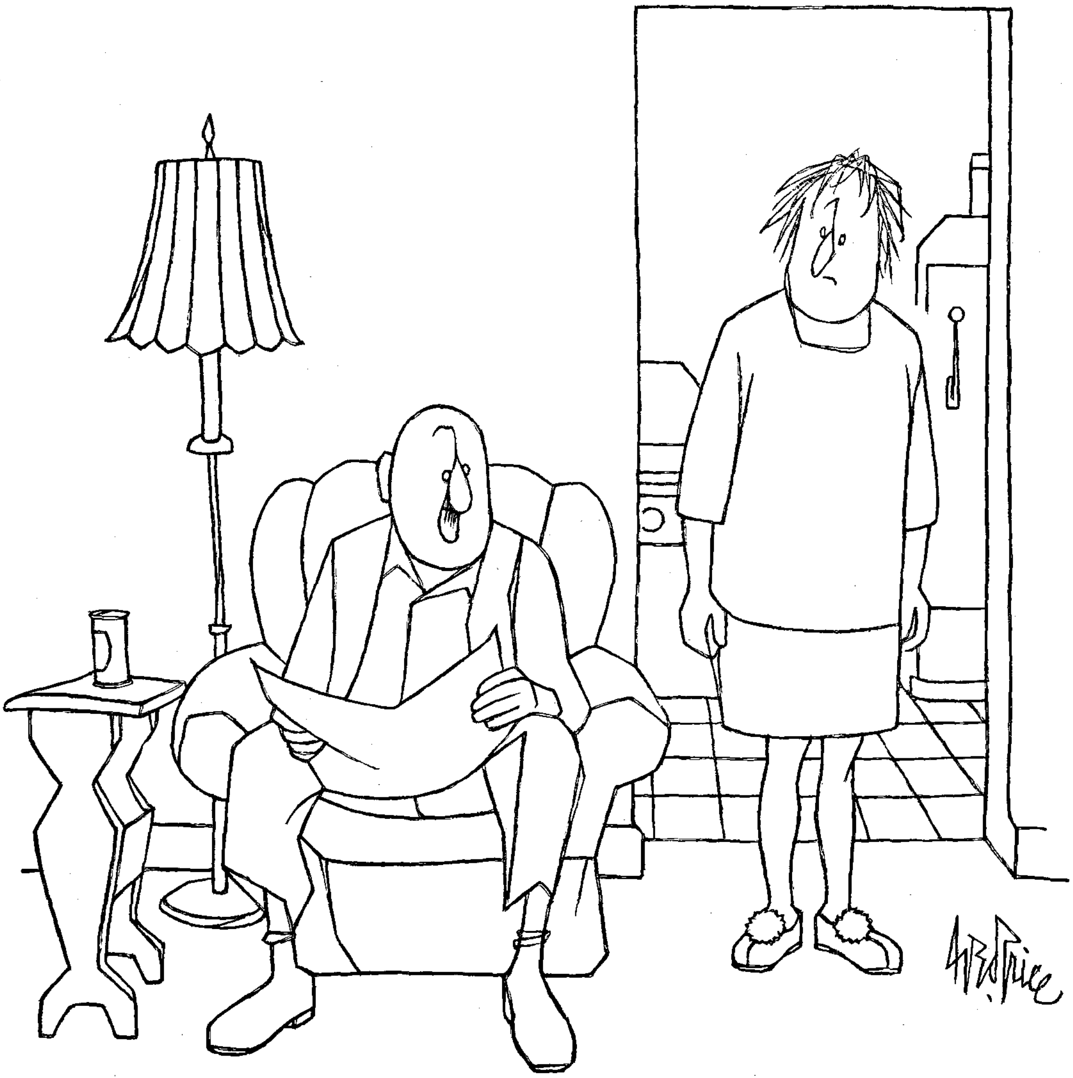
in the movement.) But it is not only radical or currently unfashionable ideas that the texts leave out—it is all ideas, including those of their heroes. In all the texts since Muzzey's, Henry Clay, John Calhoun, and Daniel Webster are stick figures deprived of speech. Even Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton are insubstantial, their ideas on government reduced to little more than a difference on the merits of a national bank. As for the Puritans, the texts manage to describe that most ideological of communities without ever saying what they believed in.

The lack of intellectual history in the texts has had some serious consequences, one of which is that students get a rather profound misunderstanding of the Constitution. In discussing that document, the textbooks have traditionally focussed on how it operates and what it has done. Their account of the Constitutional Convention is similarly functional—to the point where the final document appears merely a product of interest-group compromises, a masterpiece of political tinkering. Rarely have they mentioned the political philosophy of the Framers—since the thirties, in any case. Some fifties writers thus made no great break with tradition when they moved the Constitution with all of its modern amendments into the chapter on the Constitutional Convention and there discussed "the American system of government" as if it were a constant preserved in the National Bureau of Standards. Current writers place the text at the back of the book and discuss the constitutional amendments in their proper historical contexts, indicating that the American system has changed to some degree. But since they still do not ground the original document in the political philosophy of the period, they run the opposite risk of making the document appear no more than a collection of rules and regulations—a kind of Rube Goldberg machine, any part of which could be altered to fit circumstances without changing the sense of the whole. In addition to missing the spirit of the law, the texts have surely missed the spirit of American politics by their neglect of intellectual history. The United States has not been—is not yet—a land of philosophers, but it is essentially one of visionaries. People such as Cotton Mather, W. E. B. Du Bois, Henry Ford, and Emma Goldman have given the country its real life force. To deny their visions is to drain the soul out of American history.

The textbook substitute for intellectual history has always been editorial moralizing. In the blood-soaked, battle-ridden texts of the nineteenth century, the authors wrote forewords proclaiming their moral purposes and the virtues the study of American history would instill in young readers. Around the turn of the century, they began moralizing in earnest, passing judgment on everything from the Salem witchcraft trials to the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act. In place of the real dilemmas of Thomas Jefferson or Abraham Lincoln, they gave students their own views on the good and bad guys and what should have been done. Why they felt so morally competent was not at all clear, but they gave students to understand that history was a series of instructive morality plays. This Victorian view of history—and of children—persisted long after the texts had abandoned people for social forces. It persists today, in spite of the bland neutrality of textbook language.

In the first part of this century, character was the main focus—and source of interest—of the textbooks. American history had heroes and villains, people and even "races" of good and bad character. The best of the writers clearly took pleasure in describing the complexities of personality—particularly if there was a tragic flaw to be found. Muzzey's characterization of Warren G. Harding, for example, might be a piece of movie scriptwriting:

> President Harding was a man of superb figure and physique. He looked "every inch a King." To a Washingtonian dignity in appearance, he added a most un-Washingtonian geniality of manner, a hail-fellow-well-met companionship of the "good mixer" among "the boys" with whom he enjoyed a Saturday night's game of poker.... But behind the façade of his handsome face, his genial manners, and his winning voice President Harding had but meagre qualifications for the responsibilities of the high office to which he had been elected. Both mentally and morally he failed to measure up to high standards... his pliant good nature and his attachment to personal friends like the crooked politicians of the "Ohio gang" and plunderers of the public wealth brought discredit upon his administration



"Your mother? She went up to the attic—on gossamer wings."

• •

and bitter sorrow (perhaps even death) to himself.

Since the nineteen-thirties, however, the characters of American history have grown small and pale in the shadow of institutions and social forces. In the 1972 edition of Todd, Curti, President Harding was merely

> a genial Ohio newspaperman who had climbed to the top of the political ladder in his own state. Before becoming President he had served as United States Senator in Washington. Handsome and distinguished, with a warm, easygoing manner—much too easygoing, as it turned out—he had many friends in every walk of life. . . .
>
> Despite some solid accomplishments, the Harding administration left a long, sorry record of corruption. President Harding was not himself involved in the corruption. His mistake was in appointing certain undeserving men to office.

Of course, it is no longer possible to write history as if it were merely the play of personalities. And John Dewey, among others, is surely right that to devote much attention to the Presidents or other individual leaders is undemocratic. On the other hand, this neglect of character in the schoolbooks is an aesthetic impoverishment. In the days of Muzzey, American history had gentlemen, shysters, hotheads, statesmen, and fools; it now has only cipher people, who say very little and think nothing—who have no passions and no logic.

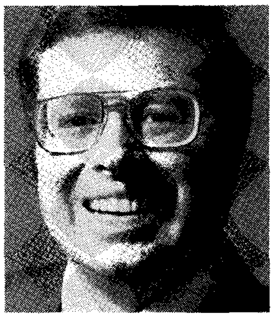
It is difficult to write an interesting history for children about impersonal institutions and faceless social forces, but it can be done. Charles and Mary Beard, among others, have demonstrated that it can. What is impossible is to write an interesting history without conflicts of any kind. Yet ever since the thirties the texts have been written without conflicts. Class conflict has always been inadmissible to them—it is un-American. (Willis Mason West's "American History and Government" is the exception that proves the rule.) Racial and religious conflicts went out as soon as the texts discovered there were two sides to them. Current texts, more sensitive than their predecessors on race questions, take the part of minorities by using what might be called the Tinker Bell mode: "Today the first Americans, like many other groups, are organizing to demand full rights. Their activities have led many other Americans to think deeply about the wrongs which the American Indians have suffered." Considering the struggles that the American Indians have recently had with the F.B.I., the mining companies, and the citizens of a number of states—struggles that were reported on television and in the newspapers—this is surely an excess of non-information.

For some time now, the tendency has been to minimize violent confrontations of all sorts. The space given to battles has been diminishing ever since the eighteen-forties—its high point being in the texts of Emma Willard and her contemporaries. Since the nineteen-thirties, the coverage of wars in general has shortened as well—and not just from a military standpoint. The Korean War, with all the important political and constitutional issues it raised, now takes up no more than three or four paragraphs in most books. Several books currently on the market have no wars in them at all. These "warless histories" describe the causes and effects of the major wars but omit all mention of military conflict. In some sense, they are the ultimate reduction to absurdity. On the other hand, they are a good deal more informative than those that report the battles but fail to report the differences that led to them.

In this century, the texts have given vast amounts of space—two chapters, usually—to explaining the causes of the Civil War. They have made that conflict the most important one in American history. Yet a child could not possibly infer from any text written since the thirties the passions that animated the war. Both Confederates and Unionists appear in the texts as perfectly reasonable people without strong prejudices. The conflict between the two economic and social systems is described in language so pallid that it does not begin to convey the meaning of the war for those who were involved. Thus, in spite of the long explanations

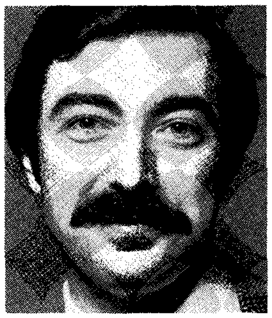
9 OUT OF EVERY 10,000 AMERICANS PREFER CAMPARI

Compared with Europeans, Americans are meager consumers of Campari & Soda.
But a few new converts are won every day by its unique bittersweet taste.



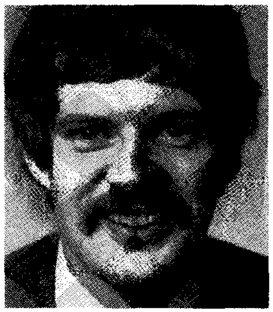
"A friend of mine got a bottle of Campari for his wife. I would like to make a similar exchange." —Larry Berliner, Yorktown Hts, NY

"My dog and I like Campari and water. I drink the Campari —she gets the water." —Betty Mekeel, Petaluma, CA

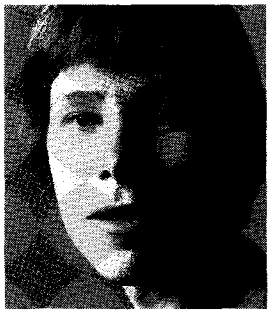


"When I was away at seminary school they never served Campari. Now I drink it religiously." —Joseph Scheideler, NY, NY

"I used to drink Campari on the rocks until I discovered that the beach was more comfortable." —Lorene Montgomery, Knoxville, TN



"Developing a taste for Campari is like falling in love. It takes a while but it's fun along the way." —Stephen Peppler, Schofield, WI

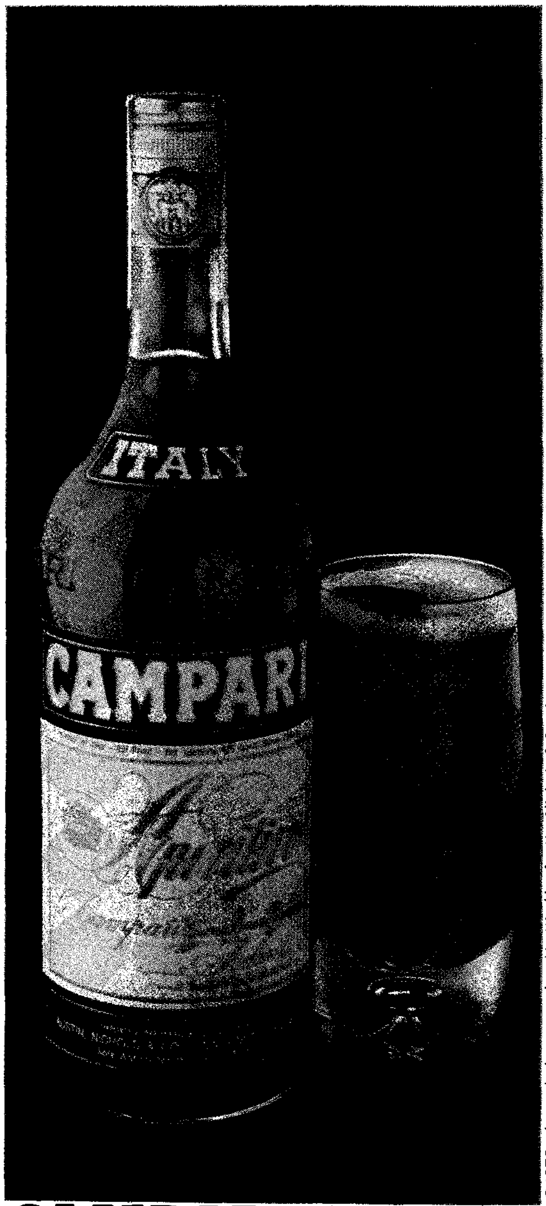


"When Dick asked me out for a soda, I found him engaging. When the soda was mixed with Campari, I found myself engaged." —Babs Klein, Cheyenne, WY

"When I began drinking Campari my friends thought I was seeking a spiritual experience." —Earl Starr, Seattle, WA

"Why Campari? Because David and I like seeing the world through rose-colored glasses." —Kimberley Kreicker, New Orleans, LA

"I found that Campari & Soda is good between sets of tennis ... I've learned to play fast." —Curt Wesser, Nazareth, PA



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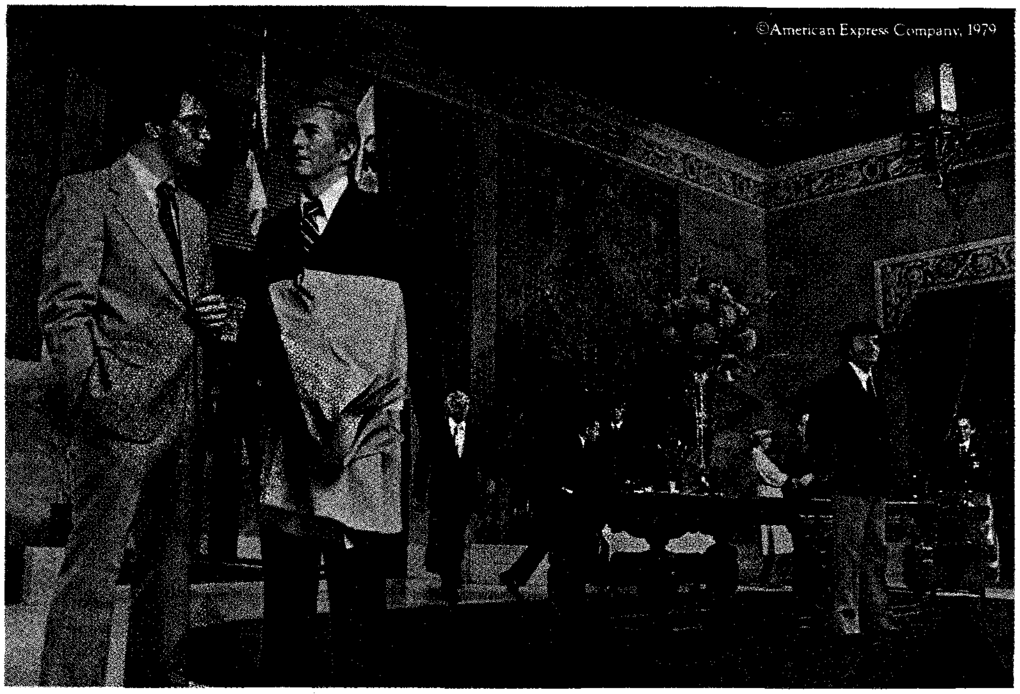
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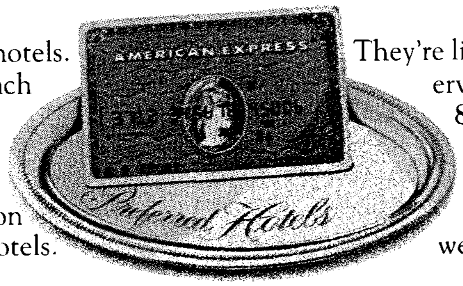

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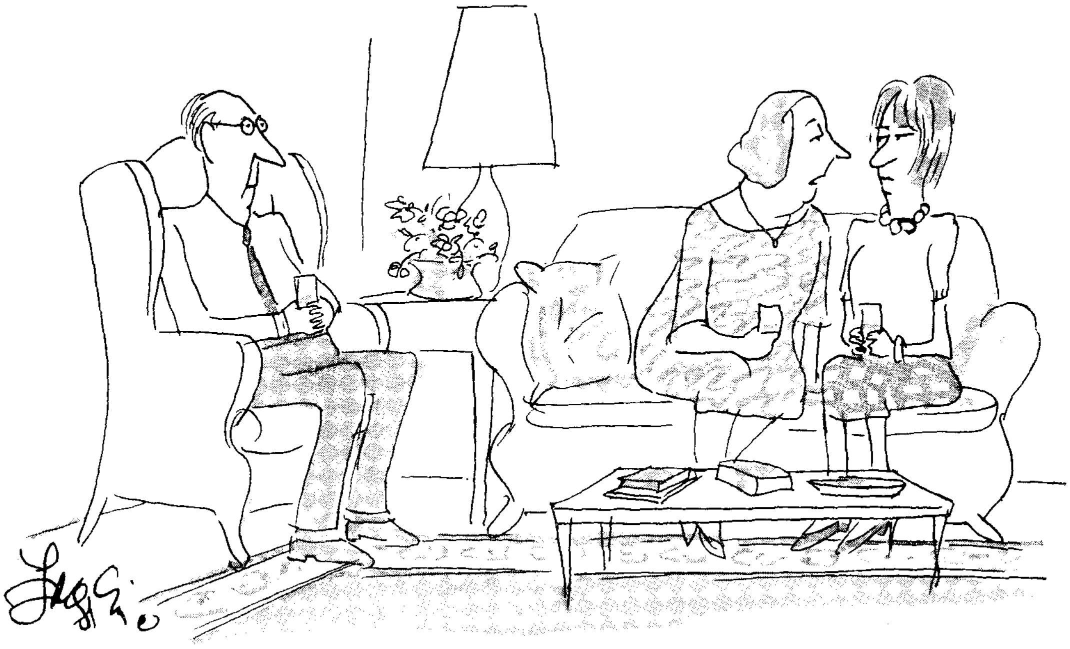
of the Dred Scott Case and the Missouri Compromise, the causes of the war seem insufficient.



"Now do you see what I mean when I say I've had the role of aggressor forced upon me?"

Of course, it is quite likely that in the case of racial and religious groups the text writers avoid mention of conflict in the interest of current social harmony. But in other cases—such as that of the Civil War—where the conflict involves long-dead sectional, economic, or political differences, the avoidance seems to come more from confusion than from deliberation. Having abandoned the notion that individuals make history, the texts seem uncertain as to what really does make history. They have found a great variety of temporary actors—"the North," "the Free World," "the farmers"—but no recurrent ones and no systematic relationships. In most texts, economics seems to have had something to do with the Civil War but nothing to do with, say, the Mexican War or the Second World War. Reading Todd, Curti, one gets the impression that the Fascist dictatorships popped up in the thirties as mysteriously as toadstools after a rain. According to most texts, the Progressive Party just appeared, in the same way, while the Populist Party was founded on the economic grievances of farmers. In discussing recent domestic conflicts, the texts cannot seem to locate any actor except for a vague American public opinion. "Many Americans felt the problem of poverty could not be solved by government action . . . while others felt . . ." exactly the opposite. History is thus not a matter of fact but a matter of the opinions of unnamed, uncounted, and perhaps uninformed citizens.

As a substitute for conflicts between one identifiable thing and another, the texts offer "problems." For example, Todd, Curti has this to say about Reconstruction:

> The era of reconstruction left many major problems unsolved and created a number of new and equally urgent problems. This was true even though many forces in the North and the South were working for the reconciliation of the two sections of the Union.

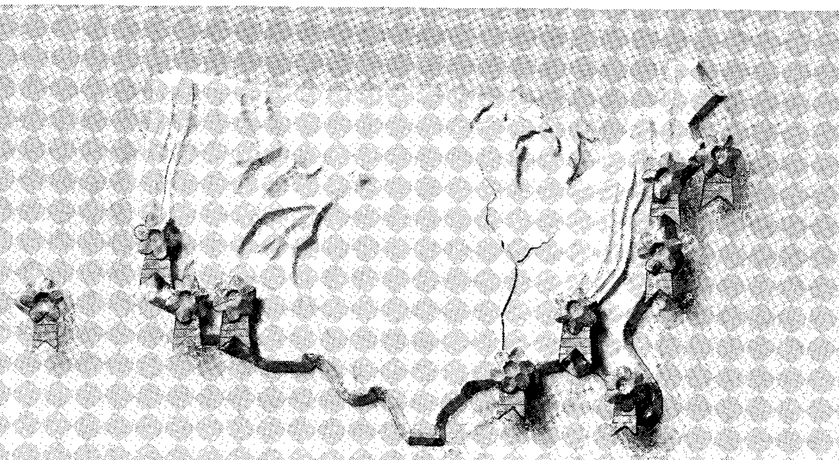
These "problems" seem to crop up everywhere. History in these texts is a mass of problems—some of them of the most unusual sorts. In life, it is customary for problems to occur before solutions are found, but in the texts this is not always the case. In most current books, the "problem" of poverty appears only in the context of President Lyndon Johnson's war on it, and race discrimination occurs under the heading of the civil-rights movement. Quite often, the texts will find solutions for problems they have not mentioned—for instance, such "solutions" as the Pure Food and Drug Act, the child-labor laws, and the Good Neighbor Policy. The texts do not, of course, reveal which solutions did not succeed, but occasionally they mention new solutions, such as the Alliance for Progress, to old non-problems. The texts also recognize the existence of certain unsolved problems. Quite a few of these seem to be of a technical nature, such as air pollution and unemployment: ". . . the 1950s brought *automation*, in which machines were developed to operate other machinery. Automation wiped out the jobs of large numbers of unskilled workers." Other problems, like poverty and discrimination, are more mysterious. In any case, no one can be held responsible for problems, since everyone is interested in solving them. In all history, there is no known case of anyone's creating a problem for anyone else. (Not Southerners or Northerners but "the era of Reconstruction" created problems for the post-Reconstruction period.) These "problem areas" resemble a landscape after a neutron bomb has hit, for there are no human agencies left—only abstractions and passive verbs. While the law recognizes victimless crimes, the texts have established the concept of authorless crimes—this to go along with their sideless conflicts.

In all of this, it is possible to discern a philosophy, quite original to the texts, which, in honor of its prototype in the Peter Parley tales of earthquakes, one might call the natural-disaster theory of history. This theory is remarkably comprehensive—it explains almost everything from pollution to the Vietnam War. And it is *the* textbook explanation of Watergate:

> Following his sweeping election victory, President Nixon's second term began with great promise. But soon serious political problems arose. Some of the men who had managed his reelection campaign had used unlawful methods. They hired burglars to break into the headquarters of the Democratic Party at the Watergate building in Washington, D.C.

This follows Wood, Gabriel, and Biller's account of how Nixon in his first term faced problems in Indo-China and elsewhere. The book goes on to explain that the Watergate scandal severely damaged Nixon's prestige and adds, "The Nixon administration was further weakened when Vice-President Agnew resigned in 1973 after a jury indicted him on charges of income tax evasion." Somehow this text neglects to quote John Dean's statement about the "cancer growing on the Presidency"—for that would have made everything perfectly clear.

From "Land of Progress," by Irwin Unger and H. Mark Johnson, to "Rise of the American Nation," the titles of



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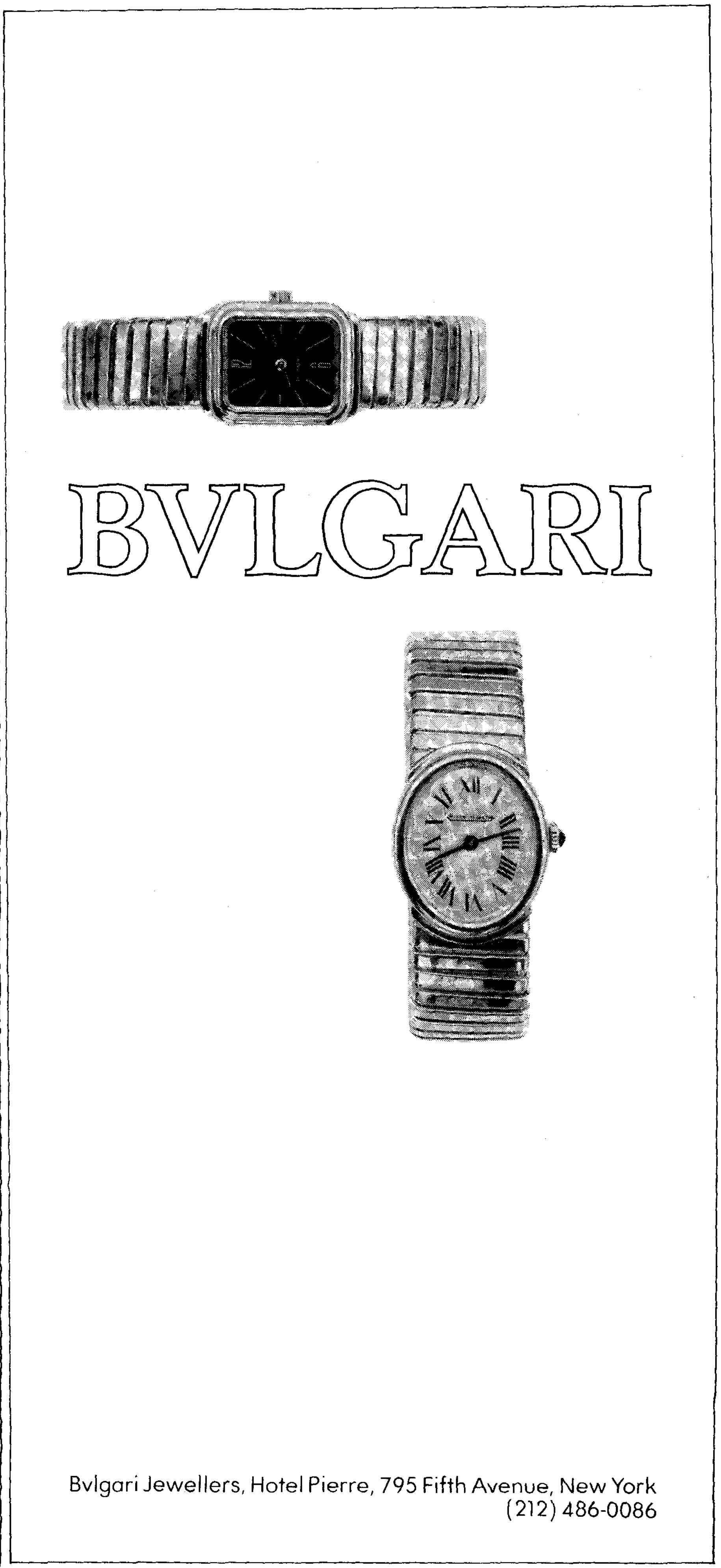
most modern textbooks suggest a forward motion to history. In their prefaces, text authors are always talking about "charting progress" or, less optimistically, "teaching children to adapt to change." This insistence on motion is ironic, for, of all forms of history, the texts describe historical movement less well than any other. Of course, any history book that performs the service of "covering" the major events of American history in chronological order cannot help being somewhat static. Still, there is no structural reason the texts have to be quite as disconnected as they are. Even those advertised as "thematic" histories do not make the obvious connections between events. Politics is one thing to them, economics another, culture a third. Just as there is no link between the end of Reconstruction in the South and the civil-rights movement of the sixties, so there is none between Vietnam and Watergate. Because the texts cannot identify the actors in history, they cannot make these connections. Events—wars, political disputes, judicial decisions—simply appear, like Athene out of the head of Zeus. History is just one damn thing after another. It is, in fact, not history at all.

The discontinuities in textbook history break up the past, but the incessant moralism of the texts dissolves all sense of it for the student. The most progress-oriented of the texts often carry in their front or back pages a list of "American values." To the extent that they are not just wishful thinking (and strangely arbitrary wishful thinking at that), these lists are anachronisms—their very existence implies that American values have not changed at all in the course of four centuries. Some of the new texts do not have lists; instead they ask the students such questions as "What do you think about President Andrew Johnson's plan for Reconstruction? What would you have done in his shoes?" These questions derive from a post-sixties admission that Americans do not think alike on every issue and that therefore the goal of a teacher can be merely to clarify students' ideas, beliefs, and prejudices. These questions are also, however, completely ahistorical.

The ideology that lies behind these texts is rather difficult to define, because it does not fit the usual political patterns. It is not classical conservatism, since the texts, far from glorifying the past, offer it up as a mere appendage to the present. It is not progressive history, either, for, with all their exhortations to students, the texts never indicate any line of action. Because they do not show historical development in American values and institutions, they deny all possibility of reflection on change in the future. Neither Whig nor Tory, their approach to history is, in fact, more primitive than either philosophy would allow. Their history is a catechism, except that it deals with institutions, not individuals. In its flatness and its uncritical conformism, it is a kind of American Socialist realism.

Happily, there are now other books on the market that have a vastly different approach. Not all of these are inquiry texts; some narrative texts for older children have broken the form and show a more or less historical approach to history. But the inquiry books came first; they influenced all the others, and even now they remain the most radically different in educational philosophy. One excellent example of the form is a chapter on the American Revolution in "As It Happened: A History of the United States," by Charles Sellers et al. That chapter is not a complete history of the Revolution but an examination of the American decision to secede from England. Composed mainly of contemporary documents, it includes portions of the letters or autobiographies of such people as John Adams; Samuel Adams; a Tory delegate to the First Continental Congress; and a Boston loyalist, the sister of the customs commissioner, who witnessed some of the violence surrounding the Boston Tea Party. The authors interpolate these documents with explanatory notes, narrative connections, and a great variety of questions to the student. The questions are those a historian would ask of the material: What is the point of view of the speaker? What can be inferred from his statement? Can you reconcile these conflicting views at any point? What does this say about the ultimate questions of national identity? The questions force the student to take an active role—to examine the evidence, draw conclusions about matters of fact, and develop hypotheses about political behavior. The chapter focusses on conflict and therefore on change. The documentary material gives the student some brush with historical reality—with the characters involved and with the atmosphere of the time. The authors take certain definite positions in their narrative sequences, but they are not at all moralistic. The purpose of the documents and the questions is clearly to show the logic of various positions and to leave the student to analyze and interpret what occurred. History, this chapter demonstrates, is not a catechism to be learned by heart but a mass of



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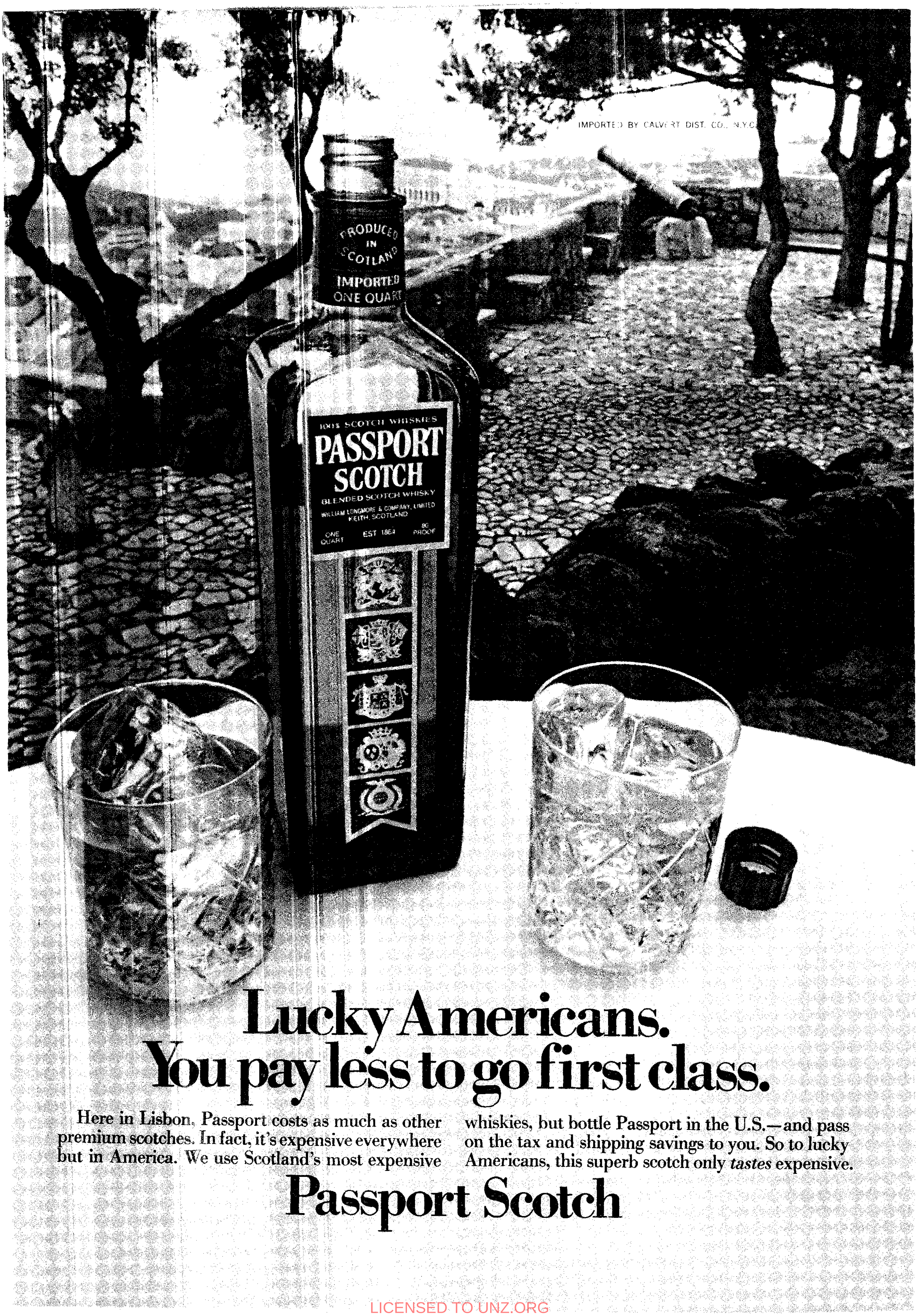
conflicting data that must be ordered and interpreted. As for the past, it is much like the present, except that "we"—though we may have our views or passionate opinions—no longer have any direct responsibility for it. The title of Sellers' book, "As It Happened," expresses this notion perfectly.

Much is implied by the very form of the inquiry texts. While the old-style narratives displayed an essentially medieval state of mind, these new case-study books, with their multiple perspectives, suggest a modernist aesthetic and theory of knowledge. Seventy-odd years after the intellectual revolution led by such men as Einstein, Joyce, and Picasso, at least some educators have seen fit to teach children about it. That said, the inquiry books vary widely in content and in quality. They vary because there is still no pat formula for making them—each one is an original piece of history. Some make an attempt to cover all the usual college-board-exam issues; others concentrate on selected events in order to show exemplary modes of analysis. Some have fascinating, unconventional selections of documents and well-written narrative connections; others are banal or simply sloppy—they use articles from *Time* or *Newsweek* as commentaries on events, or they include "fictional re-enactments" of historical dramas. The sad thing is that many of them, and parts of nearly every one, do not satisfy the minimum requirements of the methodology and would not pass muster with any respectable historian.

Some of the failings of the inquiry texts are of the sort one might find in the older narrative texts. Virtually all the inquiry texts include questions that are irrelevant, fallacious, or just plain stupid. For instance, one book developed by the Carnegie-Mellon Social Studies Curriculum Center follows a quote from President William McKinley's views on the American duty to Christianize the Philippines with these questions: "Does religious duty ever require that you impose benefits on other people if they do not want you to? Why do you feel as you do?" The authors pose these curious questions without pointing out that Filipinos had been converted to Christianity several centuries before and McKinley was talking through his hat. In addition, some of the inquiry texts are quite as moralistic as any of their predecessors. The Carnegie-Mellon authors, for instance, go on from the above questions to ask, "Was it fair of [Albert] Beveridge and other Americans to consider commercial advantages to the United States when deciding whether to annex the Philippines?" The question supposes that when one country annexes another the only motive that might not be cricket is an economic one. The form of the inquiry text permits authors to avoid what they choose to, and some of them avoid the main issues. "The People Make a Nation," by Martin W. Sandler, Edwin C. Rozwenc, and Edward C. Martin, evades all the issues of the Vietnam War by narrating the decisions taken to extricate American troops; the title of that section, "The Decision to Risk a Compromise Peace in Vietnam," is, of course, a misnomer, since that risk was never taken.

The inquiry texts also have failings that are specific to the form. Some of them, for instance, print the speeches of two parties to an argument without giving any background information on the issue or warning students that one or both parties may have been wrong or lying about the facts of the matter. History then becomes a mere matter of opinion—a high-school debate, in which what counts is not the merits of the case but the skill of the debaters. And here the choice of debaters is crucial. To pick an extremely bad example, one book purporting to examine the Cold War by analyzing the Korean War and the Suez crisis does nothing but quote speeches by President Harry S. Truman and President Dwight D. Eisenhower in defense of American policy. Some of the inquiry texts—and chapters in most of them—take up subjects they don't have the space to treat properly and then ask questions that cannot be answered, or can be answered only improperly because of the paucity of information. Allan O. Kownslar and Donald B. Frizzle's "Discovering American History"—generally one of the better texts—asks students to "form a hypothesis" about the causes of the American Revolution on the basis of a few pages of introductory comments, the text of the Declaration of Independence, a fictional account of Thomas Jefferson's role in writing it, and a few paragraphs from an account of the writing of the Declaration by John Adams. Some of the texts cover up the poverty of their historical materials with a great deal of social-science jargon. And the thicker the jargon, the greater seems to be the incidence of loaded questions and loaded analogies. The Carnegie-Mellon book—its text awash with "concepts"—begins its section on "America and the World" in the twentieth century with the story of how Catherine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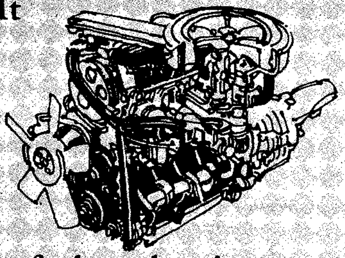

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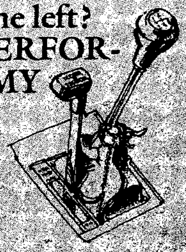

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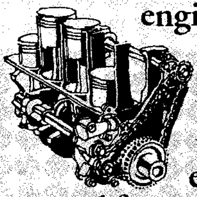

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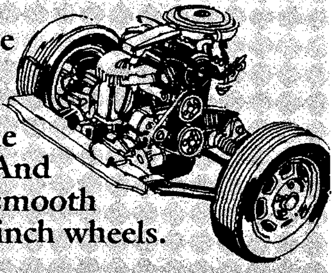

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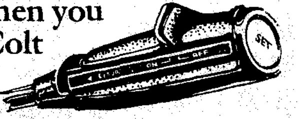

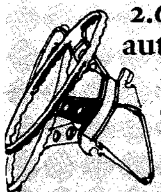

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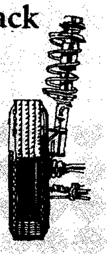

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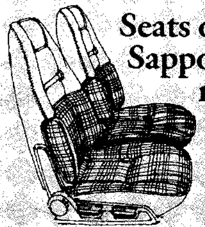

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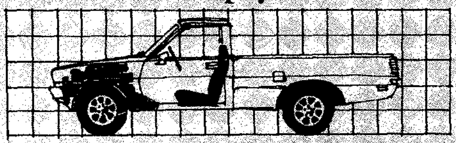

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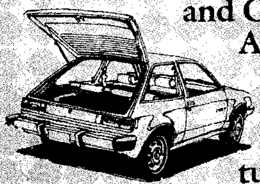

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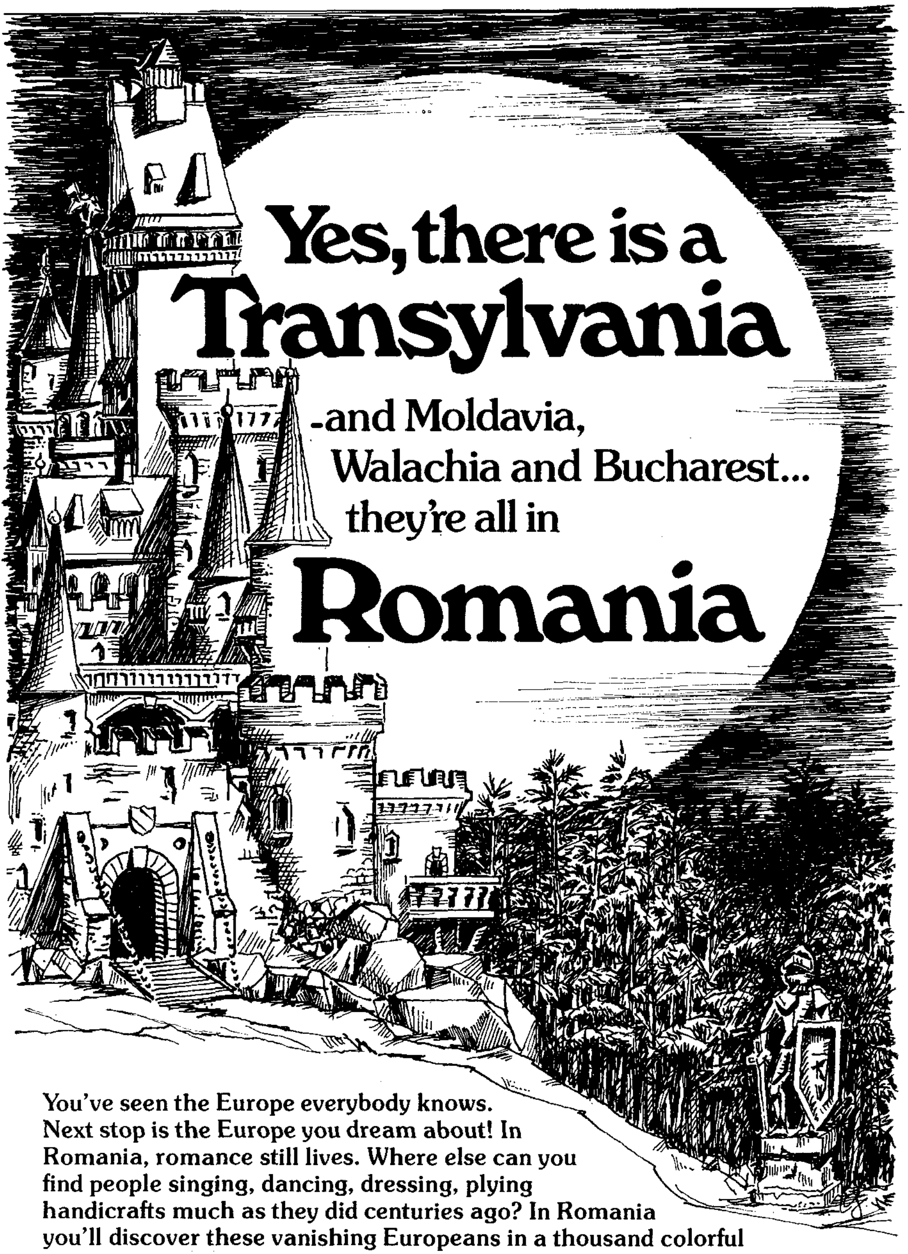
Genovese was killed in a New York parking lot while numbers of people looked on from a nearby apartment house and did nothing. The text asks the student to think about "when you should help someone else" and "whether you should ever fight to help another person." It then goes on to discuss the Cold War, American aid programs, and American intervention in Vietnam. The message is unambiguous.

ANYONE of a generous disposition would be inclined to dismiss textbook philosophy as a somewhat random affair—the spontaneously generated product of the chaos of market forces, political pressures, individual quirks, and sheer carelessness: a salamander from the ooze. But this is not really the case. Ethnic and other interest groups do influence the specific political content of texts—they often demand an evasiveness that will protect group sensibilities—and fortuity in the shape of textbook editors determines many of the details. But textbook philosophy is a conscious creation; it is the work of people whose profession it is to think about the content of American education—school administrators, professors at teachers colleges, curriculum-development experts, schoolteachers, and bureaucrats in federal and state offices of education. It is the product of committee meetings and debates in school journals, and it is no light matter. The development of the inquiry "concept" took thousands of man-hours and hundreds of thousands of dollars in federal funds—and even then it was not generally accepted. As for the philosophy of the older-style narrative texts, it was, and to a great degree remains, the philosophy of the secondary-school establishment.

At first glance, the educators and administrators who run the secondary-school system across the country—including the Florida State Text Committee and the members of the New York City Board of Education—would seem too vast and too disparate a collection of people to act as an establishment. Yet they do make up a system, and a fairly coherent one at that. American educationists (that is, the professionals who deal with education policy) have a common language—an arcane tongue barely comprehensible to outsiders—common concerns, and a high degree of national self-awareness. They have national organizations and professional journals and a common education in the teachers colleges and schools of education. Fads and fashions, as well as long-term commitments, tend to sweep over the majority. At



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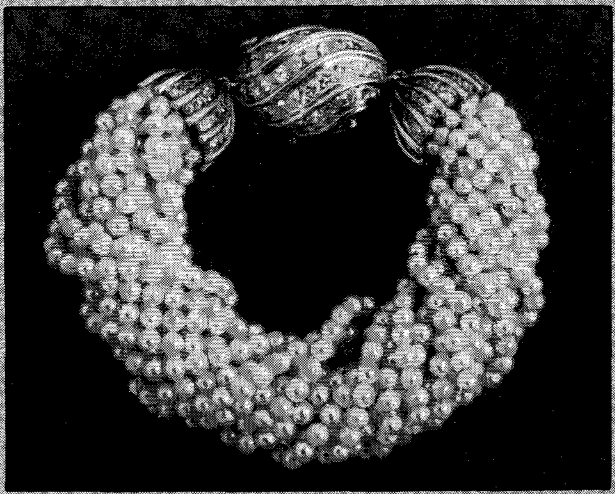

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the moment, the school establishment is divided on a number of issues. But from about 1910 to the early sixties it held a fairly stable consensus on a philosophy of education and the way to teach children about the world and American history. The consensus originated in a series of policy statements by committees of the National Education Association and other curriculum-study groups early in the century. Among other things, these statements show how and why American-history texts came to be so dull.

According to educational historians, one of the most influential of all educational documents in the twentieth century is the 1918 report of the National Education Association on "Cardinal Principles of Secondary Education." As the main objectives of education in the secondary schools this report listed seven points: "health, command of fundamental processes [by which it meant the three Rs], worthy home membership, vocation, citizenship, worthy use of leisure, ethical character." It made no mention at all of the development of intellectual capacity or the mastery of academic subjects. Indeed, it made reference to a previous N.E.A. report that specifically repudiated these activities. This report, the 1911 report of the Committee of Nine on the Articulation of High School and College, had stated that the task of the high school was "to lay the foundations of good citizenship and to help in the wise choice of a vocation." It said, further, that the "bookish curricula" of the high schools had been responsible for "leading tens of thousands of boys and girls away from the pursuits for which they are adapted" to pursuits for which they are not, and giving them "false ideals of culture." It talked about "individual usefulness" and urged a much greater attention to vocational preparation. On the teaching of subjects such as history, geography, and economics, another N.E.A. committee report proposed in 1917 that the various disciplines be replaced by an integrated system of "social studies," in which the emphasis would shift from history to the social sciences and from the past to the present and the future. History, that committee wrote, "must relate to the present interests of the pupil, or meet the needs of present growth, in addition to explaining present-day conditions and institutions according to the sociological interpretation." The term "social studies," which had been given currency a few years earlier by an official of the United States Bureau of Education, implied at the time a commitment to social ac-

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tion—as the committee put it in a strong, restrictive negative, "Facts, conditions, theories and activities [that fail] to contribute rather directly to the appreciation of methods of human betterment [have] no claim." The committee therefore favored recent over ancient history, American history over that of "foreign lands," and "the labors and plans [of the multitudes] rather than the pleasures and dreams of the few." Instruction in the social studies, the report continued, "should be organized around concrete problems of vital importance to society and of immediate interest to the pupil," for the sake of increasing the "social efficiency" of students and helping them to "participate effectively in the promotion of social well-being."

These documents were extraordinary, in that they contradicted the recommendations made by the N.E.A. two decades before. In the eighteen-nineties, at the time of the organization of the learned societies, a number of educational and academic groups, including the N.E.A., had taken a look at the disparate curricula of the high schools sprouting up across the country and—for the first time in American history—made an attempt to set national goals and national standards for the secondary schools. The reports they issued criticized the high schools both for their lack of attention to academic subjects and for the intellectual inadequacy of their teaching. In a manifesto typical of the period, the N.E.A.'s Committee on Secondary School Studies, usually known as the Committee of Ten, laid out recommendations for a rigorous academic program for the schools which gave particular emphasis to the teaching of history. The purpose of all education, the report said, was to train the mind; history *was particularly important* in this regard, because it cultivated the student's powers of judgment. The study of history, it stated, should be a laboratory science, a grappling with life.

In his "Anti-Intellectualism in American Life," Richard Hofstadter shows that the abandonment of this philosophy of education and the substitution of a very different set of guiding principles (early in the nineteen-hundreds) coincided with a change in the leadership of the N.E.A. In the eighteen-nineties, college presidents and professors and headmasters of the élite private academies had more or less dominated the N.E.A. committees. But by the end of the eighteen-nineties the accelerating growth of the high-school population had brought the number of high-school teachers and administrators

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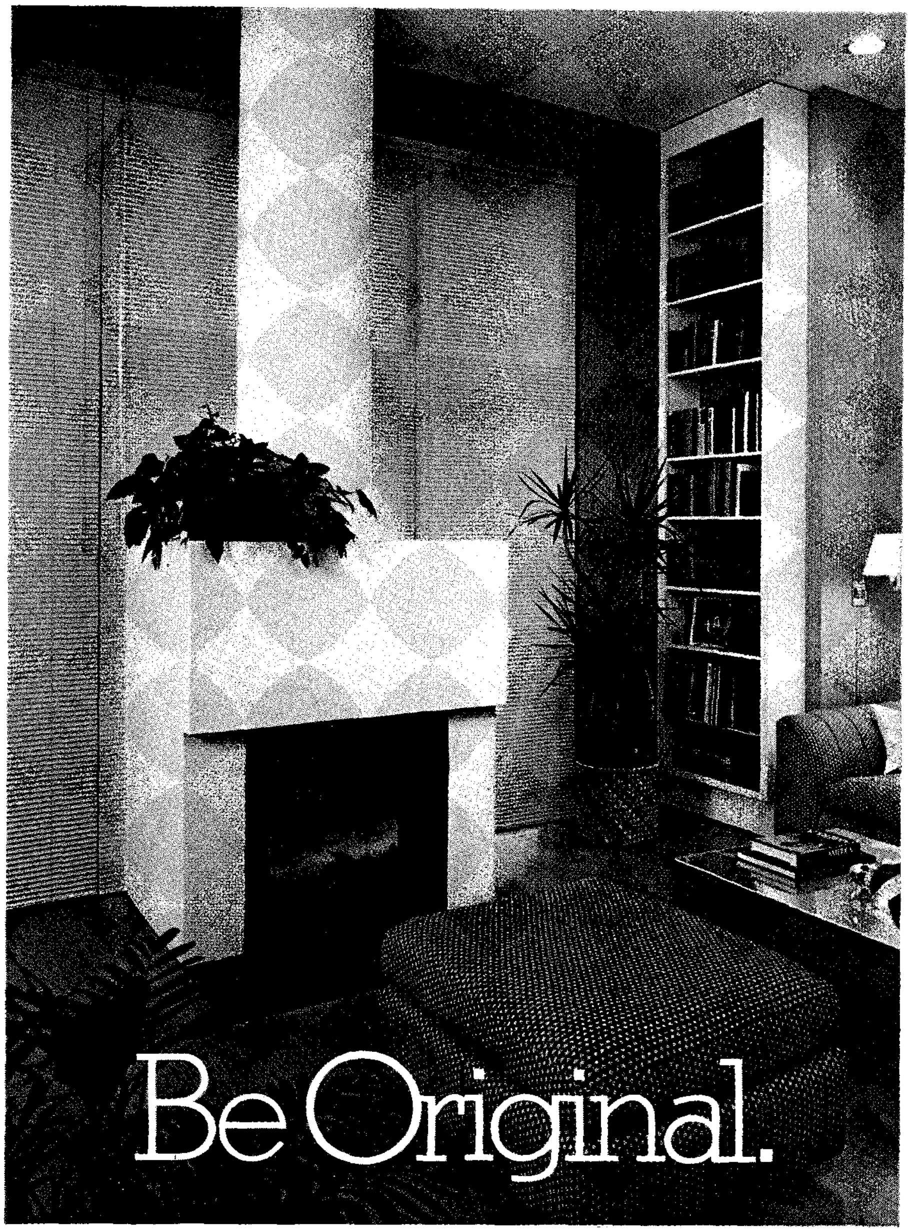

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to a critical mass. Following the example of the university professors, the teachers organized their own, subject-related associations; they formed their own teacher-training colleges outside the regular university systems; and they took control of the secondary-school associations that existed. By 1910, the teachers and administrators had taken over the N.E.A. committees from the professors. The chairman of the 1893 Committee of Ten was, for example, Charles William Eliot, the president of Harvard; the chairmen of the later committees were, typically, teachers at manual-training high schools.

The content of the new series of N.E.A. reports had, Hofstadter shows, a great deal to do with the background of the people who wrote them. In the first place, vocational training and a utilitarian philosophy had been making inroads in the public high schools. Increasingly, those concerned with high-school curricula believed that vocational training was the democratic alternative to the academic élitism of the European secondary schools. The idea that academic education might be made universal and therefore democratic had very little appeal—and not unnaturally, since, poorly paid and minimally educated, the high-school teachers would have been incapable of putting it into practice. Their professional deformation, however, merely reflected the fact that the community at large was not interested in intellectual training for most public-school students.

The academics who tried to change high-school education in the eighteen-nineties picked one of the worst moments for the effort, because this decade saw a continuation of the flood of immigration. The public schools had always served as *the* public agencies for the acculturation of immigrants, and even with millions of new arrivals the city and state governments continued to repose the entire burden on them. Of necessity, the city schools became generalized social-welfare agencies, offering courses in English, home economics, and health care to adults as well as children. The educationists thus had some reason to assume that the goal of secondary education was health, vocational training, and citizenship training rather than academic studies.

Still, the educational philosophy introduced in the early nineteen-hundreds in reaction to the efforts of the academic reformers of the eighteen-nineties was utilitarian in ways that were neither traditional nor a matter of immediate practical necessity. The notion of the importance of the present relative to the past and the idea that education could and should be used for social reform came from the new—and still developing—ideology of the reform movement that centered on Theodore Roosevelt's Progressive Party. That movement, which encompassed a variety of reform efforts, from women's rights to work on behalf of immigrants, addressed not only political questions but also the wider issues of American culture. Indeed, it was, perhaps more than anything else, a cultural revolution. The goal of the progressives was not just to purge society of corruption but to liberate it from the dominion of the past—to put an end to respect for established tradition and to the Victorian culture of filial piety, authoritarianism, and class distinction. Like the Chinese in more modern times, the progressives believed that social action proceeded from education and a change in consciousness. Hugely impatient, hugely optimistic, they believed society could pull itself up by its own bootstraps.

In the field of education, there were two major trains of progressive thought: one concerned the individual and questions of artistic and psychological liberation; the other concerned society at large and the means of achieving a true democracy in an industrial era. Both came, of course, from John Dewey, but they were united only in the work of the master. For Dewey, culture was politics and vice versa; thus, one kind of liberation necessarily implied the other: the democratic society had to be founded on the democratic personality, and the New Man required a new society for his survival. Dewey's disciples created a series of new teaching methods and programs, loosely known as progressive education, and put them into practice in a number of public and private schools. But the progressive-education movement, never completely cohesive, split Dewey's philosophical coin in half. One group, descending into Greenwich Village, took up bohemian cultural criticism and experimentation with nonauthoritarian teaching methods. The second group, composed of people such as George S. Counts and Harold Rugg, both professors at Columbia University's Teachers College, focussed on the problems of mass education and curriculum reform, with the aim of making the schools more democratic and better attuned to industrial society. Though they were far less radical, the educationists of the N.E.A. initially had more in common with the second group, for they tended to see art and

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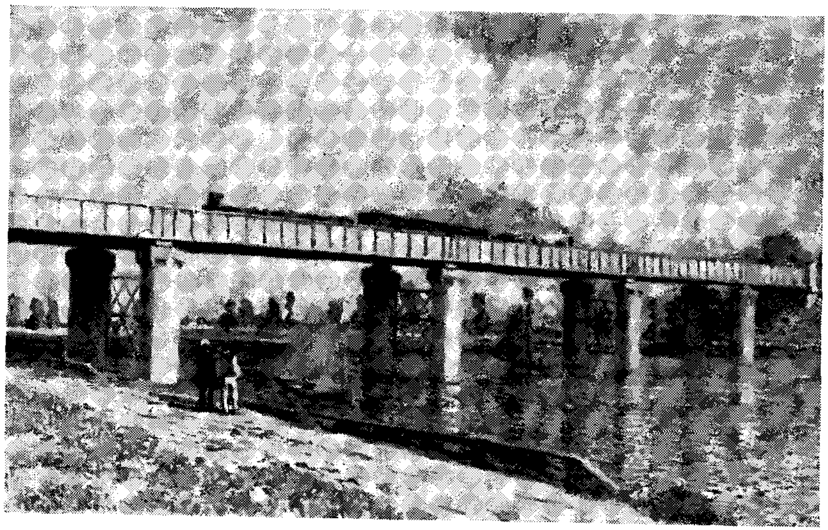

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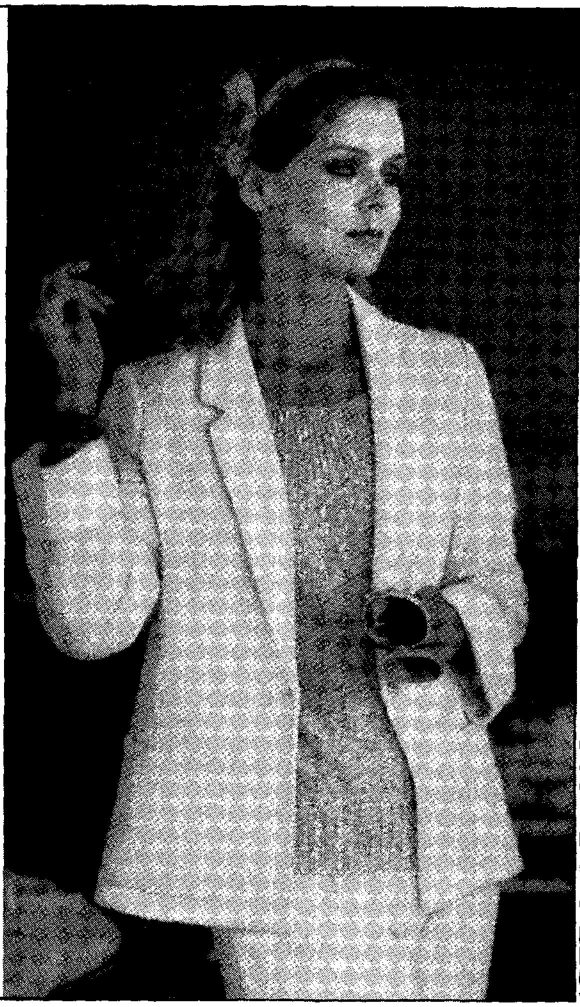

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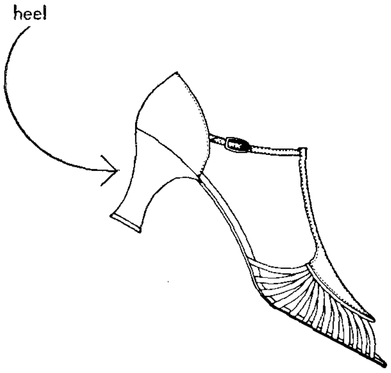

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psychology as the two compartments of Pandora's box. Eventually, however, they accepted some of the teachings of the first group in a much watered-down version. The task of assimilation was not really so great, for what the two groups had in common was their lack of interest in—or their actual hostility to—the academic disciplines and the notion of intellectual training.

Hofstadter has argued that John Dewey himself bears some responsibility for the anti-intellectual bent of American education. With regard to the teaching of history, there is certainly enough in Dewey's many and various works to support this thesis. Dewey's great enemy was intellectual conformity, and yet there is something reductive about his insistence on the utility of education to the child and the relevance of it to the child's interests. Then, too, there is an element in Dewey's philosophy which corresponds to the view held by certain painters in the nineteen-sixties that all museums ought to be burned. In "Democracy and Education," Dewey wrote:

> A knowledge of the past and its heritage is of great significance when it enters into the present, but not otherwise. And the mistake of making the records and remains of the past the main material of education is that it cuts the vital connection of present and past, and tends to make the past a rival of the present and the present a more or less futile imitation of the past. Under such circumstances, culture becomes an ornament and solace; a refuge and an asylum.

Whatever Dewey really meant by his emphasis on relevance in history teaching, the N.E.A. educationists chose to take the narrowest possible view of it. While the bohemian progressives rejected historical training as but another way to repress the glorious clouds of imagination which children were born trailing, the N.E.A. committee members rejected history as trivia—as the games or ornaments of the élite. Under the noble standards of usefulness, they turned American history into civics and civics into propaganda for their version of the social good. For the dictatorship of the past they substituted that of the present, and for the flower child of the progressive-education movement they substituted the child immigrant to be "Americanized" by catechism.

The N.E.A. progressives did not reorder the curriculum of the public high schools overnight. Educational reform proceeds glacially in this country, with the result that the history texts in use from about 1910 through the twenties are a very mixed lot. Some of those

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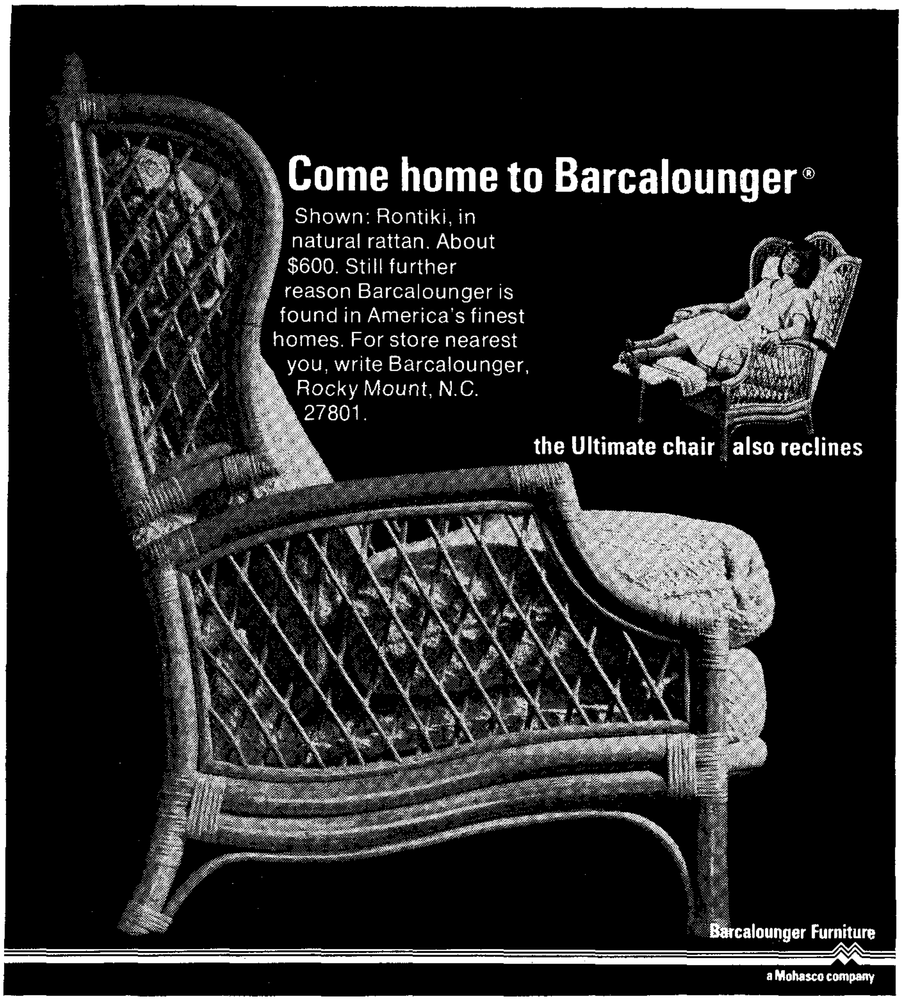
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written by distinguished professors show the influence of the academic reformers of the eighteen-nineties on the publishers. Some are polemical Progressive histories, and others are the work of New England ancestor worshippers. The upheavals of the Progressive era may have made the schools more open to novelties than usual. But by about 1930 the writ of the N.E.A. had run through the schools, leaving most of them with a course in American history and another in "problems of democracy," within a social-studies program, and setting the mold for textbooks. Harold Rugg's social-studies series for elementary- and junior-high-school students, published in the nineteen-thirties and forties, was in many ways the crowning achievement of the progressive-education movement in the field of textbooks, for, appearing in a new reformist period, it was, in fact, a democratic history—a history of the common man. It was also a work of persuasion, a conscious attempt to promote democratic values—particularly racial tolerance and an active commitment to social justice and equality of opportunity. In making his portrait of society, Rugg did not spare the warts but—and this showed that he was anything but a Marxist—pictured history merely as the constant striving of the well-intentioned common man to achieve a perfect democracy. What else had happened in history the books did not say—nor did they picture the common man of the seventeen-eighties as being any different from the common man of the nineteen-thirties. The series did not survive long enough to become old-fashioned, for in the nineteen-forties the textbook market took a sharp rightward turn, and it continued in that direction for the next twenty years. The enduring gift of the N.E.A. progressives to American-history teaching and to education in general was thus not their political idealism but their cultural narrowness.

To look back over the texts or the educational-policy statements of the nineteen-fifties is to see a piece of cultural syncretism quite as surprising as the Cargo Cults. On the one hand, all the policy statements reaffirm the primacy of the seven cardinal principles of secondary education laid down in 1918. A report published in the late nineteen-fifties by the National Council for the Social Studies, for instance, maintains, "There is a growing consensus that the schools should assume a primary responsibility for basic functions of education which were once almost entirely performed by family and church. These include moral and spiritual edu-

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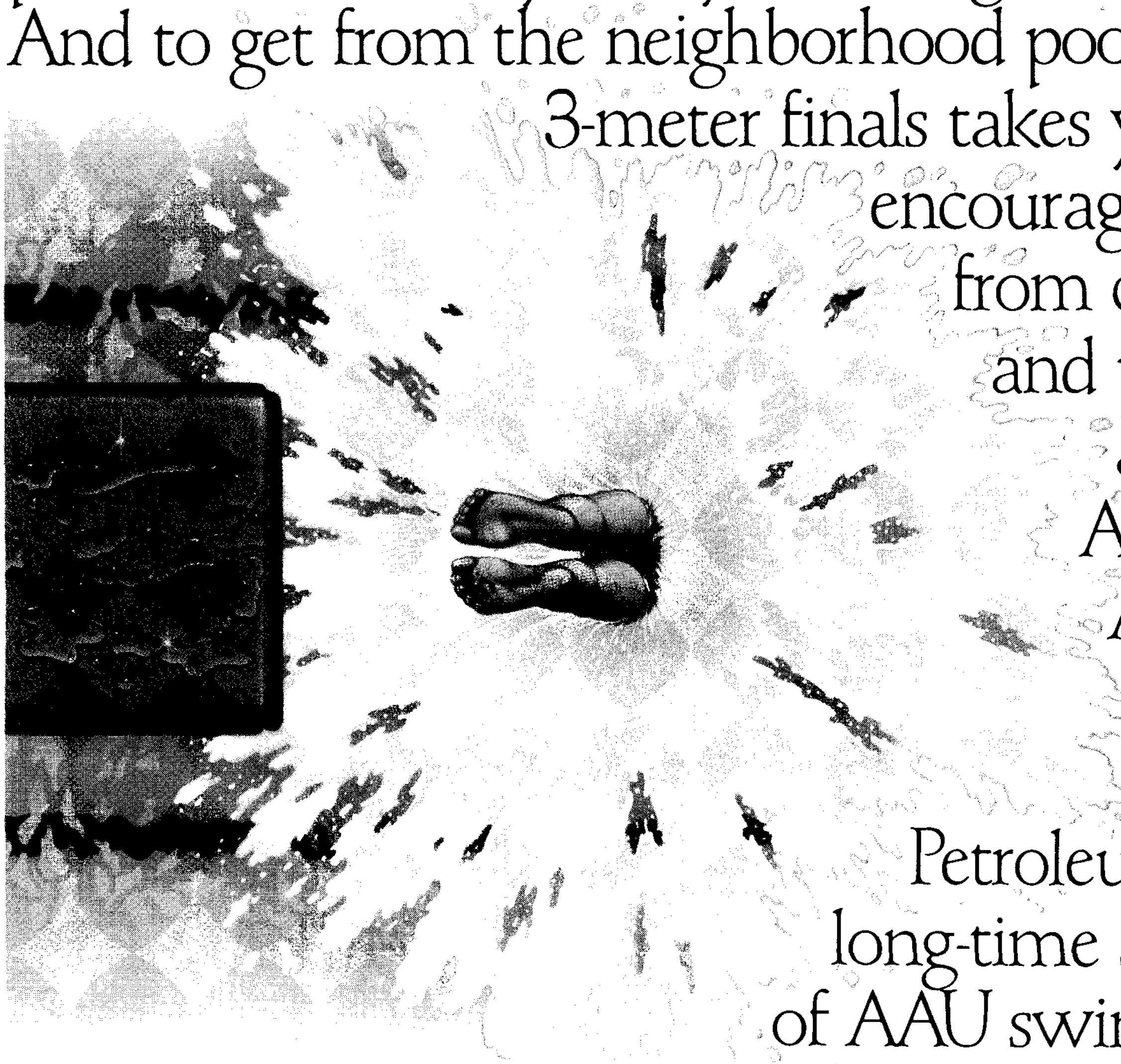

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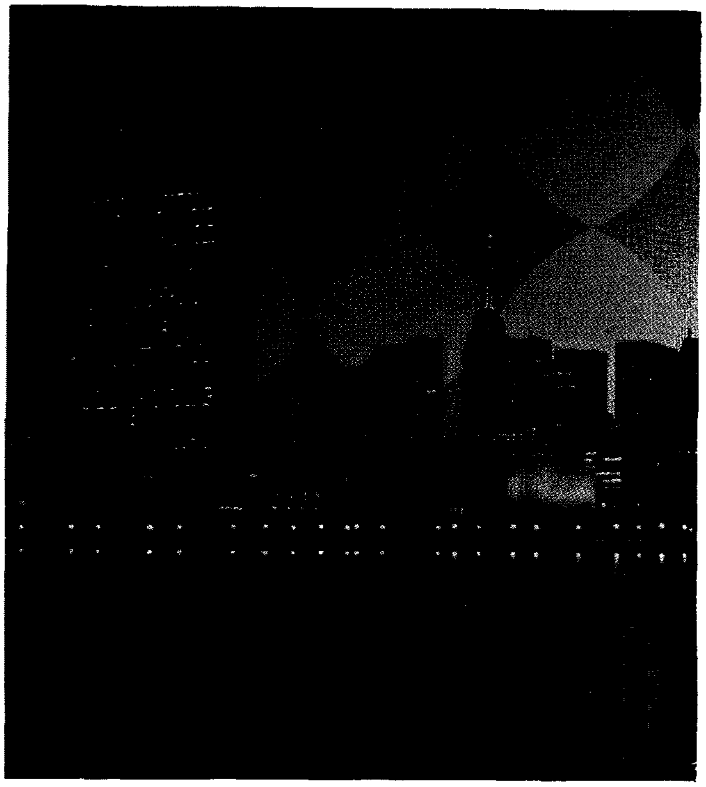

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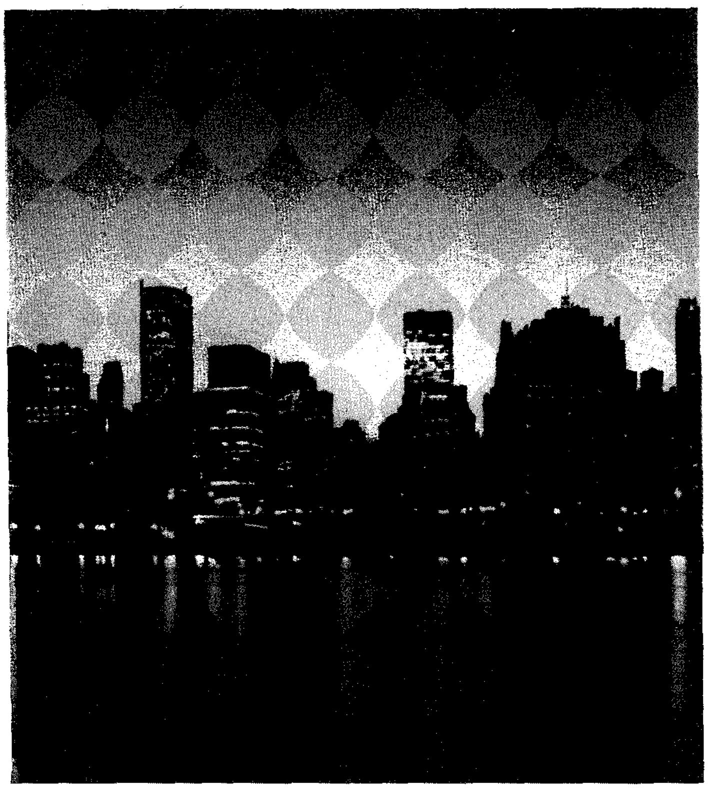

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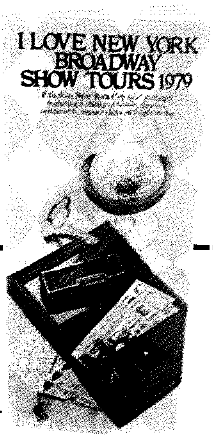

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cation, character education, education for home and family living, and other aspects of personal and social adjustment." In matters of civics, the report speaks in wholly Progressive terms about the need for the "vitalization of our democracy" and the "intelligent acceptance by individuals and groups of responsibility for achieving democratic social action." On the other hand, the political theme it proposes for social-studies courses is "Achieving a Balance Between Social Stability and Social Change"—and under that heading it remarks, "Political action generally involves a compromise between liberal and conservative forces." Elsewhere, it makes the utterly dogmatic assertion that "the egalitarian aim of abolishing social classes appears to be unrealistic. . . . The American pattern of social classification with a considerable social mobility offers the best discernible way of sharing power in the interest of justice." And, "Sturdy self-reliance coupled with an altruistic individualism is man's best hope." The educationists had, in other words, managed to put the reformist curriculum of the Progressive era to work for conservative purposes; they had created a utopia of the present.

The interesting thing was, of course, that the conservatives who ruled the educational committees and school boards in the fifties had no more concern for academic education than the N.E.A. reformers in the first quarter of the century. The old academic curriculum had been declining for more than forty years. Latin, Greek, and ancient history had all but disappeared from the school curriculum; they were not replaced, for math, modern languages, European history, and science also had gone into a considerable decline—these bookish subjects giving way before the Alexandrianisms of baton-twirling, bayonet-twirling, and popularity contests. After the Second World War, the bohemian-progressive concerns for child development entered the public schools, in the much altered form of demands that children be "well-rounded personalities"—"creative," "spontaneous," and "well adjusted to the group." As Jacques Barzun noted at the time, the educationists had managed to invert the whole purpose of schooling, by assuming in each pupil "the supremely gifted mind, which must not be tampered with, and the defective personality, which the school must remodel."

The American-history course survived mainly because it was required by state governments as part of civics training. But conservative politics did

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not imply any real interest in history. On the contrary, in the texts this was the period of maximum ahistoricism—the presentation of American democracy as a Platonic form abstracted from history. What appeared to be a purely political matter thus had serious pedagogical consequences. The Progressive texts had at least pointed out injustices and proposed alternatives, thereby leaving the student a little room for thought and questioning. The nineteen-fifties texts proposed a legalistic fiction that allowed for neither and that, incidentally, looked very much like the Progressive prescription for the society turned into a description of what was. The past was forgotten and the future became indistinguishable from the present. In that confusion of tenses, the United States was perfect and yet making progress all the time.

In the nineteen-fifties and sixties, the intrepid Henry Steele Commager published a series of essays complaining about the thinness of the academic curriculum in the high schools and the philistine attitudes toward culture in general and American history in particular. Attacking the goals of high-school history teaching, he wrote, "There is no reason to suppose that the compulsory study of American history at various levels in the elementary school and again in the high school necessarily makes good citizens." His contention was heavily supported by a number of subsequent studies showing that in spite of all the investment in them, American-history, civics, and government courses did not influence students' attitudes appreciably or even leave them with very much information about the American government. The question is, however, whether the real aim of the state legislatures and school boards in requiring such courses was to increase students' knowledge of history and government—it was the professed aim. Throughout history, the managers of states have with remarkable consistency defined good citizenship as a rather small degree of knowledge of and participation in state affairs. The fury of college students in the sixties came in part from their sense that, along with government officials, their textbooks and their teachers had concealed from them the truth about American politics and history.

Complaining about the lack of academic rigor in schools was a fairly popular enterprise in the fifties, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the fact that it had all the risks and rewards of pillow-punching. The educationists were wholly caught up in questions of

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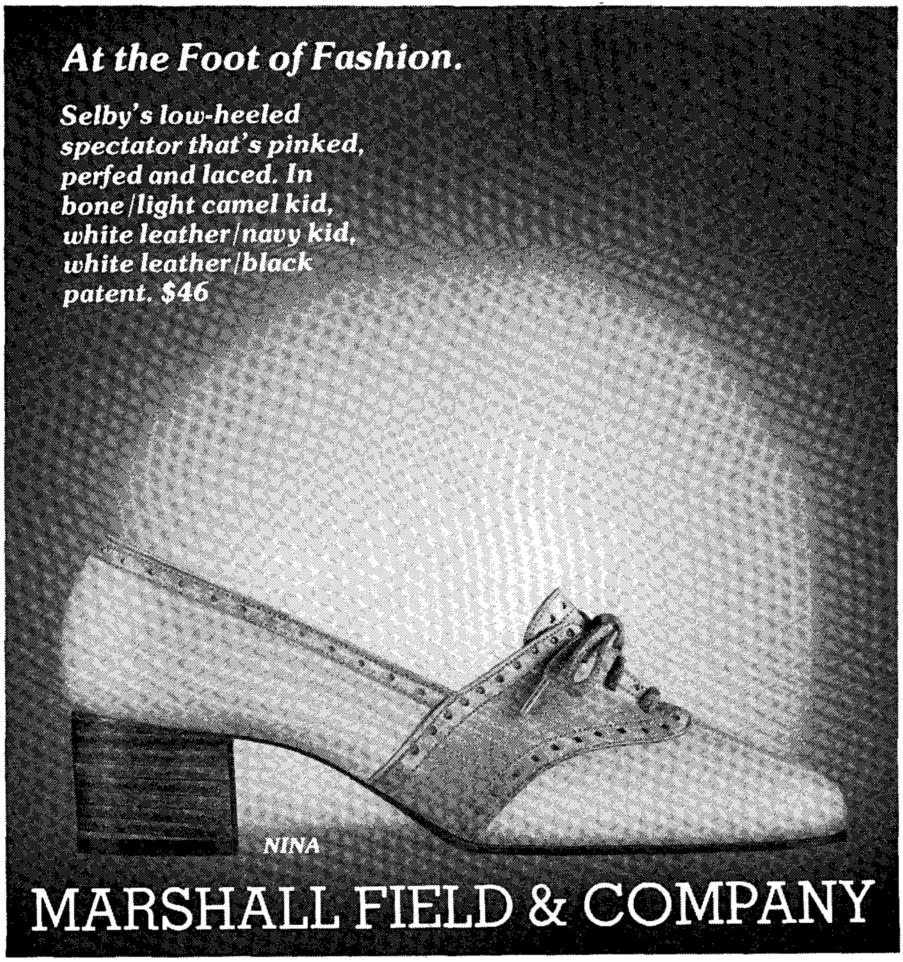

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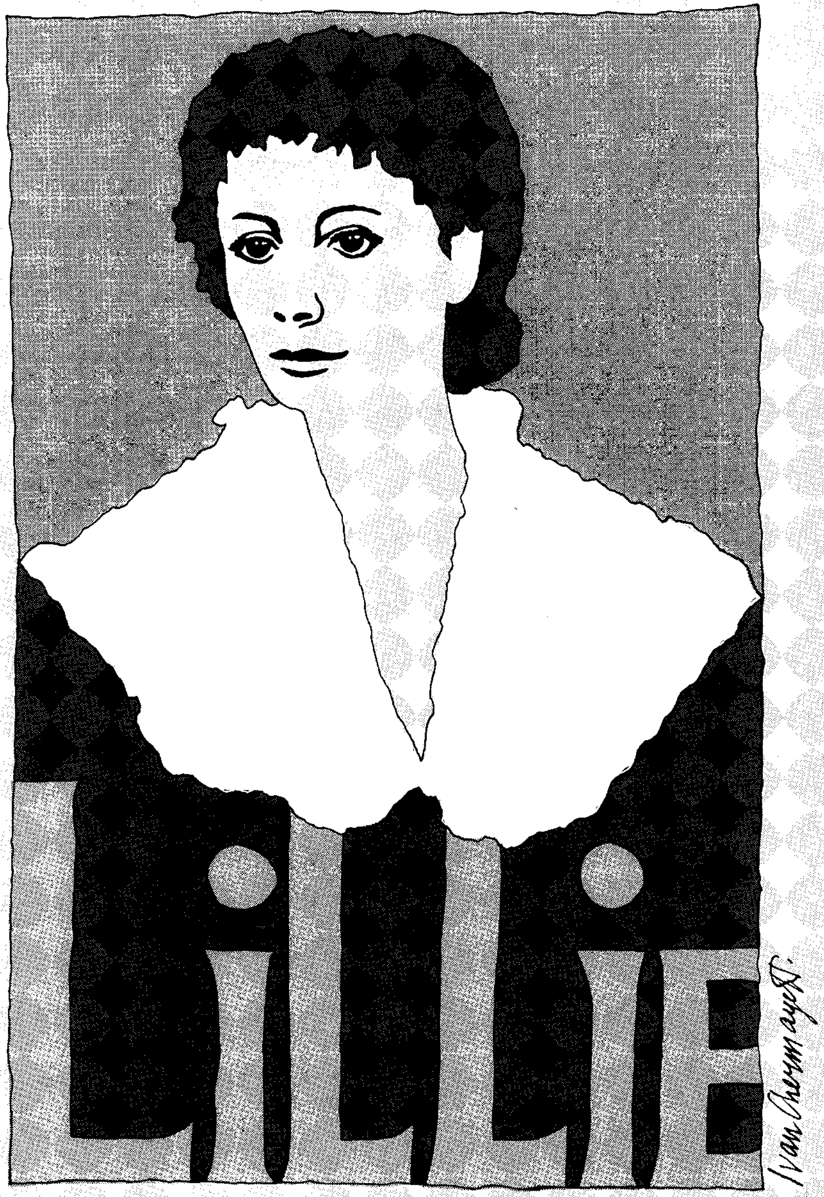
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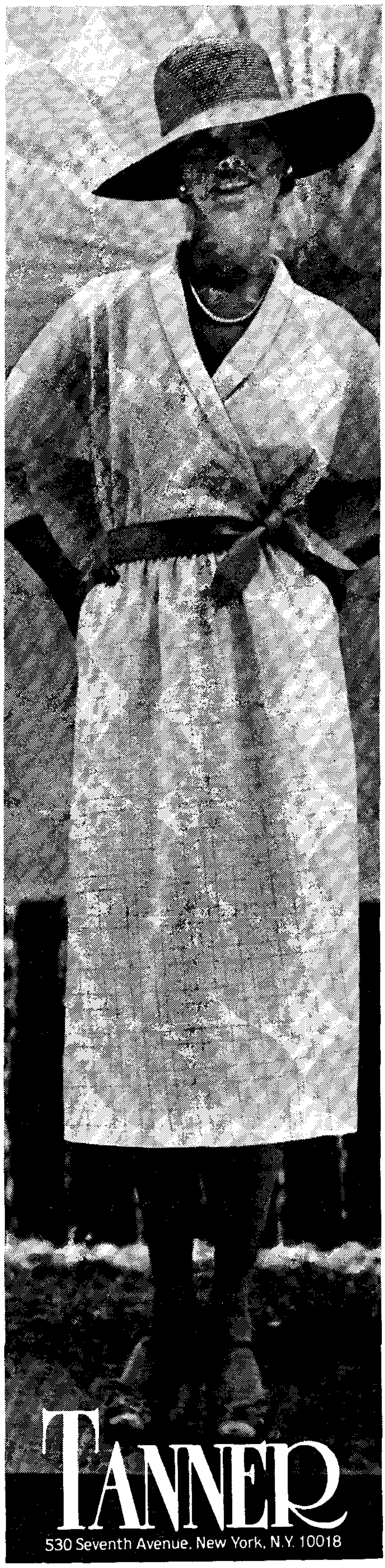
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pedagogy. They studied children and designed batteries of tests to show the superior virtues of traditional or progressive teaching methods. The battles were Byzantine, for the tests, if they were at all objective, showed with unfailing regularity that it made hardly any difference which method was used: well-educated parents tended to insist on well-educated teachers and to have well-educated children, and that was that. Very few college professors took any interest in the subject of secondary education. University people had their own battles to fight on the ramparts of academic freedom, and those who bothered to consider a reform of the high schools usually took one look at the denizens of the teachers colleges and declared the enterprise hopeless. The intellectual gap between high-school and college educators seemed unbridgeable, until Sputnik.

Sputnik was to American secondary education what the supposed "missile gap" of the early Kennedy era was to the military-industrial complex. The appearance of the Soviet satellite, in 1957, created a kind of panic in the United States. Received as a mysterious omen, Sputnik tipped the scales in favor of those who, like Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, sought to persuade significant numbers of Americans that the United States was falling behind, and not only in the space race but in science, technology, and education in general. Unfounded as this belief certainly was, the competitive instincts it aroused did what no amount of criticism in principle had been able to do. Overnight, the whole atmosphere changed. Congressmen called for a reëxamination of national priorities and an overhaul of the educational system. Teachers discovered that Johnny couldn't read, whereas Ivan could. Scientists found "shortages" of scientists, engineers, and mathematicians in the generations to come. Those scientists who all during the fifties had been complaining without being heeded were now heard to say that most secondary-school students were learning pre-Darwinian biology, pre-Einsteinian physics, and nineteenth-century math. The federal Office of Education and the National Science Foundation were given funds for extensive grants to the learned societies and the universities for the creation of new teaching materials and teacher-training programs in the sciences. And, unique in the annals of educational reform, these efforts had concrete and relatively speedy results.

About five years after Sputnik, this academic-reform movement reached the social studies. The delay was occasioned by the fact that it was much harder to find a utilitarian justification for reform of the social studies. The reformers eventually surmounted this barrier by complaining of the neglect of the social sciences and emphasizing the word "sciences." Congress finally could not object nor the high schools offer any real resistance to developing textbooks and courses in such well-established fields as economics, anthropology, political science, and so on. American history was trickier to deal with, since it was not even conceivably a science and since the state legislatures still required it as training for patriotism. Even more difficult was the whole field of social studies for younger children. But the mid-sixties matched even the Progressive period in its optimism, and there was plenty of money around, so the reformers in these fields gained fairly large-scale support from the federal government.

Sputnik had precipitated all this activity, but there were important social forces behind the movement for educational reform. One of these was the growth of the college population after the Second World War. In 1939, four hundred and eighteen thousand students, or slightly more than a third of all high-school graduates, had gone on from secondary school to college; in the mid-sixties, one million two hundred and twenty-five thousand students, or more than half of all high-school graduates, were entering college. Academic credentials had always been seen as steps toward economic advancement, and with the increase in the national wealth over those two decades many more families could afford to send their children a step further up that ladder. Also, in these two decades the shape of the American economy had changed; the new growth industries—services and government—required a larger number of people with certain intellectual skills. Critical thinking could no longer remain an aristocratic skill taught only in the best private schools, and since the high schools had proved incapable of teaching bright children these skills, the college system had to expand. Now, after spending twelve years memorizing and learning how to "identify with the group," a student could spend another four years learning how to reason. The college professors at the receiving end of this mass of uneducated eighteen-year-olds could less and less afford to ignore the intellectual inadequacies of the high schools.

A reform of the high schools, however, implied not just a change in curriculum but a change in the entire

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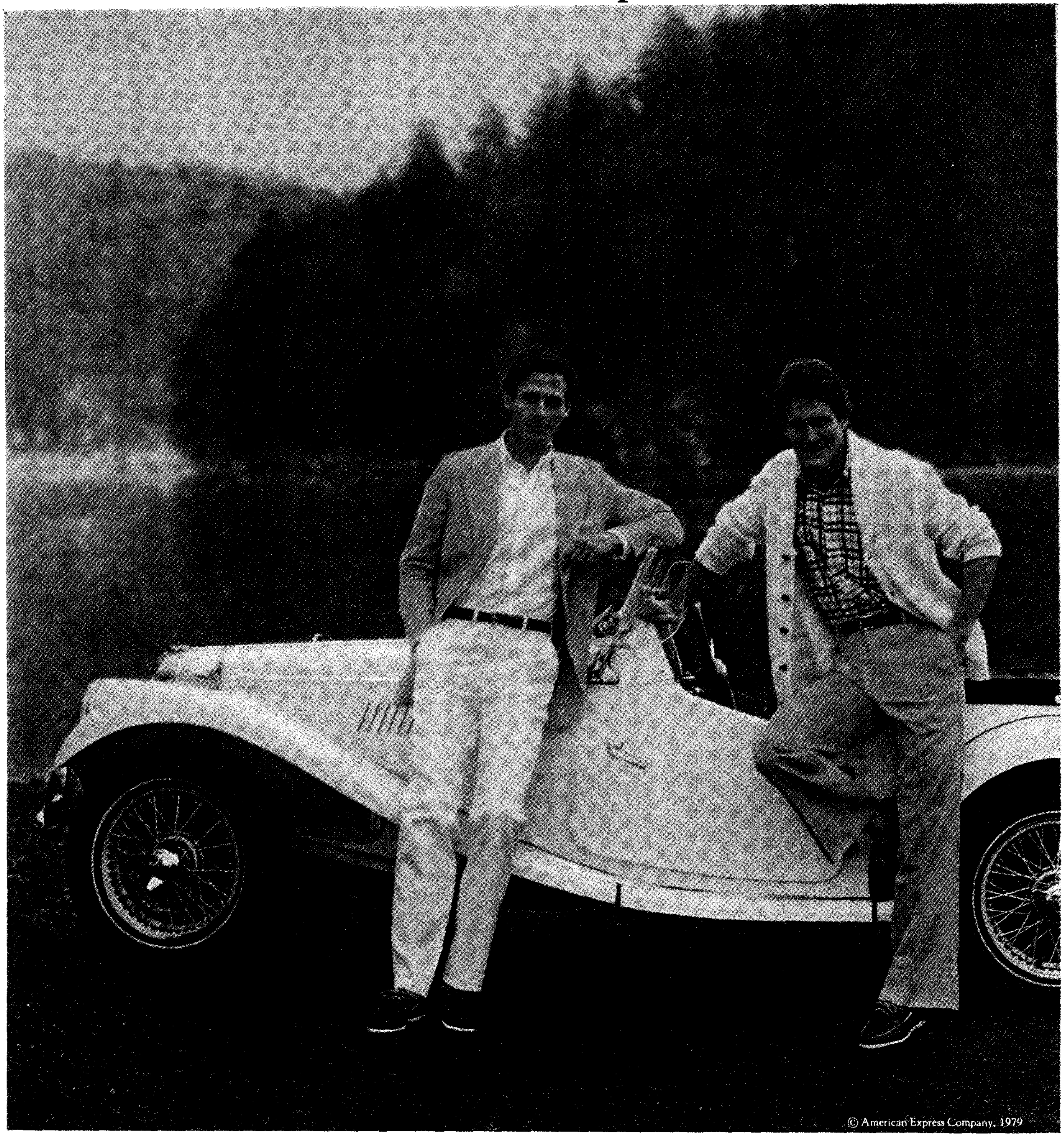

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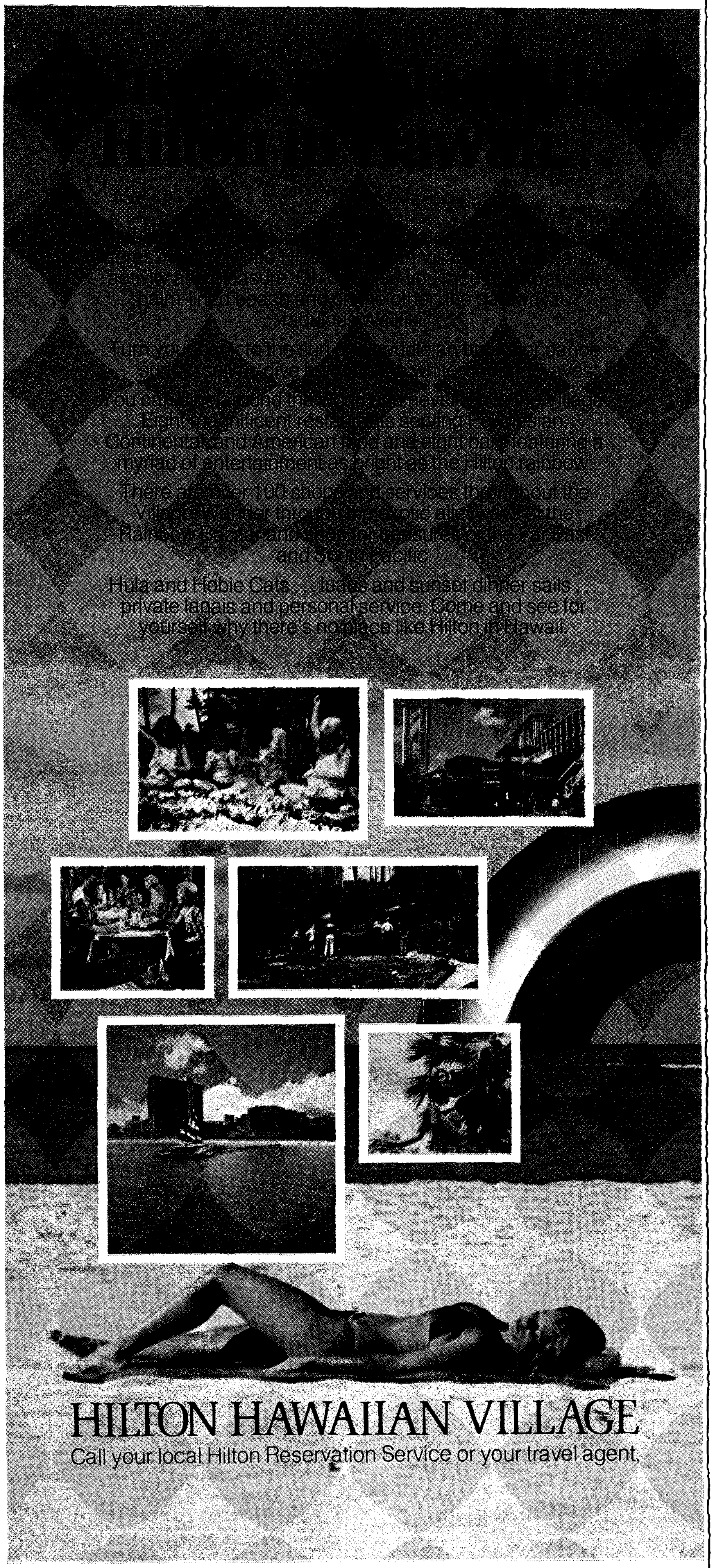

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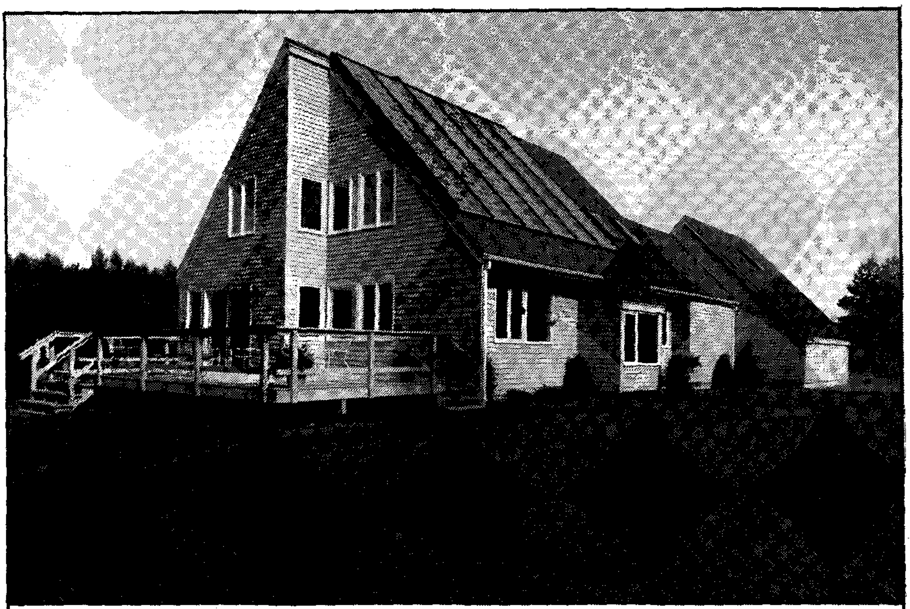
philosophy of primary- and secondary-school education. Of all the social-studies reformers, Jerome S. Bruner, who for many years was a developmental psychologist at Harvard, was the only one to take on the whole task. In answer to the educationists, Bruner proposed a new theory of pedagogy, the cardinal principle of which was that children at any stage in their development could be taught any subject in some intellectually honest form. Bruner, along with other reformers, inveighed against the criterion of relevance in the social studies and against the now traditional social-studies curriculum, which began in the first grade with the study of the home and worked outward in concentric—indeed, Confucian—circles to the community, the state, the nation, and the world. Children, Bruner argued, were not interested only in what was close to home or in the information that would be of practical use to them in later life. What attracted them was myth and drama. As for the banalities the educationists served up as the stuff of everyday life, these did not teach children how to think. Children could learn to generalize immediately, but they had to have a theoretical model, and the more exotic it was, the better. The fifth-grade social-studies program that Bruner inspired, called "Man: A Course of Study," showed children how to explore the most general questions about the nature of human beings by examining bird and primate groups and then the Netsilik Eskimos. For Bruner, math and poetry were the "metaskills" of the future.

Among reformers in what became known as the New Social Studies movement, there was general agreement on Bruner's main tenets. Some of the reformers shared Bruner's ambition to create a "psychology" of the behavioral sciences, or a "grammar of learning," which would be the translation of epistemology into child psychology. What they meant by this was not completely clear, but presumably they wished to do for the social sciences what the New Math reformers were doing for mathematics. For others, the problem was simply to present the disciplines of the social sciences to children in an orderly and intellectually honest form. But even this enterprise was highly ambitious. High-school students could, of course, be taught economics or sociology with textbooks that were modified versions of the introductory materials used in college courses. But how to design an integrated program of social studies for the young? And how to teach history to any age group?

In the field of history, one of the leading strategists and advocates of the New Social Studies was Edwin Fenton, a professor of history and until last year the director of the Carnegie-Mellon University Social Studies Curriculum Center. In his book "The New Social Studies" and elsewhere, Fenton argued that the old-style texts and teaching methods had offered students merely a list of facts and weak generalizations they could not possibly retain. What students needed was a context for information and a way of dealing with it: they needed to know how to think. A successful social-studies program, Fenton said, would teach students the concepts of social science and certain basic analytical skills. As a method of teaching cognitive skills, Fenton proposed what he called the "mode of inquiry"—a process whereby the student would work from more or less raw data and the concepts of social science to draw his own conclusions. This was the basis for all the so-called inquiry, or discovery, textbooks. Fenton did not believe that students could duplicate the work of a historian on any given issue, but he thought that they could approximate the logical processes, with the help of carefully selected data and analytical questions. He proposed that teachers measure success not just by the quantity of information students digested but by the skills they acquired. Students should, he said, be taught "procedural values"—that is, attitudes of rational thought—but not "substantive values;" they should be taught merely how to analyze questions of substantive value.

Fenton's notion of "inquiry" teaching caught on among the reformers, and in the early sixties the federal Office of Education and the National Science Foundation funded several university groups, including Fenton's Carnegie-Mellon Center, to develop teaching materials in this mode. These groups took a variety of different approaches. Some concerned themselves principally with the abstract questions of which skills and concepts were most important to the social sciences and in what order they should be taught to children. Others occupied themselves with designing histories that would—they hoped—be of interest to children and of some academic value. Still others, such as Fenton, also became entrepreneurs of the New Social Studies, managing curriculum projects, writing articles, and lecturing teachers on the new pedagogical techniques.

The New Social Studies made rather



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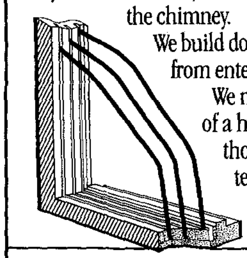

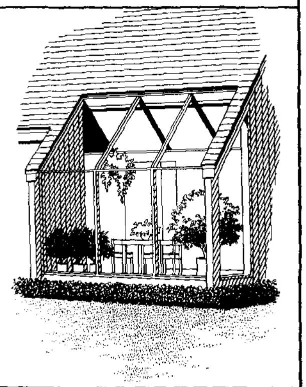

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heavy weather in the secondary-school establishment. In part, it was the contrast of styles. The reformers had a lot in common with the whiz-kid intellectuals in the John F. Kennedy Administration at the time. They were all energy, all ideas, all brash self-confidence. They did not know very much about the schools, but it seemed obvious to them that the system was backward and reactionary, and that, by contrast, they represented the modern world, where knowledge was power and the ability to think was the ability to control. Like the progressives in the early part of the century, they felt their criticisms to be self-evident and their reforms so long overdue that, given the support of the federal government, nothing could stand in their way. Most of them had a rather low opinion of schoolteachers and saw the retraining of them as an important part of their job. As might be expected, the teachers resented this attitude. Many of them did not look upon the New Social Studies as reasonable and self-evident. They looked upon the reformers as élitists—"the ivory-tower crowd"—who knew nothing about the practice of teaching children and who had ideas quite contrary to common sense. "I once met Jerome Bruner," a social-studies textbook editor and former teacher told me, "and I asked him, 'Why the Netsilik Eskimos?' And he answered, 'Why not?' " The editor thought the answer frivolous—as Bruner had no doubt thought the question foolish.

But the dichotomy between the two groups was not as precise as either imagined. Attacked for being too intellectual, the reformers were in fact not intellectual enough. Nearly all of them, even Bruner, lacked philosophical training. Not only did they fail to develop any original ideas about the structure of knowledge but they actually confused the social sciences with science. Some wasted a great deal of time making and unmaking meaningless conceptual schemes. Others, like Fenton in "The New Social Studies," would explain a few elementary points of logic and then disappear into a cloud of pedagogical or social-science jargon. Finally, they did not do what really had to be done if the schools were to make any advances in the art of training minds—and that was to define new purposes and set new standards for the curriculum. The reformers came up with a few daring and original programs for younger children, notably Bruner's "Man: A Course of Study." The academics who wrote new introductory

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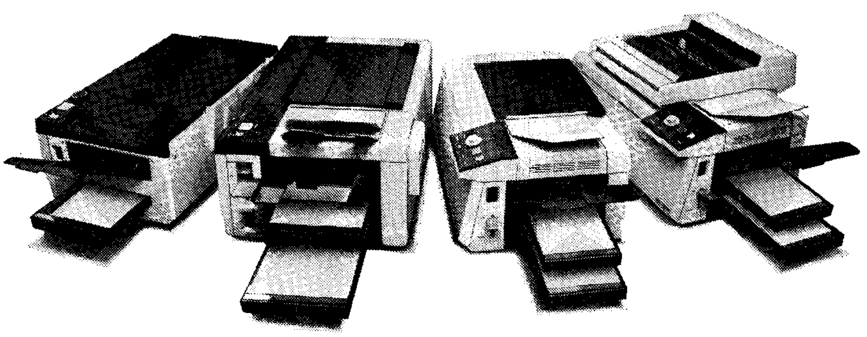

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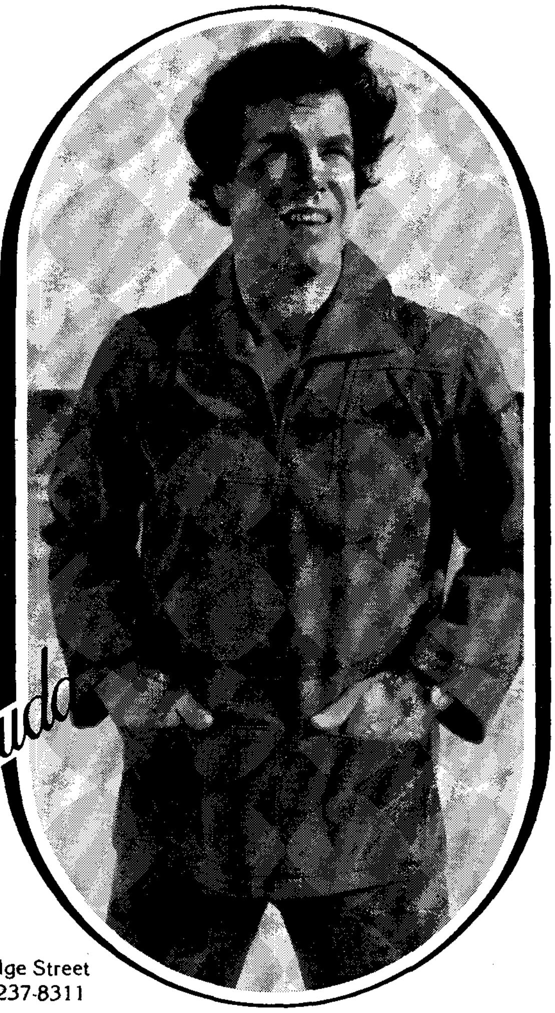

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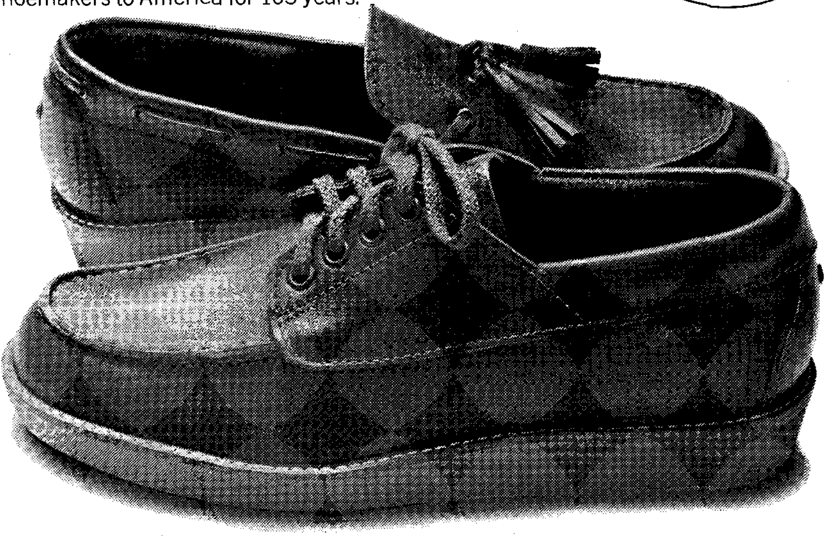
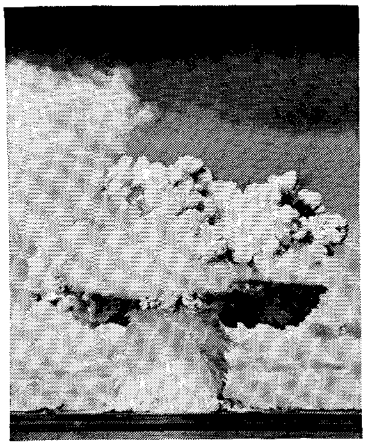


texts in the social sciences did some very good work. Academic historians did not—interestingly enough—participate in the New Social Studies programs as much as academics from other disciplines did, with the result that some of the new histories were solid work and others were not at all.

Fenton's own curriculum project was, in fact, something of a disaster. The Social Studies Curriculum Center spent more than four years and three hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars in federal money developing a four-year high-school course on the social studies. After more than four years, the developers had not one piece of material in publishable form; no test, except one of their own devising, showed more than a marginal difference between the analytical abilities of the students who had taken their course and those of the students in the control group, which had followed the traditional curriculum. Partly because of Fenton's reputation in educational circles, Holt, Rinehart & Winston eventually published the course—but only after substantial revisions were made in the content of the books. (The curriculum developers had not, it turned out, sent the manuscripts to any outside academic authorities in the fields they covered, from Soviet economics to American history.) However, the form of the books went largely unchanged—and the form is disturbing. Far from being rigorous examples of the inquiry mode, the history books contain long, tendentious essays in every section and lists of tendentious questions that more or less predetermine value judgments. (There are also questions, such as the one about McKinley Christianizing the Filipinos, that are completely illogical.) The books are not wholly without merit—they contain a number of interesting readings—but they hardly justify Fenton's pedagogical fuss about a "closely coordinated and sequential set of learning experiences," nor do they insure that the student will become "an informed, responsible citizen of a democratic society" any better than do the traditional narrative histories.

One notable thing about the reformers was that, Bruner aside, they could not seem to deal with the implications of the New Social Studies. The inquiry method, after all, implied a philosophy of education very different from the now traditional utilitarian doctrines; it implied a far broader view of culture, a less reductive child psychology, and an agnostic attitude toward life in general. The reformers



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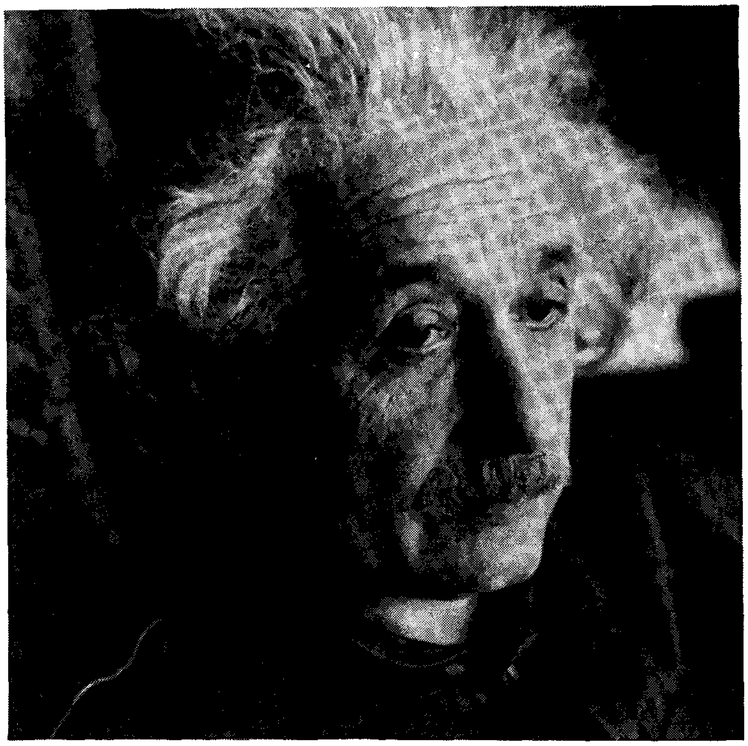

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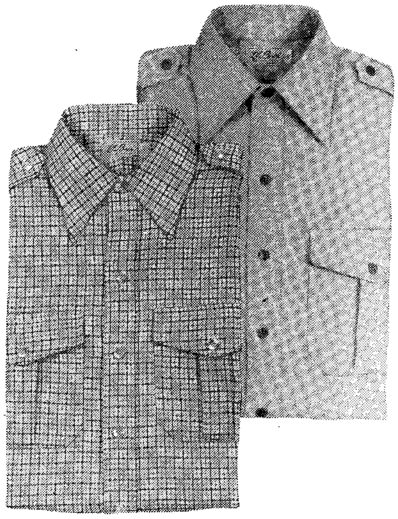

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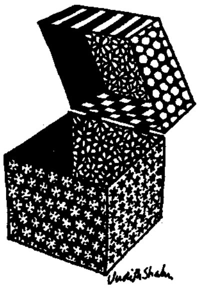
did not attack on these grounds; in defending the New Social Studies, they chose the far narrower (and more questionable) terrain of the importance of social science and the usefulness of their procedures to learning abilities. The narrowness of their outlook was particularly remarkable when they came to rationalize the teaching of American history. Allan O. Kownslar, for example, a leading New Social Studies advocate and the author of several inquiry texts in American history, made the argument in one education yearbook that American history should be taught because historians were now making greater use of social-science concepts. (The typical foreword to the New Social Studies texts states that history should be studied because it is "the best laboratory for testing social-science concepts.") After crashing about in search of such a justification-by-social-science, most of the reformers would come reeling back to the old lamppost of citizenship training. Fenton, indeed, never left that post. In "The New Social Studies," he argued that critical thinking would be of help in achieving the traditional goal of the social studies—citizenship. He never defined citizenship, nor did he resolve the contradiction between citizenship training and his strictures against the teaching of "substantive values." In general, the New Social Studies people seemed to regard scientific thinking as merely a tactic for traditional utilitarian ends. Even Bruner justified his pure-math, pure-poetry position on the ground that these "metaskills" would be necessary for the control of technology in the future.



That the one school-reform movement in this century led by academics should have taken such a narrow, specialized form was not perhaps surprising, given what was happening at the universities during the same period. For the universities were exploding. Not only were they experiencing an unprecedented growth in undergraduate enrollments, they were finding new sources of revenue in government and industry and were building new professional schools, research institutes, and laboratories. One consequence of this growth was a fragmentation of the undergraduate curriculum. The notion of a liberal education fell from favor—it came to be regarded as a playground for amateurs and gentlemen. The new wealth of the universities brought not only a change in structure but a change in over-all purpose and philosophy. As the universities expanded, they outgrew their purely academic functions to become training grounds for industry and government. The college presidents who in the fifties had so righteously defended the principle of intellectual freedom from McCarthyite attacks now accepted government research grants on the principle that the universities should be of some service to government and industry. Infiltration had worked where frontal attack had not, and the ivory towers were not destroyed but overwhelmed. Students went to college in order to qualify for managerial jobs, and a significant number of professors in the natural and social sciences left academic life without ever leaving the universities. These professors did not see themselves as bought or hired; they subscribed to the new theories about the "technetronic" or "post-industrial" society which promised that intellectuals would end up controlling the state by virtue of their expertise. (These theories of Zbigniew Brzezinski, Daniel Bell, and others are now included in many secondary-school texts; the educationists look on them with favor, since they certify the utility of education and the democracy of the American system.) Whether or not the prediction was correct, the academics involved in state business were involved in something other than pure science or the expansion of knowledge for its own sake. The academic school reformers of the early sixties thus stood at a point of convergence between the university and secondary-school establishments. The convergence had occurred not because of a change of philosophy in the schools but because in the fifties and sixties the universities had in many respects taken over the purposes and the former role of the secondary schools. This convergence had the effect of making the reformers far more acceptable to educationists and high-school teachers than they ever were before. Now the educationists could look upon the intellectual life as having some practical value. They could look upon at least some professors as respectable, useful citizens. They could accept the New Math, modern science, and the New Social Studies as new forms of vocational training.

THE New Social Studies did not sweep away the old, as so many of its advocates confidently supposed that it would. The inquiry texts now cover only about fifteen per cent of the market, and the National Science Foundation programs—"Man: A Course of Study" and the like—have reached only a small minority of schools. (According to the publisher, as of 1974 "MACOS" had been sold to only seventeen hundred schools out of fifty-eight thousand public and private elementary schools in the nation.) The ten best-selling American-history texts are still very much in the old progressive civics-as-history mold. The New Social Studies has had some influence on them. These and other narrative texts include flourishes of social-science "concepts" and very often sections in which social scientists argue the causes of the Great Depression or explain the concept of "role." In a few of the books for younger children published in the late sixties, social scientists are presented as role models for children. On the other hand, a number of the newer inquiry books have been watered down pedagogically, their documentary sections cut with narrative text that "covers" the usual sequence of events.

The reformers might have anticipated passive resistance from the secondary-school teachers. The public-school system is, after all, one of the most conservative of American institutions; it has a protoplasmic quality that combines a superficial sensitivity with a profound resistance to change. Many teachers objected to the gimmickry of the New Social Studies, while others remained unconvinced of the need for more intellectual training. What the reformers could not have anticipated was the philosophic reaction that came from outside the educational establishment proper. The reaction came in two waves—first from the youth movements of the sixties and then, during the Nixon years, from the cultural fundamentalists.

At just about the time the New Social Studies had gained some acceptance in the educational establishment, a new group of educational critics began to attack it in much the same terms as their counterparts in the foreign-policy debate used to attack Robert McNamara. In their view—as one historian put it—the real failure of American education was not its mindlessness but its heartlessness. For these new critics, the training of the intellect was a narrow pursuit; education, in their view, was a search for personal fulfillment and the means of reforming society. The purpose of education was to create understanding, feeling human beings—not technocrats with computers

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for brains. A number of these critics stressed notions of "authenticity" and personal liberation. This "greening," or counterculture, school argued that training in the academic disciplines developed a specialized, compartmentalized mind, out of touch with the emotions and therefore tending to become a mere servant to a runaway technology that destroyed nature and the natural. The politically inclined critics—those aligned with the civil-rights and anti-war movements—saw academic training as specifically élitist. Pretending to universality, it was really a product of a white, middle-class culture which inevitably doomed minority students to failure and confirmed white, middle-class children in their complacent irresponsibility. While the first group focussed on the role of the teacher and what happened in the classroom, the second emphasized the curriculum, advocating the replacement of academic courses with "problems" courses that would broach subjects of immediate social concern and lead to a greater sense of social responsibility. In their nearly limitless expectations of what the schools could do, the new critics were well within the American tradition; indeed, they were the lineal descendants of John Dewey and the two schools of the progressive-education movement.

By about 1970, these new critics could point to some changes in the direction of educational policy. In the first place, they had persuaded both federal and local agencies of the need to give special attention to the education of "disadvantaged" children—particularly to minority-group children of the inner cities. With respect to teaching materials, the result was that these agencies took the balance of their funds away from New Social Studies projects and other programs for advanced students and gave it to projects such as Head Start, "Sesame Street," and books for "slow learners." In the second place—and at least partly in response to the new critics—the content of the social-studies curriculum changed appreciably. In schools across the country, "problems" courses replaced courses teaching the social sciences as disciplines. Subjects of current concern—youth studies, black studies, and the Vietnam War—invaded the schoolbooks and the classrooms, driving out slightly less modern history. Along with this concern for "problems" came a new pedagogical fad for "values clarification"—meaning a conscious attempt to teach teachers how to teach students to define their own values. The political passions of the sixties died out in short order, but the "problems" approach and the emphasis on social action lived on, thus bringing the wheel of social-studies reform full circle.

The right-wing reaction followed fairly closely on the heels of the sixties, and it struck most heavily at the one link between the New Social Studies and the neo-progressive reformers—that is, at what the right saw as their implicit moral and cultural relativism. Incidents of book burning and demonstrations over the content of school courses took place across the country, some of them in New England and the Middle West in communities of educated, middle-class people. In Washington, Representative John B. Conlan, of Arizona, led a crusade against "MACOS" and other National Science Foundation projects, with the support of right-wing groups.

Some of these demonstrations and book-burning incidents could be construed merely as conservative protests against the more alarming cultural novelties of the sixties—with undercurrents of racism. There was a good deal of free-floating indignation about the anti-war movement, Black Power, sexual permissiveness, and so forth—and the leaders of the movement played heavily on it. (And often hypocritically. The National Science Foundation received letters from various parts of the country complaining that "MACOS" advocated polygamy and wife-swapping. Since Netsilik sexual customs had been mentioned only in the teacher's guide, the charge was nonsense, and the repetition of it suggested that some organization was waging a deliberate campaign of slander.) For some, however, there was a great deal more involved—in fact, an entire philosophy basically at odds with political liberalism, cultural modernism, and the spirit of scientific inquiry. The most surprising part of this new movement was the reappearance of the creationist argument fifty years after the Scopes trial. In California, the Board of Education issued guidelines for the state's biology curriculum which included the statement that the Book of Genesis presents a reasonable explanation for the origin of life and the recommendation that the concept of special creation be taught as an alternative to the concept of evolution.

Right behind this fundamentalist upsurge came a wave of reaction against the pedagogical liberalism of the sixties: the so-called Back to Basics movement. Different in kind from its predecessor, this movement was more or less a

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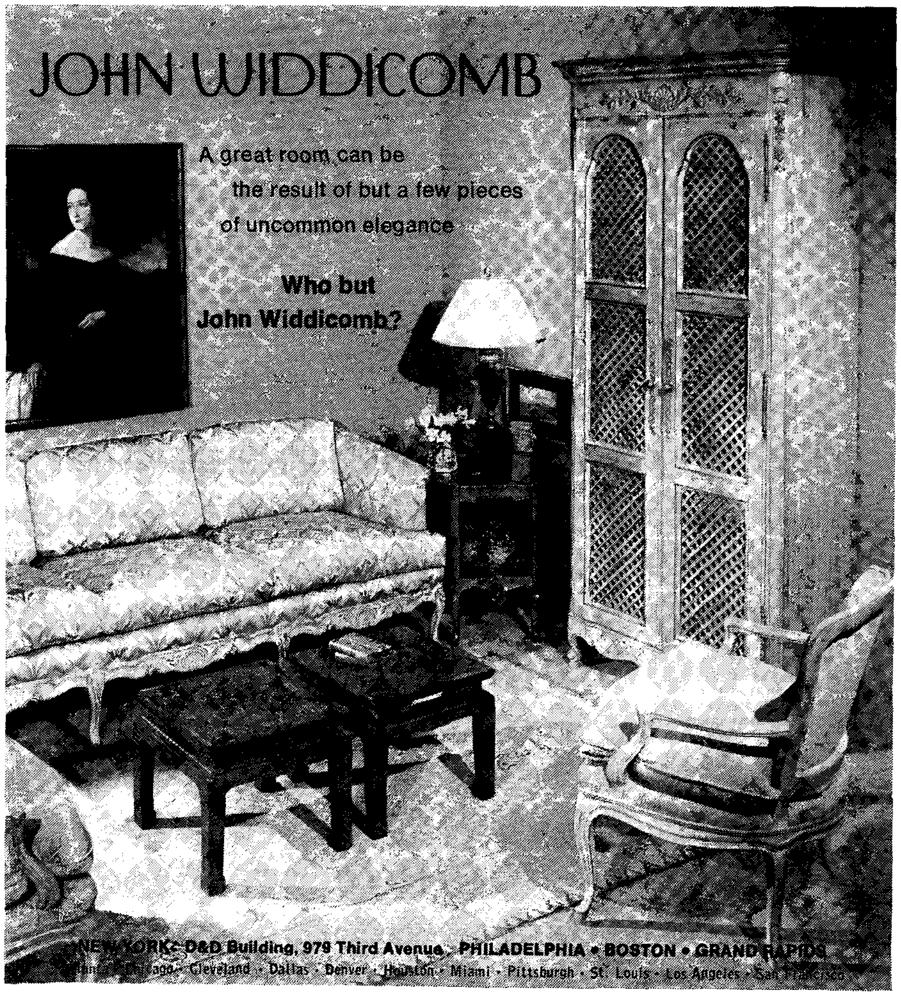

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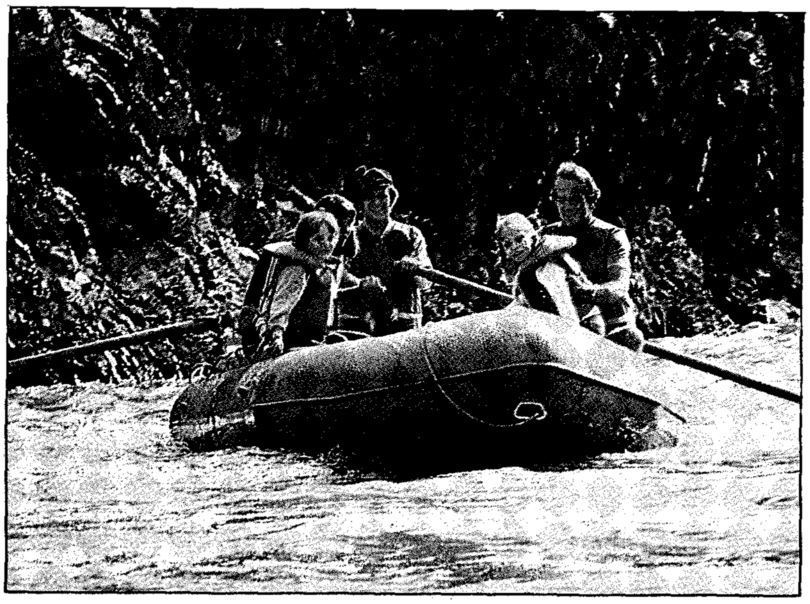

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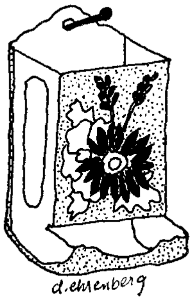
ground swell that moved across the nation, and it was, in some sense, truly conservative. The Back to Basics argument had several layers to it. At bottom was the simple, and in the end quite generally accepted, proposition that because reading and math scores were declining nationwide the schools had better pay more attention to teaching the three Rs. On top of that, there were various arguments about the cause of this decline and the remedy for it. Some critics blamed the looseness of the curriculum, with all its fancy new elective courses; others blamed progressive teaching methods, such as the open classroom; and others blamed the New Math and the New Social Studies. A fair number blamed all of the above, arguing that the best approach was still the old one of drill work and grading. The moderates among these Back to Basics critics seemed merely to want to clear away some of the undergrowth of electives, mini-courses, and non-academic work from the school curriculum. The extremists seemed to be insisting that rote work was in some metaphysical way good for children or that schoolwork should not be any more interesting than that which they themselves had endured.

By the mid-seventies, the influence of both the fundamentalists and the Back to Basics people began to show up in the texts—as well as in certain school systems. After the California guidelines were issued, the publishers began to revise their biology texts; while they did not insert passages from the Book of Genesis, they modified statements on evolution so as to leave certain ambiguities. (These modifications did not, apparently, lower the academic quality of the texts; scientists say the new versions are more accurate.) The fundamentalists also forced revisions of a number of literary anthologies that contained offending passages about white racism, the evils of the war in Vietnam, and words as standard in the English language as "damn." (Because at the same time blacks, Mexican-Americans, women, and others were pressuring the publishers to include works by minority-group members, the books now include works by blacks, women, etc., which do not mention the issues that concern these groups the most.) In a period of economic downturn, pressure from both the fundamentalists and the conservatives curtailed experimental programs of all sorts in the social-studies field. Federal funding for the development of new teaching materials declined; in just one year, the sales of "MACOS" dropped by seventy per cent; the inquiry texts were modified; and the narrative-style histories increased in popularity.

The neo-progressives of the nineteen-sixties, the fundamentalists, and the Back to Basics people all had a powerful influence on the inner establishment of professional educationists—that is, the school administrators, the state bureaucrats, the curriculum developers, and so on. The growth of that influence could be measured by the progress of the debate in the education journals. For a brief period in the early sixties, the educationists writing in those journals had laid moral issues aside to focus on the intellectual problems of social-studies teaching. By the mid-sixties, they were back to discussing moral issues again—but very much within the framework of the New Social Studies. In a book called "Inquiry in Social Studies," published in 1966, two prominent educationists, Byron G. Massialas and C. Benjamin Cox, made an extended case for Fenton's position against teaching "substantive values." The society, they said, was so pluralistic and so divided and confused over questions of value that the only thing a social-studies teacher could hope to do was to raise the level of debate. Their rather radical conclusion was that "education can no longer play only the role of culture preserver, mediator, or innovator but must make its most important contribution within the area of intelligent choice and decision on the part of the individual." In other words, the schools should make it their primary business to teach children how to think. The agnosticism of Massialas and Cox—it is worthy of note—was based not on the morality of science but, rather, on an analysis of American society. And throughout the sixties most prominent educationists made a similar analysis—that the society was fundamentally divided. By the early seventies, the educational theorists had not only lost interest in improving the intellectual quality of education for its own sake but had ceased to mention intellectual skills—even in the context of improving civics instruction. The social-studies journals were filled with discussions of the methods teachers should use to get students to define their own values. This enthusiasm for "values clarification" was succeeded by an enthusiasm for "the development of decision-making skills." In a yearbook of the National Council for the Social Studies, one high-school "social-studies chairperson" proposed that, to enhance their decision-making, students should not only study problems, such as the world food crisis, but find solutions to them and send them on to their congresspersons. He also suggested that teachers ask students to "role play," by giving them such problems as: What would you do if in 1942 your best friend was being taken away to an internment camp for Japanese-Americans? Or: What would you say to Nixon if you were his aide and you discovered the coverup in the winter of 1973? The old civics approach was back again.



By the mid-seventies, even the former leaders of the New Social Studies movement had come around to the view that teaching values was important. In 1974, Allan O. Kownslar, the editor of several inquiry texts, was defending the teaching of American history on the ground that it could "lend itself naturally to a developmental interplay between objectives within the cognitive and affective domains"—or, in other words, that it could mold attitudes and feelings as well as teach skills. Edwin Fenton went further than this. Indeed, to a degree he repudiated the New Social Studies; he had, he said, exaggerated the ability of children to learn analytical skills and underestimated how much they needed training in thinking about moral problems. In the April, 1976, issue of *Social Education*, Fenton took on the role of publicist for the work of Lawrence Kohlberg, a Harvard professor of education, who for some years had been engaged in elaborating a universal theory of moral development. According to Fenton, Kohlberg had established six identifiable stages of moral development, ranging from consideration of imminent punishment to consideration of universal ethical principles. He had also, Fenton said, established that the higher stages were better than the lower ones and that people could be taught to rise from one stage to the next by reasoned examination of real or hypothetical moral conflicts. In the course of this exegesis, Fenton urged that teachers undertake to instruct their students in "cognitive moral development" by means of the Socratic dialogue.

After this partial defection by one of its leading advocates, the New Social Studies was clearly dead. All that remained was for the new president of the National Council for the Social

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Studies, James P. Shaver, to write its epitaph. In his 1976 presidential address, Shaver said:

> For many years . . . social studies personnel were too busy with teaching "academic" content to pay much attention to values and valuing as part of citizenship education. In fact, the "structure of the discipline" approach that dominated most of the curriculum development projects which masqueraded as social studies projects in the 1960s was a fad that exemplified our long standing and unthinking subservience to professors in the academic disciplines.

In the same address, Shaver questioned whether it was "justifiable . . . to expose all school children to all verified social science knowledge" and asked whether the schools should teach "MACOS" at the elementary level.

THE educational debates of the nineteen-sixties and early seventies rivalled those of the Progressive era in scale and intensity. Because public discussions of how the next generation should be prepared for life reveal basic values and intellectual attitudes, these debates showed a good deal about the way Americans think and what they believe in. Taken together, what the debates suggest is that the real divisions in American society lie not between Republicans and Democrats or conservatives and liberals but among those groups one might call progressives, fundamentalists, and mandarins. These groups are not just political entities but whole cultures, as different from one another as the Zuñi and the Kwakiutl. The progressives are children of Rousseau, who believe in an egalitarian society, in the perfection of "nature," and in the perfectibility of man through education or a change in consciousness. The fundamentalists believe in God, not in man; they believe that man and society can survive only by the strictest obedience to a single, permanent set of truths, laws, and values. The mandarins are temperamental agnostics, who believe nonetheless in meritocracy, in the power of the intellect, and in the value of science and the cultural tradition. Over the years, these three groups have done battle with one another over almost every issue in education: who should control the schools, what should be taught in them, and whose interests should be served. In spite of their differences, however, they have, over the course of a century, come to adopt much the same attitude toward the purpose of schooling and the psychology of children.

The educational committees of the eighteen-nineties—the mandarins of that period—took it as an axiom that the purpose of the schools was to pass along the knowledge of one generation to the next, and in the most thorough and efficient way possible. Children could then do what they liked with it, including turning the whole thing over. The professors claimed no special authority except that of experience in their own subjects. They criticized the traditional public-school curriculum on the ground of its thinness, its poverty; they believed that schools could provide much richer fare for the minds of American children. More recently, however, the educational reform movements have veered in the opposite direction. Rather than try to broaden the flow of knowledge, they have tried to limit it to certain prescribed courses. What unites all recent educational movements is not just the narrow view they take of the culture but their manipulativeness with regard to children. It is this attitude that prevails among so many professional educationists and that makes the American-history textbooks so ahistorical and so boring.

In the education debates of the sixties and seventies, the progressive tendency has been represented by two groups—the New Romantics, as one historian called the counterculture critics of the sixties, and the political radicals. The New Romantics declared that their goal was to make education larger and more generous; they called for free play, creativity, authenticity, direct experience, and joy. This program did not necessarily exclude intellectual development and intellectual creativity. But because the New Romantics saw the technocracy—intellectual and otherwise—as the main enemy, they tended to look upon all intellectual pursuits as narrow, "academic," and stunting to the psyche. Not considering themselves intellectuals—and some of them were, by training, just that—they manufactured a dichotomy between freedom, creativity, and pleasure on the one hand and rationality on the other. If only because of its iconoclasm, the counterculture movement had a rejuvenating influence on American culture in general, but because of its anti-intellectualism it had the opposite effect on the school curriculum. Like their forebears in the Progressive era, the New Romantics argued that education should be non-authoritarian and that children should be allowed to develop naturally, spontaneously. But, as Jacques Barzun, among others, pointed out, there is a difference between education and schooling. If the main purpose of schooling is to teach chil-

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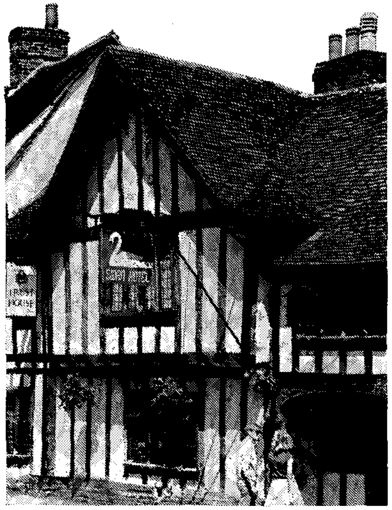

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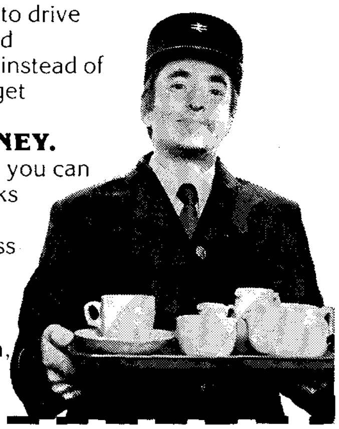

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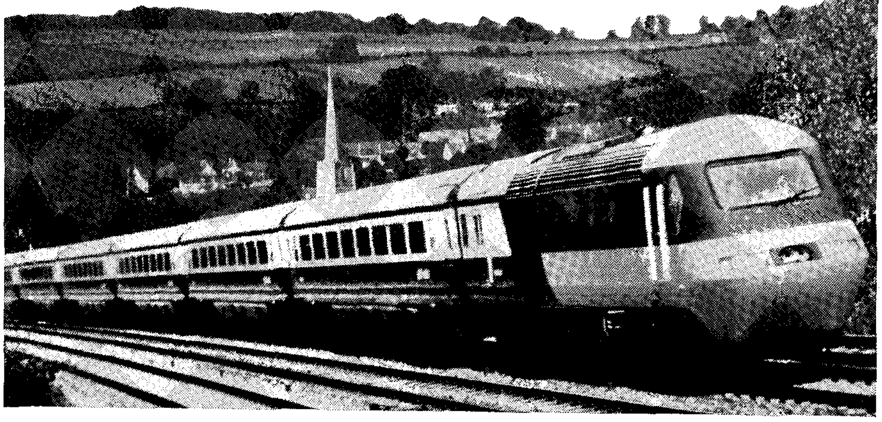

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dren subjects, then schools are by their nature undemocratic places—if only because teachers know more than children do about history and math. Those teachers who embraced the New Romantic ideology had the choice of concealing the authority they were in fact exerting or ceasing to teach subjects, in the interest of democracy. Those who were ideologically opposed to measuring students by their academic achievements had only the alternative of measuring them by their behavior and attitudes: Was the child creative and spontaneous? Teachers had to claim to be ultimate judges of personality, and, more than that, molders of character rather than experts (relative to children) in history or math.

As for the political radicals, they, too, were character molders, though in a different sense. When they described the horrors of urban-slum schools, they spoke as if these schools, properly run, could save children from the rest of society—and then change the world. They attacked the conservative content of the public-school curriculum, arguing that the new social-science courses were not much different from the old civics courses, in that they concealed more than they taught, and taught only acquiescence to the status quo. But then, after ridiculing fifties-style civics, they called for "relevant" courses in the *real* problems of democracy, to promote real social reform. The ease with which the schools adopted such courses should have been a warning to them, but it was not, and they were shocked when they discovered that their reforms had had an effect opposite to the one they desired.

In early 1976, Jonathan Kozol, an author and a former public-school teacher, wrote a fierce attack on the new generation of social-studies courses in an Op-Ed piece for the *Times*. Ironically, the attack was a perfect illustration of the difficulties inherent in the philosophy of the political radicals. Kozol wrote that he had interviewed students from a white suburban high school about a year-long research project they had done called "Urban Crisis and Race Turmoil in the Nineteen Sixties." The project had been advertised as "free" and "open," and it had taken children into the neighboring slums. But, according to Kozol, the children had reacted by putting an enormous distance between themselves and "the problem" out there. One child explained why. "We know," he said, "that . . . we're the ones who get the good end of the deal. . . . We talk about things we don't intend to change. Why change a situation which puts us right where we want, and other people . . . so far away we never even need to know that they exist?" What outraged Kozol was the cynicism these students had apparently learned. The school "research" courses, he concluded, were just as venal and corrupting as those carried on by the technocrats of the "good" colleges, where these students would soon go. Rather than promoting "*effective action*" (the italics are his), the schools were "turning out another generation of self-serving experts in the art of Needless Knowledge and Inert Ideas." He felt, he reported, a momentary rage on realizing this, but then he came around to a more realistic point of view. "Ethics? Action? Social transformation? What did I expect to find here in this modern, antiseptic, subdivided flagstone-decorated prison of the soul? What do we really think these schools are for?"

The question really is, however, why Kozol supposed that such schools would promote his particular brand of effective action and social transformation. And then, if they did promote it, why he supposed that students would not see it as a barefaced attempt to manipulate them. From a left-wing point of view, it was naïve of Kozol to suppose that a school would not reflect the views of the community that paid for its services. And if he was proposing that schools should not reflect community views, then he had to answer a number of questions about the role of democratic institutions which he did not in fact address. His view of children was equally primitive. Apparently, Kozol believed that children could grow up to the age of seventeen without developing any sense of their own place in society. Or else he believed that classrooms full of children could be converted from the politics of their parents by one or two schoolteachers. In either case, Kozol was dangerously overestimating the importance of the schools and underestimating the very people he had hoped would transform society: the schoolchild-revolutionaries he envisioned were babes in the wood.

What is interesting about both generations of progressives is the convergence between their view of the culture and their view of child psychology. Their prescriptions for education are put most precisely as limitations on what can be taught: the

N.E.A. committees of the Progressive era proposed to deny children all information that did not contribute to their social efficiency or "the appreciation of the modes of human betterment;" Kozol thought courses in "urban crisis" should not be taught except as spurs to social action. The psychology in both cases is monkey-see-monkey-do—except that it presumes that children see only what they are told to see in school. How the progressives arrived at this pedagogical theory is mystifying until one examines fundamentalist pedagogy, and at that point it becomes quite obvious that it is simply the fundamentalist position turned upside down.

Those who believe in a single, revealed truth might be expected to object to the teaching of, say, evolutionary theory on the ground that it was not true. But this is not at all the position the fundamentalists have taken in recent debates. In 1975, Representative John B. Conlan, then the leading congressional spokesman for the fundamentalist position, attacked Bruner's anthropology course, "MACOS," and similar courses on the ground that they were "vehicles for moral relativism and behavior modification." Many people, he wrote, blame "MACOS" for alcoholism, disregard for property rights, vandalism, uncivil behavior, epidemic venereal disease, disdain for the work ethic, callousness, cynicism, and belief in the occult. The statement is, of course, startling. What it suggests is that the psyches of children are so frail that if the schools present them with any exception to what the community defines as correct behavior they will plunge into a moral abyss from which nothing can save them. Conversely, then, all education ought to consist solely of instruction in, or examples of, how adults think children ought to live. Children should be shown only correct behavior—even if this means concealing much of the world from them and lying about much of the rest of it. The argument is founded on a firm belief in the efficacy of "behavior modification." Thus, it is not, as it first appears, an argument against behavior modification but, on the contrary, an argument that it should be done, and done correctly.

After all the farfetched theories of the progressives and the fundamentalists, the Back to Basics argument appears at first glance to be the essence of sanity—a purgative for all the excessive rhetoric and a promise to return the schools to their task of schooling. Its central thesis is unarguable: children ought to come out of school knowing

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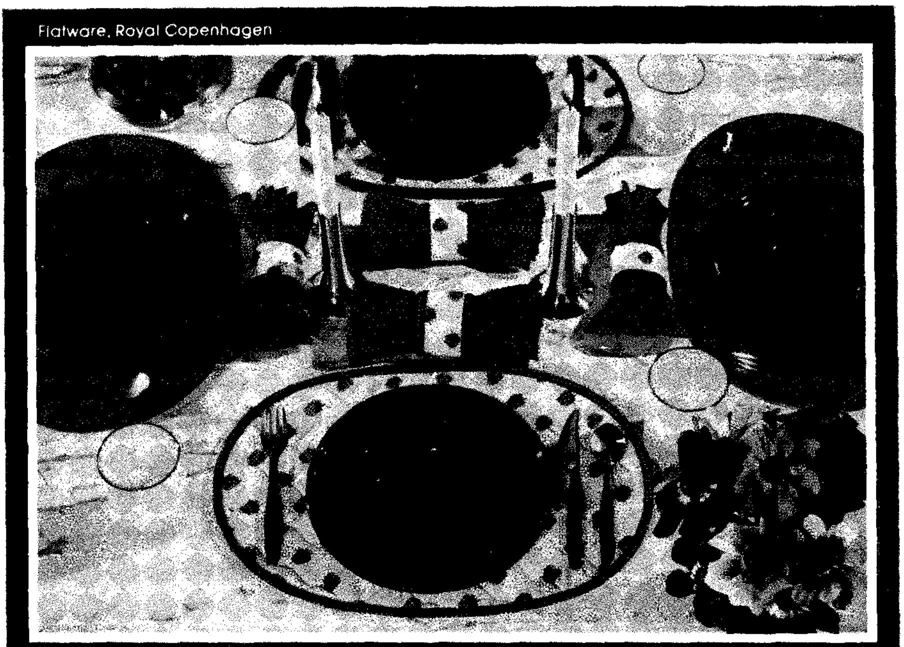

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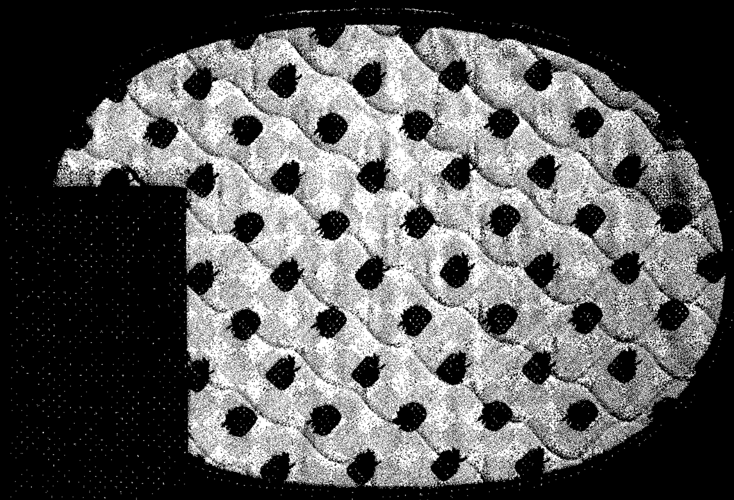

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how to read, write, and do math, and not enough of them do, in spite of the fact that the school system soaks up ever-increasing amounts of the national wealth. But that is about that. For, beyond this solid axiom, the Back to Basics argument floats out past the reaches of evidence and logic into the sphere of mysticism.

In the August 28, 1977, issue of the *Times Magazine*, Frank E. Armbruster, of the Hudson Institute, performed the service of condensing the full Back to Basics argument into a few pages. He stated, first of all, that the ability of American children to read and write had declined over the past ten years; this decline, he said, was the result of the failure of the schools to educate children as well as they used to. For this failure he blamed school reformers and many of the innovations that had been made in the school system since the nineteen-thirties. In order of their appearance, his objections were: the New Social Studies reformers; English-as-a-second-language programs; "open[ing] the schoolyard gate to the language, grammar, habits, dress and values of the slums;" democracy in the classroom; the New Math; audiovisual programs; "modular scheduling," "open classrooms," and the elective curriculum; and laxness, permissiveness, and laziness on the part of teachers. Children must, he concluded, learn basic skills and basic information, and the only way to insure that they do is to throw out these innovations and go back to the old-fashioned system of rote work, grading, and drill.

The first problem with the argument is that there is no hard evidence for any of Armbruster's propositions. Several, though not all, indicators show that the ability to read and write has declined over the past ten years, but this recent decline is difficult to assess, given the change in the school population. That this decline is the fault of the schools is simply a guess, since—if the decline exists—there are so many other possible causes, such as the decline of parental discipline or the omnipresence of television. As for the contention that traditional methods are superior to all others, there is some evidence that this is nonsense. In the nineteen-forties, the last time the Back to Basics movement was riding high, a respectable group of educators did a test on college students to determine the effectiveness of progressive education; the test, which continued for eight years, showed that students who graduated from progressive schools had a slightly higher academic achievement in college than students who graduated from traditionally run schools. This one test may not be proof positive—the variables in educational testing are nearly impossible to control—but in all the hundreds of studies done on children over the past few decades it has never been shown that children learn better by drill and rote methods than by any other system. The Back to Basics people may be right about certain of the innovations, but since they condemn opposite theories and forms of education in the same breath—nineteen-fifties-style "progressive education" *and* the New Math and Social Studies—they cannot show how or why, or even whether, they are right. The blanket indictment of all new methods makes for an implausible argument.

In fact, the Back to Basics argument is not a theory at all but, rather, a mood that sweeps the country from time to time. It is not even a specific reaction to progressive education, since it is far, far older than that. Complaints about the decline of education due to modern permissiveness go back at least to the mid-nineteenth century. As a national mood, it often coincides with the ends of wars and with periods of economic downturn. Conservative, pessimistic, nostalgic, it seems to be some kind of quest for certainty in an uncertain world. The argument itself is not racist or anti-democratic, but it always seems to appear in the wake of efforts to democratize the school system, and its proponents always insist on the importance of maintaining middle-class standards and values. It also contains an undertone of curmudgeonliness with regard to the young: they've had it easy, and now they've got to be disciplined, toughened up, the way we were. In its distrust of experimentalism and its glorification of the past, it is the opposite of what might be called the progressive temperament. At bottom, it is not conservative but fundamentalist, for its proponents, too, have no interest in history and no sense that the whole culture is worth preserving. Then, too, the Back to Basics theorists are clearly warning teachers against any ambitions they might have to teach critical thinking or the uses of the imagination. The "basics" are to them grammatical rules, facts, dates—also, instruction in patriotism and filiopiety.

Of all the educational movements of the sixties and seventies, only that of the academic reformers promised to liberate the philosophy of the schools from the reductive progressive-fundamentalist ideology. All the academic reformers—including Admiral Rickover—took the view that the purpose of schooling was to train the minds, not the characters, of children; they believed that the schools had a rather modest obligation toward society and that they were failing to fulfill it. A number of the people involved in the reform movement were heirs to the academics on the eighteen-nineties school committees in their belief that the schools could offer much richer intellectual fare across the board. This view was not, however, universal among the reformers, and it was not at all the view that percolated down through the ranks of the educationists into the school system.

One major difference between the two groups of academic reformers—the professors of the eighteen-nineties and the New Social Studies theorists of the nineteen-sixties—was that those of the sixties failed to create a new curriculum for the secondary schools. Apart from the impossible project of creating a "grammar of learning," the sixties theorists had no more comprehensive a program for the schools than the simple injunction to teach more (and more modern) science and social science. One reason for this lack of comprehensiveness was that many of the important figures in the movement represented special interests and special constituencies with rather narrow goals. Admiral Rickover, for instance, had little interest in humanities education; he wanted the high schools to teach more science, so that the nation could produce more scientists and compete successfully in the Cold War. Similarly, the most influential of the New Social Studies advocates paid no attention to natural-science education—even though they advocated social-science education, on the ground that it taught the scientific method. The authority claimed by the reformers was either too small or impossibly large. None took the cultural authority to decide what skills and what areas of knowledge would be most important to the generation then passing through the schools.

The failure of the reformers to produce a curriculum had its counterpart in the realm of ideas; they—particularly the New Social Studies advocates—failed to defend their own goals on moral and philosophical grounds. After all, the notion that the schools should teach critical thinking and the scientific method implied a set of values that was not accepted by the progressive-fundamentalist center of the

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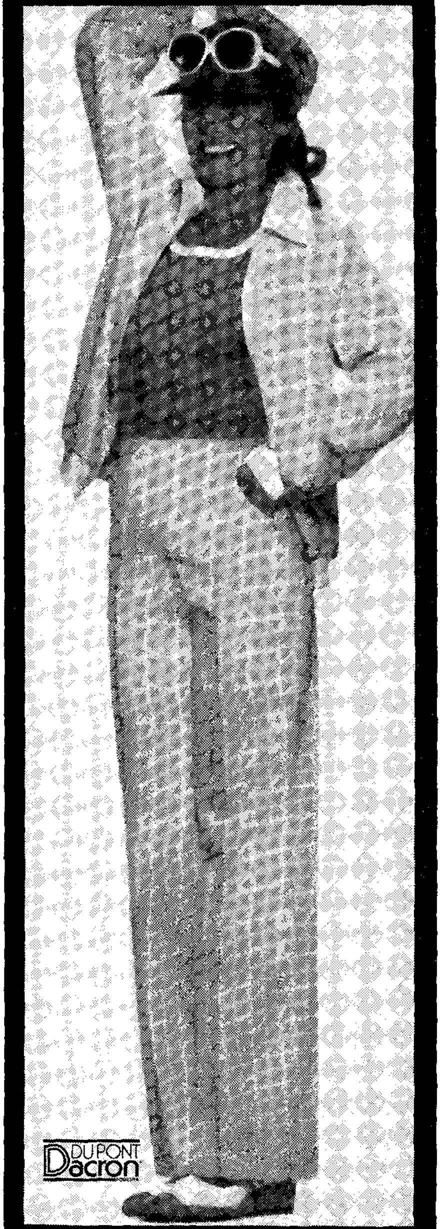

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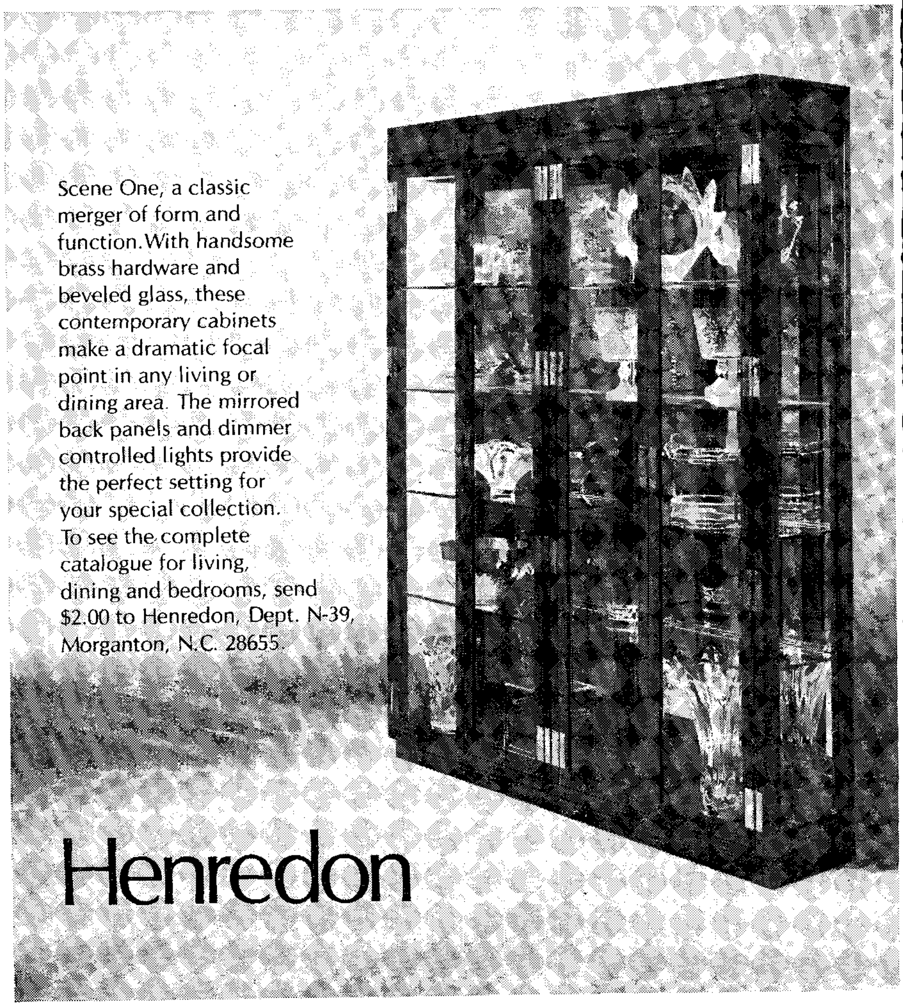

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school establishment in the late fifties. Bertrand Russell once wrote that "the whole conception of truth is one which is difficult to reconcile with the usual ideals of citizenship," if only because "it is impossible to instill the scientific spirit into the young so long as any propositions are regarded as sacrosanct and not open to question." Instead of fighting this battle, the New Social Studies advocates retreated into their role as technicians, experts in pedagogy. The upshot was that they could not defend themselves from the charges of moral relativism which eventually came from both left and right.

This retreat from the larger terrain of culture had another important consequence. To take the role of technician is necessarily to take a narrow view of what constitutes the training of a mind. In practice, many of the New Social Studies advocates relied on the authority of the social sciences. That authority served perfectly well within its own limits—that is, for the creation of high-school courses in anthropology, economics, and so on. But it proved a negative influence on many other areas of social-studies teaching. In the field of American history, for example, it tended to reinforce the tendency to ahistoricism and to the reduction of complex social phenomena to "problems" with solutions waiting somewhere for them. Taken seriously, the notion of "science" in the social sciences led to a mechanistic view of history and of human behavior in general. The "behavioral outcomes" sought by the New Social Studies reformers were at least intellectual rather than moral outcomes, but otherwise they were almost as simpleminded and reductive of child psychology as anything the progressives or fundamentalists proposed. With such defenders, critical thinking hardly needed enemies.

Progressive, fundamentalist, and mandarin—all three reform movements have contributed to the reductive view of history and the ahistoricism and the dullness that inhabit so many of the history texts. But there is another group of people who made a substantial contribution, and that is the professional educationists in the social studies. No matter what school-reform group has been in the ascendance, there have always been educationists to translate its general ideas into more specific and trivial ones and to make even the simplest issue incomprehensible. In the area of teaching, the educationists have in the past decade taken up "values clarification," "conflict resolution," "decision-making," and "cognitive moral development." One of them has managed the extraordinary feat of reinventing the Socratic dialogue while forgetting that though Socrates was a teacher, not all teachers are Socrates. At the same time, their rhetoric, never pithy, has in the hands of some of the most influential ballooned to pure hot air. Paul F. Brandwein, for instance, who formerly was an adjunct professor of education at the University of Pittsburgh and a director of the National Association for Research and Development in Education and is now the director of research for Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, has this to say about the modest art of teaching the social sciences:

> ... the ways of the child and of the teacher and of the social scientist are not disparate and divergent, they are congruent and convergent. All begin with a legacy; all begin with a heritage; all begin with the concepts that are part of the cognitive and affective underpinning of their society. There is a continuity of concepts, through past, present, and future, and they affect all lives. All of us share the human condition in all its magnificence and pathos.

THE social-studies texts of the seventies bear the imprint of all the new educational movements. Many of them are, in fact, monuments—towers of Babel—to the art of the educationist. And the younger the children to be taught, the higher these towers are. The current Houghton Mifflin social-studies series for kindergarten through sixth grade lists a general editor, an editorial adviser, fifteen teacher-consultants, and six other consultants, among them a "values consultant." According to the introductory material that appears in the teachers' edition of each volume, the series contains "strategies . . . designed to increase empathy and decrease inclinations toward egocentrism, ethnocentrism, and stereotyping;" also "historical materials [that] become a basic ingredient in the crucible of learning, as children are motivated to introduce their own life experiences and get involved in 'doing history.' " This series is also said to improve children's "decision-making" and to contribute to their "making valid judgments about problems facing our global society." While the Houghton Mifflin series promises to save the world, its Harcourt Brace competitor promises to save the child from moral darkness. Among the Harcourt Brace series' supplementary materials is "A Probe Into Values;" according to the teachers' edition, "This comprehensive values clarification program is packaged

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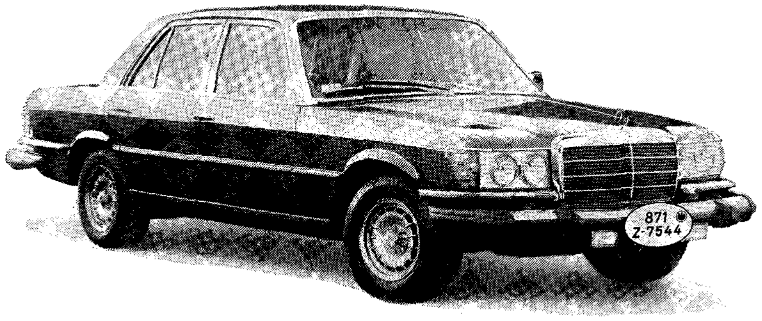

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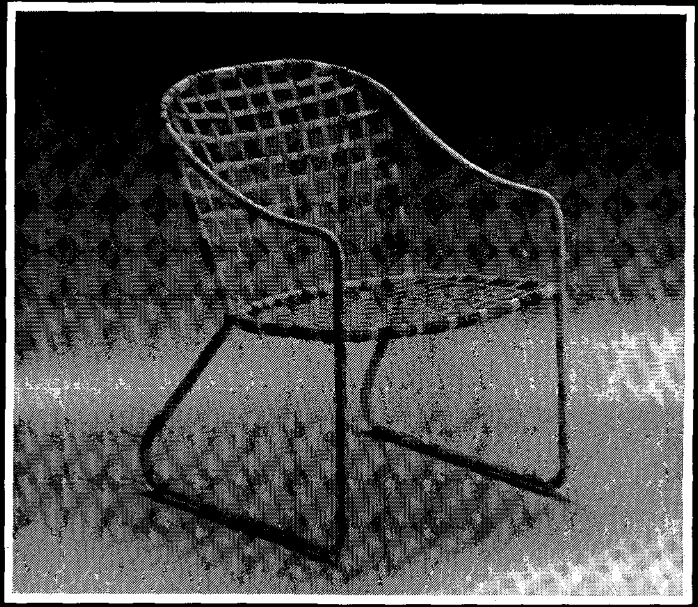

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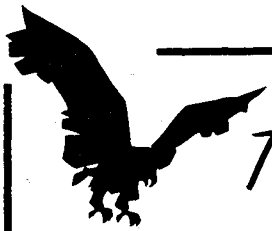

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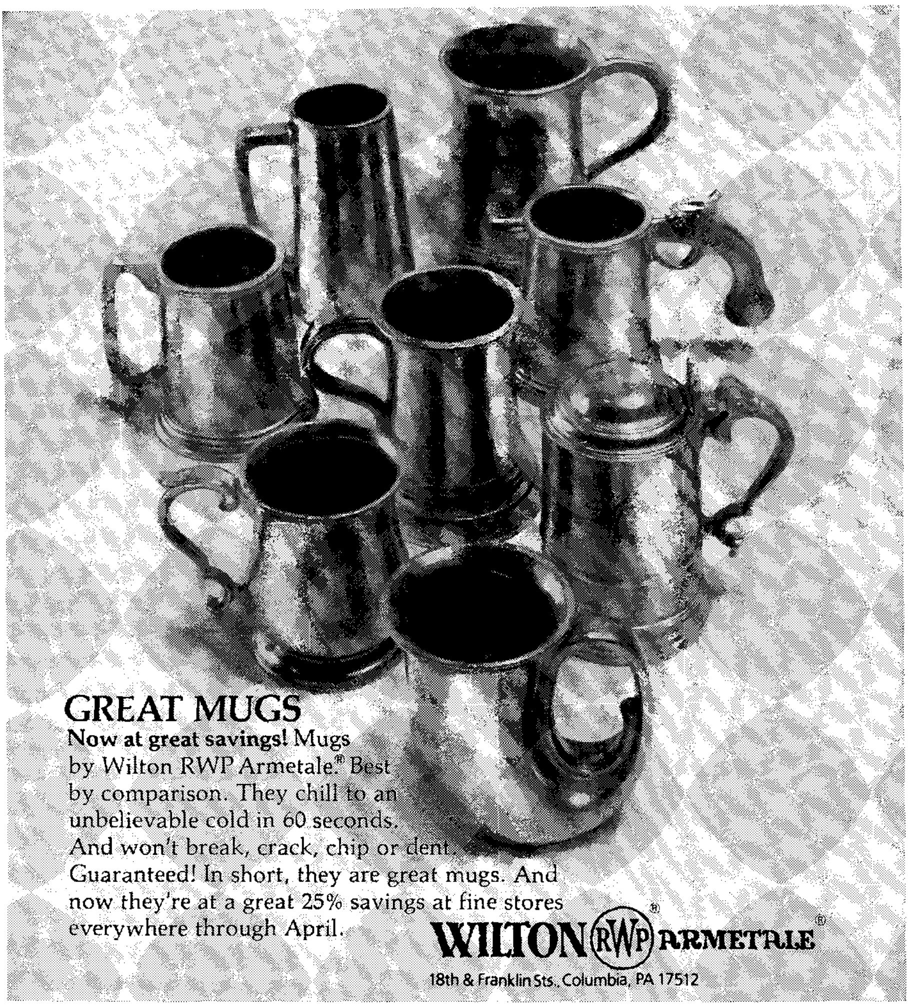
in a box and includes forty individual investigations presenting the child with a conflict in values within his own frame of reference."

In defense of many of these textbooks, it must be said that the "values clarification" programs and "conceptual grids" are merely gimmicks, which have no more effect on children than the flaming swords used to have on the meat served in the Pump Room in Chicago. (When asked about the inevitable flaming swords, the manager of that restaurant was supposed to have said, "Well, the customers like it, and it doesn't hurt the meat too much.") For all the fancy talk, the new teaching strategies are hardly any more subtle and insidious than the old progressive-fundamentalist civics lectures. In one elementary series, the efforts to encourage valid decision-making seem to boil down to a lot of photographs of trash cans and other ecological aids; in another, the strategy to increase empathy consists of endless pictures of smiling, well-behaved children from various tropical climes. As for the "values clarification" programs for older children, these usually follow along the lines of the Watergate or Japanese-American-internment-camp problems suggested in the N.C.S.S. Yearbook. Since few teachers, and fewer children, could actually put themselves in the place of one of Nixon's aides in the winter of 1973, the valid decision of any child would be to give the pious answer expected of him. The behavioral outcome for the child would likely be a sudden rise in cynicism and doubt about the competence of the teacher—if not open snickering.

The question is why. Why is it that the school-reform movements have all been so intellectually reductive? Why in the profession most directly concerned with education should there be a level of anti-intellectualism and sheer mindlessness found in few other professions? And, finally, why is it that schoolteachers and parents make no protest against all the gimmickry and the bland Socialist-realism-style writing in the books that children have to read? In the nineteen-fifties, a number of intellectuals—Commager, Hofstadter, Barzun, and others—puzzled over these questions, and the second one in particular. The answers they gave revolved around the low pay and low status of the teaching profession and the success of the educationists in divorcing the teachers college from the rest of the university. These conditions still exist to some degree, but the answers seem inadequate. The federal government now spends much more on the schools than formerly; the division between the universities and the secondary-school establishment is not as clear as it was twenty years ago; and most of the school reformers in the sixties and seventies came from outside the ranks of the professional educationists. To look at the whole subject again in the nineteen-seventies is to suspect that the causes lie deeper still.

One possible reason for the intellectual reductiveness of pedagogical thinking lies in the very nature of the pursuit. The job of educationists and other pedagogues is not primarily to consider the merits of any particular subject but to determine what and how young people can best be taught. Because the human mind knows very little about itself, their profession is an art or a craft, not a science—and most obviously so when it comes to teaching normal secondary-school students. The trouble is not just that there are few great artists or craftsmen in any field but that definite answers are much more attractive than indefinite ones, even if the questions are indefinite. Teaching gimmicks are much like pop psychology: the educationists have as much incentive to invent them as the publishers have to use them in books. Then, because it is practically impossible to prove or disprove any educational proposition in a scientific fashion, almost any proposition has a chance of being taken seriously if it is accompanied by enough noise. All of this explains a good deal about the success of certain New Social Studies advocates and the relative obscurity of those who had sounder, though necessarily more indefinite, ideas about how to teach children intellectual skills.

The propensity of educationists and school reformers to want to mold the character, rather than the minds, of children, however, derives from another syndrome. The assumption of pedagogy is, after all, that children are different from adults. From this assumption it is possible to proceed to the conclusion that children (even high-school students) are *very* different from adults—weird, deformed creatures who require salvation rather than simply schooling in history or English. While the Puritans believed that children were naturally sinful and had to be educated to virtue, modern pedagogues tend to believe that children are mentally ill. (The latest word on this subject comes from Paul Brandwein. "Above all," he has written, "a teacher heals." And, "In the social



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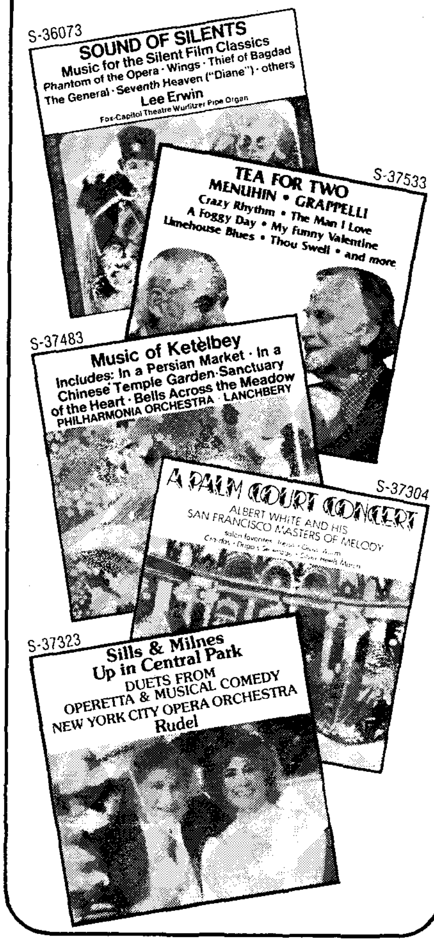
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sciences, if nowhere else, a consideration of the child's development and mental health, within the purview of the meanings of civilization, is paramount.") Similarly, the study of teaching methods carries with it the assumption that children can and should be manipulated in certain ways. On this line of reasoning, it is possible to proceed to the proposition that the aim of teaching is to obtain as much control over children as possible. It is *not* necessary to proceed in this direction—any more than it is necessary to believe that children are mentally ill—but in practice many professional educationists and their critics have done so in varying degrees. Pedagogy, in sum, is not just a vague and confusing subject, it is dangerous to those who think about it for too long.

The professional deformation of pedagogues probably does not entirely explain the simplistic behaviorism of so much educational thinking. Within the school-reform movements, at least, there is a larger social phenomenon at work. Americans, not uniquely but characteristically, want their children to have better lives and to live in a better world than they did. This desire has moved a great many mountains; it is at least partially responsible for all the great achievements of American society, including all of those connected with schooling. Still, where education is concerned, that desire is double-edged. In the first place, Americans, unlike those who live in static, class-bound societies, take a more or less *utilitarian* view of schooling. Usefulness could hardly be a more proper criterion for education. But the danger is that it is defined so narrowly as to permit only those skills that can immediately be put to use—or, worse still, nothing more than grades and degrees. In the second place, Americans tend to expect far too much from schooling. Of the two phenomena, the second is by far the more complex in cause and in result. At least since the nineteenth century, Americans have believed in the power of education in general, and schooling in particular, to improve the lot of their children and to improve society. John Dewey was speaking not as an educationist but as a philosopher in the American tradition when he said that the great discovery of the twentieth century was the child. This belief in education and in the future is, however, politically ambiguous. It could signify a great openness to change and a willingness to promote reform, but it could also signify the reverse. To urge reform through educa-

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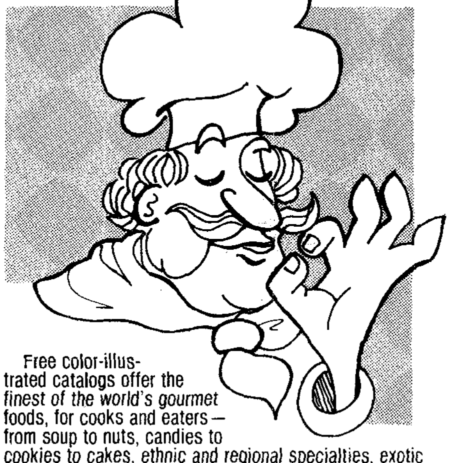

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tion could be merely a piece of wishful thinking or could be a strategy for avoiding reform, and the social conflict it would entail, by putting it off into the future. To urge reform through the public-school system could be merely to displace responsibility from the adult institutions that could achieve it. And, in practice, Americans in this century have sometimes placed burdens on children which they themselves were unwilling to shoulder, and put far too great a weight of responsibility on the schools.

Consider the question of social mobility, or equality of opportunity, to begin with. In this century, it has been a very firmly held article of belief that the public-high-school system was egalitarian and was the means for people from lower economic groups to rise on the economic ladder. If such a statement means that there is some correlation between academic achievement and economic success, then it is clearly true. But if it means that academic success is the decisive factor—that it is always more important than, say, the color of one's skin or the economic standing of one's parents—then it is clearly false. The schools cannot create equality of opportunity all by themselves. That seems quite obvious, and yet that is what many have expected them to do. Racial integration provides a similar case in point. Since the Supreme Court decisions of the nineteen-fifties, the burden of fulfilling what seemed to be a national aspiration for racial integration has been placed more heavily on the schools than on adult institutions such as corporations, labor unions, or government programs. The strategy is self-defeating—assuming that it was meant to work—since any particular tactic, from busing to "affirmative action," must cause some hardship to some students, and it is easier to raise a sympathy vote on behalf of children than on behalf of adults. In practice, the racial integration of the schools has been so easily circumvented as to prove that the schools by themselves cannot integrate society. Social welfare is yet another example. The progressive educators of the early nineteen-hundreds asked the schools to assume responsibility for the health, vocation, "worthy home membership," and use of leisure of the next generation. They passed over academic achievement for these things—and understandably, since they saw the public-school system as the one public agency available to meet the pressing needs of the new immigrants. The progressives of the nineteen-sixties asked the

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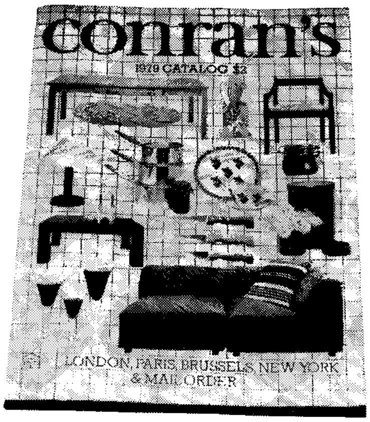

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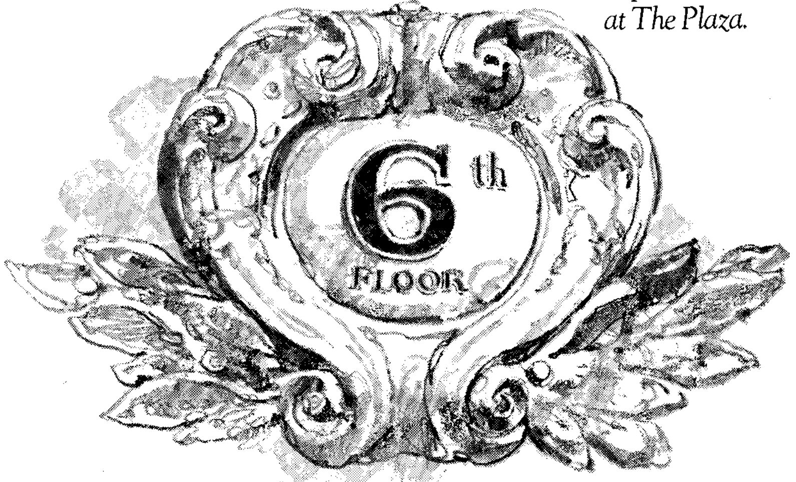

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schools to meet much the same set of needs for children in the urban ghettos—there still being no adequate alternative.

Schooling is not all of education, and yet it has often been saddled with the responsibility for all of it. "Concerned citizens" groups will, for example, go to absurd lengths to take the word "damn" out of literary anthologies and anatomical drawings out of biology books, when the word is heard on every street corner and when really pornographic pictures can be found on the magazine racks of the local drugstore. This may be wishful thinking or it may be pure hypocrisy, a variation on the theme of "let us be saved but not too soon"—that is, "let us be saved by the next generation."

Not only fundamentalists but progressives as well have a strong tendency to think that the schools should present the world, or the country, as an ideal construct. The censorship of schoolbooks is simply the negative face of the demand that the books portray the world as a utopia of the eternal present—a place without conflicts, without malice or stupidity, where Dick (black or white) comes home with a smiling Jane to a nice house in the suburbs. To the extent that young people actually believe them, these bland fictions, propagated for the purpose of creating good citizens, may actually achieve the opposite; they give young people no warning of the real dangers ahead, and later they may well make these young people feel that their own experience of conflict or suffering is unique in history and perhaps un-American. To the extent that children can see the contrast between these fictions and the world around them, this kind of instruction can only make them cynical. The textbooks' naïveté about child psychology is matched only by their lack of respect for history. Indeed, to insist that children do as we say, not as we do, is to assert that the past has no influence over the future and that today peels away from yesterday like a decal. Yet, since the Progressive era, those responsible for the majority of American-history texts have been paying mere lip service to the truism that one must know history in order to understand the present and the future. To teach history with the assumption that students have the psychology of laboratory pigeons is not only to close off the avenues for thinking about the future; it is to deprive American children of their birthright.

—Frances FitzGerald

(*This is the last part of a three-part article.*)

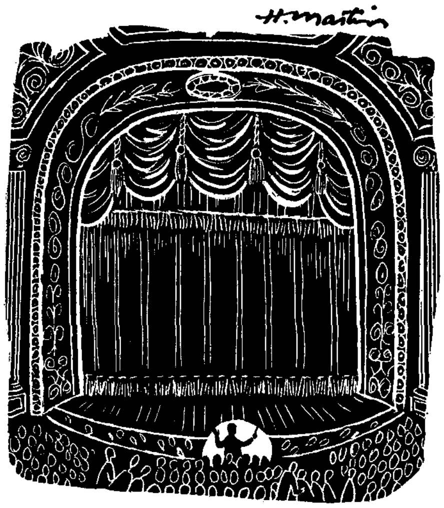
THE THEATRE

A Barber's Revenge

"Sweeney Todd" is a rowdy Victorian melodrama about a murderous London barber and his lady friend and confederate, Mrs. Lovett, whose business is the manufacture and sale of meat pies—a business for which the barber's nefarious activities provide a ready supply of the pies' basic ingredient, and I don't mean dough. There are many existing versions of "Sweeney Todd," but up to last Thursday evening, when a new musical version of the old warhorse sent uncountable gallons of blood gushing across the ample stage of the Uris, the only production familiar to me was the comparatively non-liquid one that is often given in the kitchen of Castletown House, just outside Dublin. The greatest country house in Ireland, Castletown serves as headquarters of the Irish Georgian Society, and the head of that organization, the Honourable Desmond Guinness, is one of the stars of the production. It is not too high praise of him and his fellow-amateurs to say that they demonstrate an ardor and ineptitude that leave their audiences in no doubt whatever of the total unreality of the gory deeds being enacted under Castletown's innocent roof.

The show at the Uris is a different matter altogether. It has a book by Hugh Wheeler (based on a version of the play by Christopher Bond) and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and it takes itself and its message seriously. With considerable emphasis at the beginning, though with less and less emphasis as the evening proceeds, we are invited to see Sweeney Todd not as a man obsessed with an insane desire for revenge but as a sorry victim of the workings of a vicious society—that nineteenth-century England which was reaping the rich fruits of the Industrial Revolution by dint of ignoring the cost in human suffering. The action of the play boasts enough dramatic invention to keep us from noticing, during much of the evening, that we are following a set of variations on a single prolonged sick joke. Mr. Wheeler is no Brecht, and "Sweeney Todd," if it threatens at first to become a belated "Threepenny Opera," quickly turns aside to content itself with scenes of grisly humor on a conventionally domestic scale—we laugh at the mechanical dexterity by means of which Todd contrives to send his victims, their throats slit, plunging down through a chute into Mrs. Lovett's bakeshop. None of the characters in "Sweeney Todd" is likely to win our hearts, but, thanks to Mr. Sondheim's ambitious score, they continuously engage our attention; even poor, mad Todd, in his last interrupted wisp of an aria, utters a cry of authentic human despair, and by doing so gains our sympathy.

"Sweeney Todd" has been composed as if it were an opera; snatches of dialogue furnish a scaffolding over which, none too prudently, we clamber from one song to the next. There are something like twenty-five songs in all, and they are so tightly woven into the fabric of the plot that I doubt if they will prove extractable. (I ought to add that I have expressed this doubt about earlier Sondheim songs and have nearly always been proved wrong.) His lyrics, often harsh in content, are characteristically nimble, their rhymes piling up—in Porter-like, piggyback fashion—three, four, and five times. As for Mr. Wheeler, his ear is somewhat too careless for my taste; I don't expect nineteenth-century Londoners to say "Farewell" on one occasion and "So long" on another, much less to use our contemporary slang phrase "lose your marbles." The very large cast of the show is exemplary. Len Cariou, as Todd, sings superbly, and Angela Lansbury, as Mrs. Lovett, is a droll, amoral baggage, condoning murder only when it happens to serve a useful purpose. Victor Garber, Merle Louise, Ken Jennings, Edmund Lyndeck, and Jack Eric Williams speak and sing with authority; I seem to hear behind them the voice of the director, Harold Prince, who well knows the value of vehemence in the proper time and place. The setting for this so-called "musical thriller" has been designed by Eugene Lee, and I'm sorry to say that it strikes me as being grotesquely out of scale with the needs of the production. It consists of an industrial shed whose iron girders, dollies, and belted lathes fill nearly every inch of the Uris stage. Obviously, the shed is intended to stand for the money-grubbing might of nineteenth-century England, but it recklessly dominates the assortment of small scenes taking place within it. Marcus Aurelius said that even in a palace life can be lived well, and, in something like the same fashion, even in the enormous Uris a measure of modesty is surely welcome. The costumes, by Franne Lee, are delightful; the admirable lighting is by Ken Billington; and what the program calls "dance and movement" is credited to Larry Fuller. A formidable amount of talent and skill has been expended upon "Sweeney Todd," and I suspect that the amount of pleasure you derive from it will prove to be in proportion to how strong a stomach you have for blood (imitation blood in this case) and how funny you think the subject of mass murder is. I admit my prejudice: it isn't a subject that sends me into gales of helpless laughter, because I am too much in fear of a time when the Sweeney Todds of this world will have become a commonplace. That dark thought is, of course, many a long league away from Sondheim, Wheeler, and Prince, whose purpose has been simply and chillingly to give us all a good old-fashioned scare. That they have done; I am steering clear these days of trapdoors, straight razors, and the more complexly bestrewn pizzas.



"On Golden Pond," which has just opened at the New Apollo Theatre, was praised in these pages last September, when it arrived Off Broadway as a presentation of the Hudson Guild Theatre; I have only to concur in that praise. It's a charming, agreeably sentimental play about an old couple spending the summer at their shabby, much-loved camp in Maine, and about how life and death do battle for possession of their minds and bodies. Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge are superb as the couple, and it's fascinating to observe how their depiction of the ignominies and occasional small triumphs of age differs from that of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Gin Game." The author of the play, Ernest Thompson, is just twenty-nine—an ideal age at which to write about the imminence of the grave. As in the earlier production, the director is Craig Anderson, presiding genius of the Hudson Guild; the designer of the sets and costumes is Steven Rubin; and the light-

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—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Waiting at the Church

At the end of Thomas Babe's "Taken in Marriage," a character called Dixie—"a theatrical personality," in her term—stands alone on the stage counting her money. She is the only non-member of the family the play is about, and the checks in her hand represent, in a manner of speaking, her take as a catalytic agent. For most of the evening, she has been prodding or annoying the members of that family—all of them women—using any means she can think of to make them open up and talk about themselves. The action of the play takes place in the basement of a New Hampshire church, which has been set up for a small reception, on the day of a wedding rehearsal that never comes off. There the bride and her sister, her mother, and her aunt, who have come up from New York, wait around in vain for the groom and his family to appear, their personal defenses and attitudes crumbling as the time passes. Dixie, occasionally singing and dancing, is the self-appointed entertainment for the ceremony, who, though she is fired early on by the mother, refuses to leave, and it is she who propels the action. As the women wait, much is revealed about all of them and the crisscrossing of their lives and loves—and the play takes off into a world of its own. It soon becomes clear that Mr. Babe has much more on his mind than is immediately apparent—perhaps questions of identity (why do the bride and her sister, Annie and Andrea, have similar names? And their dead father and the unseen groom, Harry and Henry?), perhaps theories about female sexuality, in all its ambiguity. I am not sure that I understand just what Mr. Babe is driving at; in any case, all that matters—as was true of his "Kid Champion" and "A Prayer for My Daughter"—is the people and what is happening to them. In this regard, "Taken in Marriage" makes a fascinating and tantalizing show from beginning to end. The writing is witty and precise, and it cuts deep. It is not often that actresses are given lines like Mr. Babe's or roles as rich as his; it is not often that a dramatist is given actresses as adroit and talented as those assembled at the Public, or a director as nimble and understanding as Robert Allan Ackerman to guide them, achieving appropriate tone at every step of the way.

The acting is a wonder. Kathleen Quinlan is exactly right as the nerve-racked bride. In the roles of her well-heeled, well-bred relatives, Meryl Streep, as usual, gives a mercurial star performance as her cynical, often married sister; Elizabeth Wilson is splendid as her dry, humorous spinster aunt (although it is hard to accept her as the homely woman she keeps telling us that she is); and Colleen Dewhurst was (she has since been replaced by Nancy Marchand) fine as the crusty mother, unshakable in her belief in loyalty and fidelity. As tough Dixie, the show-business type who manipulates all of them, Dixie Carter is everything she should be. That basement room, festooned with crêpe paper, and with a monstrous wedding cake on an upstage platform, was designed by Karen Schultz and lighted by Arden Fingerhut. Costumes by Bob Wojewodski.

—Edith Oliver

•

DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*James MacGregor Burns in the Times*]

Great leaders are usually fervently loved and deeply hated, as Roosevelt was, because they fight for goals far nobler than their own self-interest. Going to jail, or to the gallows, for what they believe in is a good test of revolutionaries' potential leadership, though it does not guarantee it.

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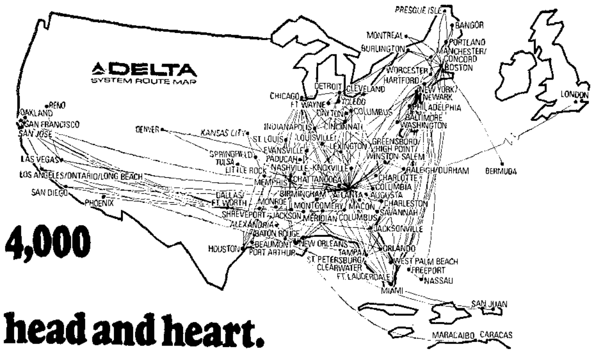

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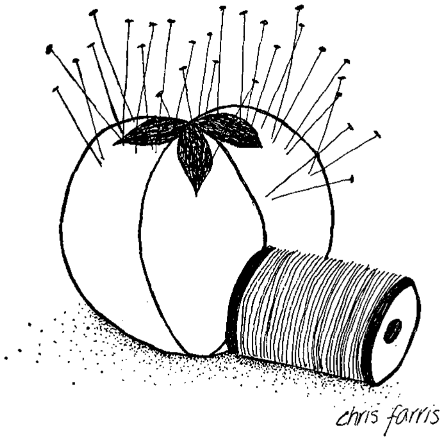
IT'S JUST TOO LATE

UNTIL she was sixteen, FaNee Cooper was what her parents sometimes called an ideal child. "You'd never have to correct her," FaNee's mother has said. In sixth grade, FaNee won a spelling contest. She played the piano and the flute. She seemed to believe what she heard every Sunday at the Beaver Dam Baptist Church about good and evil and the hereafter. FaNee was not an outgoing child. Even as a baby, she was uncomfortable when she was held and cuddled. She found it easy to tell her parents that she loved them but difficult to confide in them. Particularly compared to her sister, Kristy, a cheerful, open little girl two and a half years younger, she was reserved and introspective. The thoughts she kept to herself, though, were apparently happy thoughts. Her eighth-grade essay on Christmas—written in a remarkably neat hand—talked of the joys of helping put together toys for her little brother, Leo, Jr., and the importance of her parents' reminder that Christmas is the birthday of Jesus. Her parents were the sort of people who might have been expected to have an ideal child. As a boy, Leo Cooper had been called "one of the greatest high-school basketball players ever developed in Knox County." He went on to play basketball at East Tennessee State, and he married the homecoming queen, JoAnn Henson. After college, Cooper became a high-school basketball coach and teacher and, eventually, an administrator. By the time FaNee turned thirteen, in 1973, he was in his third year as the principal of Gresham Junior High School, in Fountain City—a small Knox County town that had been swallowed up by Knoxville when the suburbs began to move north. A tall man, with curly black hair going on gray, Leo Cooper has an elaborate way of talking ("Unless I'm very badly mistaken, he has never related to me totally the content of his conversation") and a manner that may come from years of trying to leave errant junior-high-school students with the impression that a responsible adult is magnanimous, even humble, about being in the right. His wife, a high-school art teacher, paints and does batik, and created the name FaNee because she liked the way it looked and sounded—it sounds like "Fawn-*ee*" when the Coopers say it—but the impression she gives is not of artiness but of soft-spoken small-town gentility.

When she found, in the course of cleaning up FaNee's room, that her ideal thirteen-year-old had been smoking cigarettes, she was, in her words, crushed. "FaNee was such a perfect child before that," JoAnn Cooper said some time later. "She was angry that we found out. She knew we knew that she had done something we didn't approve of, and then the rebellion started. I was hurt. I was very hurt. I guess it came through as disappointment."

Several months later, FaNee's grandmother died. FaNee had been devoted to her grandmother. She wrote a poem in her memory—an almost joyous poem, filled with Christian faith in the afterlife ("Please don't grieve over my happiness/Rejoice with me in the presence of the Angels of Heaven"). She also took some keepsakes from her grandmother's house, and was apparently mortified when her parents found them and explained that they would have to be returned. By then, the Coopers were aware that FaNee was going to have a difficult time as a teen-ager. They thought she might be self-conscious about the double affliction of glasses and braces. They thought she might be uncomfortable in the role of the principal's daughter at Gresham. In ninth grade, she entered Halls High School, where JoAnn Cooper was teaching art. FaNee was a loner at first. Then she fell in with what could only be considered a bad crowd.

Halls, a few miles to the north of Fountain City, used to be known as Halls Crossroads. It is what Knoxville people call "over the ridge"—on the side of Black Oak Ridge that has always been thought of as rural. When FaNee entered Halls High, the Coopers were already in the process of building a house on several acres of land they had bought in Halls, in a sparsely settled area along Brown Gap Road. Like two or three other houses along the road, it was to be constructed basically of huge logs taken from old buildings—a house that Leo Cooper describes as being, like the name FaNee, "just a little bit different." Ten years ago, Halls Crossroads was literally a crossroads. Then some of the Knoxville expansion that had swollen Fountain City spilled over the ridge, planting subdivisions here and there on roads that still went for long stretches with nothing but an occasional house with a cow or two next to it. The increase in population did not create a town. Halls has no center. Its commercial area is a series of two or three shopping centers strung together on the Maynardville Highway, the four-lane that leads north into Union County—a place almost synonymous in East Tennessee with mountain poverty. Its restaurant is the Halls Freezo Drive-In. The gathering place for the group FaNee Cooper eventually found herself in was the Maynardville Highway Exxon station.



At Halls High School, the social poles were represented by the Jocks and the Freaks. FaNee found her friends among the Freaks. "I am truly enlighted upon irregular trains of thought aimed at strange depots of mental wards," she wrote when she was fifteen. "Yes! Crazed farms for the mental off—Oh! I walked through the halls screams & loud laughter fill my ears—Orderlys try to reason with me—but I am unreasonable! The joys of being a FREAK in a circus of imagination." The little crowd of eight or ten young people that FaNee joined has been referred to by her mother as "the Union County group." A couple of the girls were from backgrounds similar to FaNee's, but all the boys had the characteristics, if not the precise addresses, that Knoxville people associate with the poor whites of Union County. They were the sort of boys who didn't bother to finish high school, or finished it in a special program for slow learners, or got ejected from it for taking a swing at the principal.

"I guess you can say they more or less dragged us down to their level with the drugs," a girl who was in the group—a girl who can be called Marcia—said recently. "And somehow we settled for it. It seems like we had to get ourselves in the pit before we could look out." People in the group used marijuana and Valium and LSD. They sneered at the Jocks and the "prim and

proper little ladies" who went with the Jocks. "We set ourselves aside," Marcia now says. "We put ourselves above everyone. How we did that I don't know." In a Knox County high school, teen-agers who want to get themselves in the pit need not mainline heroin. The Jocks they mean to be compared to do not merely show up regularly for classes and practice football and wear clean clothes; they watch their language and preach temperance and go to prayer meetings on Wednesday nights and talk about having a real good Christian witness. Around Knoxville, people who speak of well-behaved high-school kids often seem to use words like "perfect," or even "angels." For FaNee's group, the opposite was not difficult to figure out. "We were into wicked things, strange things," Marcia says. "It was like we were on some kind of devil trip." FaNee wrote about demons and vultures and rats. "Slithering serpents eat my sanity and bite my ass," she wrote in an essay called "The Lovely Road of Life," just after she turned sixteen, "while tornadoes derail and ever so swiftly destroy every car in my train of thought." She wrote a lot about death.

FaNee's girl friends spoke of her as "super-intelligent." Her English teacher found some of her writing profound—and disturbing. She was thought to be not just super-intelligent but super-mysterious, and even, at times, super-weird—an introverted girl who stared straight ahead with deep-brown, nearly black eyes and seemed to have thoughts she couldn't share. Nobody really knew why she had chosen to run with the Freaks—whether it was loneliness or rebellion or simple boredom. Marcia thought it might have had something to do with a feeling that her parents had settled on Kristy as their perfect child. "I guess she figured she couldn't be the best," Marcia said recently. "So she decided she might as well be the worst."

TOWARD the spring of FaNee's junior year at Halls, her problems seemed to deepen. Despite her intelligence, her grades were sliding. She was what her mother called "a mental dropout." Leo Cooper had to visit Halls twice because of minor suspensions. Once, FaNee had been caught smoking. Once, having ducked out of a required assembly, she was spotted by a favorite teacher, who turned her in. At home, she exchanged little more than short, strained formalities with Kristy, who shared their parents' opinion of FaNee's choice of friends. The Coopers had finished their house—a large house, its size accentuated by the huge old logs and a great stone fireplace and outsize "Paul Bunyan"-style furniture—but FaNee spent most of her time there in her own room, sleeping or listening to rock music through earphones. One night, there was a terrible scene when FaNee returned from a concert in a condition that Leo Cooper knew had to be the result of marijuana. JoAnn Cooper, who ordinarily strikes people as too gentle to raise her voice, found herself losing her temper regularly. Finally, Leo Cooper asked a counsellor he knew, Jim Griffin, to stop in at Halls High School and have a talk with FaNee—unofficially.

Griffin—a young man with a warm, informal manner—worked for the Juvenile Court of Knox County. He had a reputation for being able to reach teen-agers who wouldn't talk to their parents or to school administrators. One Friday in March of 1977, he spent an hour and a half talking to FaNee Cooper. As Griffin recalls the interview, FaNee didn't seem alarmed by his presence. She seemed to him calm and controlled—Griffin thought it was something like talking to another adult—and, unlike most of the teen-agers he dealt with, she looked him in the eye the entire time. Griffin, like some of FaNee's friends, found her eyes unsettling—"the coldest, most distant, but, at the same time, the most knowing eyes I'd ever seen." She expressed affection for her parents, but she didn't seem interested in exploring ways of getting along better with them. The impression she gave Grif-

JASMINE

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fin was that they were who they were, and she was who she was, and there didn't happen to be any connection. Several times, she made the same response to Griffin's suggestions: "It's too late."

THAT weekend, neither FaNee nor her parents brought up the subject of Griffin's visit. Leo Cooper has spoken of the weekend as being particularly happy; a friend of FaNee's who stayed over remembers it as particularly strained. FaNee stayed home from school on Monday because of a bad headache—she often had bad headaches—but felt well enough on Monday evening to drive to the library. She was to be home at nine. When she wasn't, Mrs. Cooper began to phone her friends. Finally, around ten, Leo Cooper got into his other car and took a swing around Halls—past the teen-age hangouts like the Exxon station and the Pizza Hut and the Smoky Mountain Market. Then he took a second swing. At eleven, FaNee was still not home.

She hadn't gone to the library. She had picked up two girl friends and driven to the home of a third, where everyone took five Valium tablets. Then the four girls drove over to the Exxon station, where they met four boys from their crowd. After a while, the group bought some beer and some marijuana and reassembled at Charlie Stevens' trailer. Charlie Stevens was five or six years older than everyone else in the group—a skinny, slow-thinking young man with long black hair and a sparse beard. He was married and had a child, but he and his wife had separated; she was back in Union County with the baby. Stevens had remained in their trailer—parked in the yard near his mother's house, in a back-road area of Knox County dominated by decrepit, unpainted sheds and run-down trailers and rusted-out automobiles. Stevens had picked up FaNee at home once or twice—apparently, more as a driver for the group than as a date—and the Coopers, having learned that his unsuitability extended to being married, had asked her not to see him.

In Charlie's trailer, which had no heat or electricity, the group drank beer and passed around joints, keeping warm with blankets. By eleven or so, FaNee was what one of her friends has called "super-messed-up." Her speech was slurred. She was having trouble keeping her balance. She had decided not to go home. She had apparently persuaded herself that her parents intended to send her away to some

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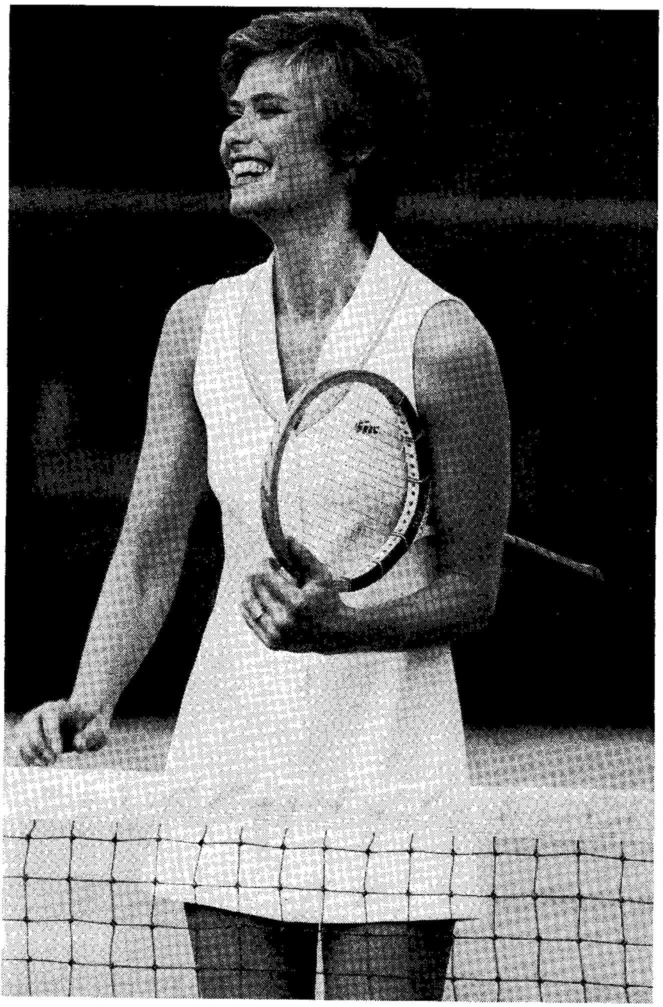
sort of home for incorrigibles. "It's too late," she said to one of her friends. "It's just too late." It was decided that one of the boys, David Munsey, who was more or less the leader of the group, would drive the Coopers' car to FaNee's house, where FaNee and Charlie Stevens would pick him up in Stevens' car—a worn Pinto with four bald tires, one light, and a dragging muffler. FaNee wrote a note to her parents, and then, perhaps because her handwriting was suffering the effects of beer and marijuana and Valium, asked Stevens to rewrite it on a large piece of paper, which would be left on the seat of the Coopers' car. The Stevens version was just about the same as FaNee's, except that Stevens left out a couple of sentences about trying to work things out ("I'm willing to try") and, not having won any spelling championships himself, he misspelled a few words, like "tomorrow." The note said, "Dear Mom and Dad. Sorry I'm late. Very late. I left your car because I thought you might need it tomorrow. I love you all, but this is something I just had to do. The man talked to me privately for one and a half hours and I was really scared, so this is something I just had to do, but don't worry, I'm with a very good friend. Love you all. FaNee. P. S. Please try to understand I love you all very much, really I do. Love me if you have a chance."

At eleven-thirty or so, Leo Cooper was sitting in his living room, looking out the window at his driveway—a long gravel road that runs almost four hundred feet from the house to Browns Gap Road. He saw the car that FaNee had been driving pull into the driveway. "She's home," he called to his wife, who had just left the room. Cooper walked out on the deck over the garage. The car had stopped at the end of the driveway, and the lights had gone out. He got into his other car and drove to the end of the driveway. David Munsey had already joined Charlie Stevens and FaNee, and the Pinto was just leaving, travelling at a normal rate of speed. Leo Cooper pulled out on the road behind them.

Stevens turned left on Crippen Road, a road that has a field on one side and two or three small houses on the other, and there Cooper pulled his car in front of the Pinto and stopped, blocking the way. He got out and walked toward the Pinto. Suddenly, Stevens put the car in reverse, backed into a driveway a hundred yards behind him, and sped off. Cooper jumped in his car and gave chase. Stevens raced



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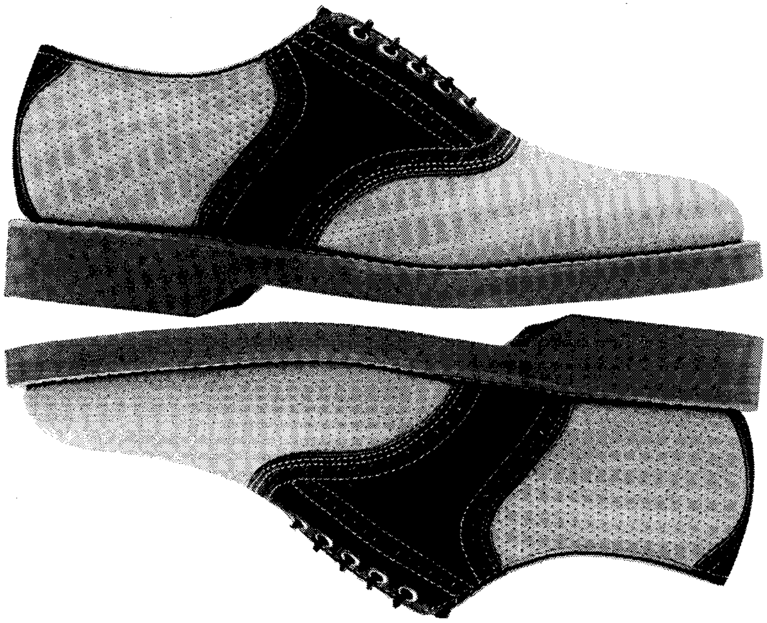

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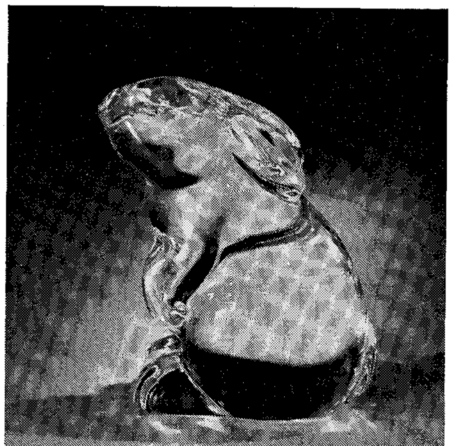

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back to Brown Gap Road, ran a stop sign there, ran another stop sign at the Maynardville Highway, turned north, veered off onto the old Andersonville Pike, a nearly abandoned road that runs parallel to the highway, and then crossed back over the highway to the narrow, dark country roads on the other side. Stevens sometimes drove with his lights out. He took some of the corners by suddenly applying his hand brake to make the car swerve around in a ninety-degree turn. He was in familiar territory—he actually passed his trailer—and Cooper had difficulty keeping up. Past the trailer, Stevens swept down a hill into a sharp left turn that took him onto Foust Hollow Road, a winding, hilly road not much wider than one car.

At a fork, Cooper thought he had lost the Pinto. He started to go right, and then saw what seemed to be a spark from Stevens' dragging muffler off to the left, in the darkness. Cooper took the left fork, down Salem Church Road. He went down a hill, and then up a long, curving hill to a crest, where he saw the Stevens car ahead. "I saw the car airborne. Up in the air," he later testified. "It was up in the air. And then it completely rolled over one more time. It started to make another flip forward, and just as it started to flip to the other side it flipped back this way, and my daughter's body came out."

Cooper slammed on his brakes and skidded to a stop up against the Pinto. "Book!" Stevens shouted—the group's equivalent of "Scram!" Stevens and Munsey disappeared into the darkness. "It was dark, no one around, and so I started yelling for FaNee," Cooper has testified. "I thought it was an eternity before I could find her body, wedged under the back end of that car. . . . I tried everything I could, and saw that I couldn't get her loose. So I ran to a trailer back up to the top of the hill back up there to try to get that lady to call to get me some help, and then apparently she didn't think that I was serious. . . . I took the jack out of my car and got under, and it was dark, still couldn't see too much what was going on . . . and started prying and got her loose, and I don't know how. And then I dragged her over to the side, and, of course, at the time I felt reasonably assured that she was gone, because her head was completely—on one side just as if you had taken a sledgehammer and just hit it and bashed it in. And I did have the pleasure of one thing. I had the pleasure of listening to her breathe about the last

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three times she ever breathed in her life.”

DAVID MUNSEY did not return to the wreck that night, but Charlie Stevens did. Leo Cooper was kneeling next to his daughter’s body. Cooper insisted that Stevens come close enough to see FaNee. “He was kneeling down next to her,” Stevens later testified. “And he said, ‘Do you know what you’ve done? Do you really know what you’ve done?’ Like that. And I just looked at her, and I said, ‘Yes,’ and just stood there. Because I couldn’t say nothing.” There was, of course, a legal decision to be made about who was responsible for FaNee Cooper’s death. In a deposition, Stevens said he had been fleeing for his life. He testified that when Leo Cooper blocked Crippen Road, FaNee had said that her father had a gun and intended to hurt them. Stevens was bound over and eventually indicted for involuntary manslaughter. Leo Cooper testified that when he approached the Pinto on Crippen Road, FaNee had a strange expression that he had never seen before. “It wasn’t like FaNee, and I knew something was wrong,” he said. “My concern was to get FaNee out of the car.” The district attorney’s office asked that Cooper be bound over for reckless driving, but the judge declined to do so. “Any father would have done what he did,” the judge said. “I can see no criminal act on the part of Mr. Cooper.”

Almost two years passed before Charlie Stevens was brought to trial. Part of the problem was assuring the presence of David Munsey, who had joined the Navy but seemed inclined to assign his own leaves. In the meantime, the Coopers went to court with a civil suit—they had “uninsured-motorist coverage,” which requires their insurance company to cover any defendant who has no insurance of his own—and they won a judgment. There were ways of assigning responsibility, of course, which had nothing to do with the law, civil or criminal. A lot of people in Knoxville thought that Leo Cooper had, in the words of his lawyer, “done what any daddy worth his salt would have done.” There were others who believed that FaNee Cooper had lost her life because Leo Cooper had lost his temper. Leo Cooper was not among those who expressed any doubts about his actions. Unlike his wife, whose eyes filled with tears at almost any mention of FaNee, Cooper seemed able, even eager to go over the details of the accident again and

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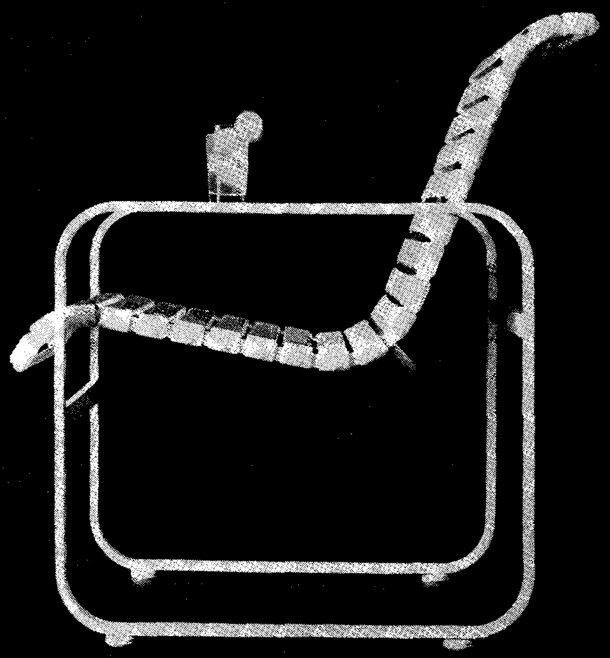

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again. With the help of a school-board security man, he conducted his own investigation. He drove over the route dozens of times. "I've thought about it every day, and I guess I will the rest of my life," he said as he and his lawyer and the prosecuting attorney went over the route again the day before Charlie Stevens' trial finally began. "But I can't tell any alternative for a father. I simply wanted her out of that car. I'd have done the same thing again, even at the risk of losing her."

TENNESSEE law permits the family of a victim to hire a special prosecutor to assist the district attorney. The lawyer who acted for the Coopers in the civil case helped prosecute Charlie Stevens. Both he and the district attorney assured the jurors that the presence of a special prosecutor was not to be construed to mean that the Coopers were vindictive. Outside the courtroom, Leo Cooper said that the verdict was of no importance to him—that he felt sorry, in a way, for Charlie Stevens. But there were people in Knoxville who thought Cooper had a lot riding on the prosecution of Charlie Stevens. If Stevens was not guilty of FaNee Cooper's death—found so by twelve of his peers—who was?

At the trial, Cooper testified emotionally and remarkably graphically about pulling FaNee out from under the car and watching her die in his arms. Charlie Stevens had shaved his beard and cut his hair, but the effort did not transform him into an impressive witness. His lawyer—trying to argue that it would have been impossible for Stevens to concoct the story about FaNee's having mentioned a gun, as the prosecution strongly implied—said, "His mind is such that if you ask him a question you can hear his mind go around, like an old mill creaking." Stevens did not deny the recklessness of his driving or the sorry condition of his car. It happened to be the only car he had available to flee in, he said, and he had fled in fear for his life.

The prosecution said that Stevens could have let FaNee out of the car when her father stopped them, or could have gone to the commercial strip on the Maynardville Highway for protection. The prosecution said that Leo Cooper had done what he might have been expected to do under the circumstances—alone, late at night, his daughter in danger. The defense said precisely the same about Stevens: he had done what he might have been expected to do when being pursued by a man he had reason to be afraid of. "I don't

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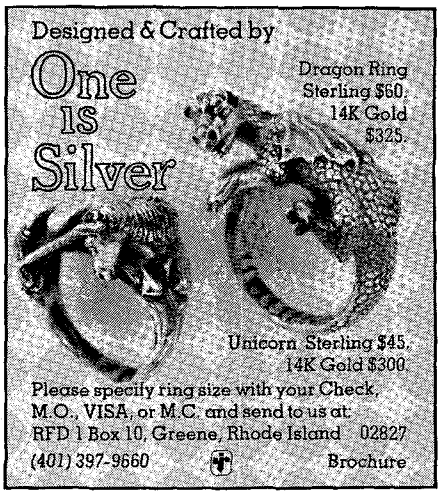

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fault Mr. Cooper for what he did, but I'm sorry he did it," the defense attorney said. "I'm sorry the girl said what she said." The jury deliberated for eighteen minutes. Charlie Stevens was found guilty. The jury recommended a sentence of from two to five years in the state penitentiary. At the announcement, Leo Cooper broke down and cried. JoAnn Cooper's eyes filled with tears; she blinked them back and continued to stare straight ahead.

IN a way, the Coopers might still strike a casual visitor as an ideal family—handsome parents, a bright and bubbly teen-age daughter, a little boy learning the hook shot from his father, a warm house with some land around it. FaNee's presence is there, of course. A picture of her, with a small bouquet of flowers over it, hangs in the living room. One of her poems is displayed in a frame on a table. Even if Leo Cooper continues to think about that night for the rest of his life, there are questions he can never answer. Was there a way that Leo and JoAnn Cooper could have prevented FaNee from choosing the path she chose? Would she still be alive if Leo Cooper had not jumped into his car and driven to the end of the driveway to investigate? Did she in fact tell Charlie Stevens that her father would hurt them—or even that her father had a gun? Did she want to get away from her family even at the risk of tearing around dark country roads in Charlie Stevens' dismal Pinto? Or did she welcome the risk? The poem of FaNee's that the Coopers have displayed is one she wrote a week before her death:

I think I'm going to die
And I really don't know why.
But look in my eye
When I tell you good-bye.
I think I'm going to die.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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[*From "Howard Phillips Lovecraft" (1941), a memorial booklet by W. Paul Cook*]

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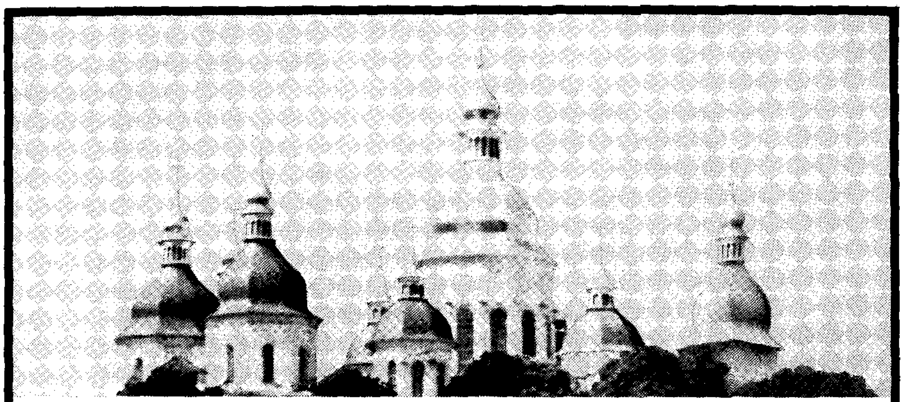

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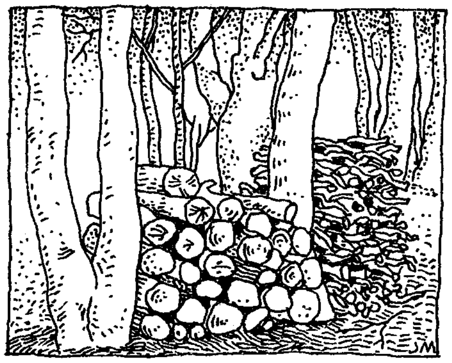
PHOTOGRAPHY

Artists and Lovers

INNOCENTLY opening the book "Georgia O'Keeffe, A Portrait," by Alfred Stieglitz, published by the Metropolitan Museum on the occasion of its exhibition of the same photographs, is like taking a little drive in the country and suddenly coming upon Stonehenge. The series of fifty-one photographs of O'Keeffe's face, hands, and naked body (selected from a group of about five hundred photographs taken between 1917 and 1937, some of which have been shown and reproduced but never before collected) is Stieglitz's posthumous masterpiece, one of photography's monuments, and a tour de force of offset printing. Stieglitz was on the whole opposed to any reprinting of his pictures. "My photographs do not lend themselves to reproduction," he wrote to a publisher in 1931, and went on to explain, "The very qualities that give them their life would be completely lost in reproduction. The quality of *touch* in its deepest living sense is inherent in my photographs. When that sense of touch is lost, the heartbeat of the photograph is extinct. In the reproduction, it would become extinct—dead. My interest is in the living. That is why I cannot give permission to reproduce my photographs." This letter is quoted in the text that Dorothy Norman wrote for the Stieglitz volume in Aperture's History of Photography series, and the inadequate reproductions in the book, including some from the O'Keeffe series, bear out Stieglitz's objection all too well. In amazing contrast, the reproductions in the new Metropolitan Museum book (available at the museum, for $35, with a trade edition scheduled for this summer) are near-replicas of Stieglitz's palladio and gelatin-silver prints, somehow retaining the tactility of the originals. Richard Benson, who made the printer's negatives, and Eleanor Caponigro, who supervised the printing process, are the persons chiefly responsible for this impossible-seeming feat. A comparison of the original prints in the show with the reproductions in the book revealed only a few tiny discrepancies, and these mainly in the earliest palladio prints. To this viewer's mind, the occasional small losses in the reproductions were more than made up for by the opportunity for slow, quiet perusal that the book offers and that the crowded museum show (and the crowd-reflecting glass in front of the prints) did not. Not since the days of *Camera Work* has there been such a book of photographs.

If the quality of the reproductions restored the O'Keeffe pictures to their rightful preëminence in Stieglitz's œuvre, their collective presentation was another act of restoration. O'Keeffe's face is one of the most famous in art. The name immediately evokes the image of the grave, gaunt, enigmatic woman—neither young nor old but possessed of a sibyl's beautiful, strange, dark, sorrowing agelessness—that Stieglitz's photographs have etched into the public consciousness, and that by its very vividness has engendered an odd confusion between the woman, her art, and the photographs. The art critic Sanford Schwartz has pointed out the influence of the Stieglitz photographs on the public reception of O'Keeffe's paintings; presumably, if an unphotographed nonentity had done the same paintings they would not have achieved the renown they achieved as Georgia O'Keeffe's work. Conversely, if Stieglitz had photographed a Queens housewife rather than America's leading avant-garde woman painter, the photographs, too, would have been differently regarded. Until the publication of this book, Stieglitz's role in the O'Keeffe photographs was minimal, almost incidental, somewhat akin to that of the shadowy escort of the beautiful model in a fashion photograph. So strong is the identification of O'Keeffe with her photographed likeness that the photographs have seemed to belong among *her* works rather than among Stieglitz's. The book firmly restores the photographs to their rightful maker. Seeing them together, in chronological order, as in an artist's retrospective, we are in a position to perceive that our image of Georgia O'Keeffe is an artist's invention—the O'Keeffe in the photographs is to the real O'Keeffe what the Saskia in Rembrandt's paintings was to the real Saskia. In this collection, O'Keeffe the famous woman artist recedes and Stieglitz the great photographer moves to the forefront. The "portrait" is a self-portrait.



The man who emerges from it is hardly the same Stieglitz—the pompous, sententious, petulant, cold, sexless old maid—who came out of Dorothy Norman's worshipful and naïvely devastating biography. The man who took the pictures of O'Keeffe is a person of evident warmth, passion, erotic imaginativeness, and assured masculinity. The early pictures in particular—made in the various borrowed studios and apartments where the couple lived before their marriage, in 1924—demonstrate Stieglitz's capacity for love and sex. In her introduction, O'Keeffe, now ninety-one, playfully recalls this period:

> He began to photograph me when I was about twenty-three. [She was actually about thirty.] When his photographs of me were first shown, it was in a room at the Anderson Galleries. Several men—after looking around awhile—asked Stieglitz if he would photograph their wives or girlfriends the way he photographed me. He was very amused, and laughed about it. If they had known what a close relationship he would have needed to have to photograph their wives or girlfriends the way he photographed me—I think they wouldn't have been interested.

Weston's nudes, compared to Stieglitz's, seem almost timid and repressed. One Stieglitz nude, of 1918 (never before published)—a torso cropped at the chest and mid-thigh—stands out from the rest in its blunt sexuality. The picture is taken from below, from a gynecologist's vantage point. The model sits with her thighs open, a robe pushed aside to show breasts and stomach and pubic hair and labia. Because of the camera's foreshortening angle, O'Keeffe's slender body here assumes a Léger-like squatness and massiveness: the breasts are heavy and pendulous, the pelvis looks broad, the thighs are thick. What gives the picture its tremendous erotic impact is, paradoxically, the very thing that saves it from being lewd and unprintable in an art book. The photograph is printed to darken out the particulars of the genitals: the dark pubic hair merges with the darkness below and forms an enormous black place at the lower center of the picture which dominates the composition—drags the eye to itself, as an abyss compels the gaze of the vertiginous into its fathomless darkness. The photograph is an "equivalent" (to use Stieglitz's term for what he thought a photograph should always be) of a feeling of the time about sex, which reached its apogee in the novels of D. H. Lawrence, as a dark, heavy,

"Excuse me. What is the name of that dish?"

• •

mysterious, symbolic, profoundly serious, almost religious experience. It evokes, too, the powerful sex/death-fusing metaphor of another contemporary writer, E. M. Forster—the metaphor of the cave, in "A Passage to India," where Mrs. Moore endures the horror of cosmic "panic and emptiness." And, finally, it illustrates, fifty years before its time, and better than anything else yet done, the current feminist ideal of woman as large, strong, assertive, authentic, unself-conscious, independent of male approval (and, if it comes to that, male desire)—in every way the opposite of her small, soft, ingratiating, coyly seductive predecessor. (Compare François Boucher's delectable "Miss O'Murphy," lolling on her cushions in her boudoir, with the Stieglitz nude O'Keeffe for the full force of the latter's radical feminism.)

A nude done the following year dwells on a different facet of the female body: its soft voluminousness, its maternal comfortableness, its yieldingness and vulnerability. The work is an abstraction, cropped to include only breasts, segments of the arms, a section of stomach, a brief excerpt of pubic hair. It is printed light—a uniform flesh tone—with the forms of breasts and arms emerging as if modelled by the pencil of a Renaissance master. But though the work has the quality of a drawing, it is supremely photographic, illustrative of the heightened realism that photography achieves through the ellipsis of its framing. We can extrapolate the whole woman from the fragment, but our sense of the poignancy of the pose and the simple humanity of the body is the more profound because we are shown only the essential extract, the heart of the matter, the source of our emotion. The camera "sees" the world with a poet's or a dreamer's loaded selectivity, and metaphotographs like this one can tell us better than any formal analysis what photography is.

In another photograph of this period, O'Keeffe appears in a white embroidered robe, her hair long and wild, her hands at her breast, her face staring out at the viewer like the face of one of Munch's dishevelled madonnas, with a terrible look on it of abandon, loneliness, sadness, abstraction. Another photograph evokes Munch in another way: here O'Keeffe stands in front of one of her drawings looking gravely downward, her arms lifted over her head, the elbows angled, the palms and fingers spread as if fending off some horror—a gesture that evokes the face in Munch's "The Cry." O'Keeffe's hands are the collection's leitmotiv: they weave through the pictures, sometimes with the face, sometimes alone, sewing, holding an object, caressing the wheel of a car, gesticulating—always expressive and strange and beautiful and tense.

As one studies and restudies these photographs of a woman whose rare smile is even more sad than her usual grave countenance, one is forced to reëxamine the relationship between the young painter and the middle-aged photographer, and to question one's first impression of it as a conventional bohemian romance. These are not mementos of a lover's tender abandon but products of an artist's cold calculation; they have the impersonality, disinterestedness, exploitativeness of art. And they are a collaboration. For the model is no mere love or art object but an artist herself, who is colluding with the photographer, helping him create art. (In this sense, then, the photographs *do* belong among O'Keeffe's works as well as among Stieglitz's.) But along with the serenely collaborating artists, another couple emerges from the O'Keeffe portrait, and this is the human couple—a man and a woman who did not find agreement and peace, and whose clashing wills, desires, expectations, reserves, and ideas about each other invade the photographs with their contrapuntal atmosphere of tension and discord and difficulty.

The testimony of the pictures is confirmed by the words of O'Keeffe. In her introduction, she discusses her relationship with Stieglitz with startling candor—candor that may not be possible before one is ninety:

> . . . His power to destroy was as destructive as his power to build—the extremes went together. I have experienced both and survived, but I think I only crossed him when I had to—to survive.
>
> There was a constant grinding like the ocean. It was as if something hot, dark, and destructive was hitched to the highest, brightest star.
>
> For me he was much more wonderful in his work than as a human being. I believe it was the work that kept me with him—though I loved him as a human being. I could see his strengths and weaknesses. I put up with what seemed to me a good deal of contradictory nonsense

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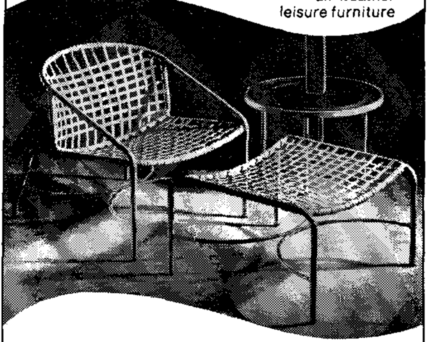

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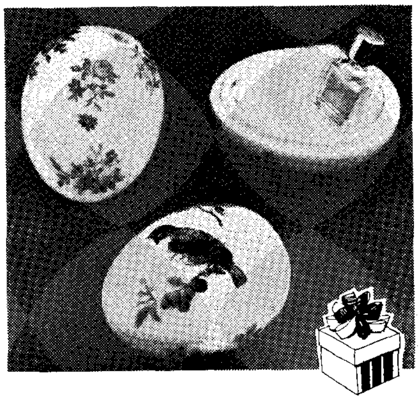

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because of what seemed clear and bright and wonderful.

What Stieglitz had to put up with from O'Keeffe is not known, but it is evident that her physical attributes were an important claim on his continuing interest. Yeats' observation that "love comes in at the eye" has particular application to a photographer, whose eye is his everything. O'Keeffe's was a face that could have launched a thousand photographers. (Note its resemblance to that of the unforgettable sharecropper's wife which helped launch Walker Evans.) It had a structure and linearity, a surface expressiveness that are rare; most faces do not photograph as O'Keeffe's does, are robbed of their character and aliveness by still photography's stillness. Stieglitz delighted in the appearance of his mistress and wife as he delighted in the appearance of other photographic "naturals": the look of the city in snow, of horses in motion, of locomotive smoke, of storm clouds, of street lights at night. Casting one's mind over the known Stieglitz works, one is struck by their narrow range and small number. What Stieglitz didn't photograph may be as much his greatness as what he did. (There are good photographers who might elevate themselves to the ranks of the great simply by burning most of their work.) Stieglitz understood photography better than any photographer before him; he grasped its paradoxical relationship to painting and drawing, seeing that a photograph is most truly photographic when it is openly a parasite of a painting or a drawing—that photography must not *imitate* art but may legitimately *feed on* it.

The O'Keeffe portrait ends in the early thirties, when O'Keeffe was in her mid-forties. About this time, Stieglitz began photographing his future biographer, Dorothy Norman, who appears in his shadowy abstract pictures as a handsome young woman with a perpetual extremely pained expression. If the O'Keeffe portrait adds a warmer, sensual dimension to the dour hero of the Norman biography, it does not, in the end, efface or replace him.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

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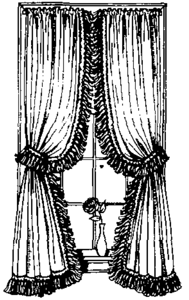

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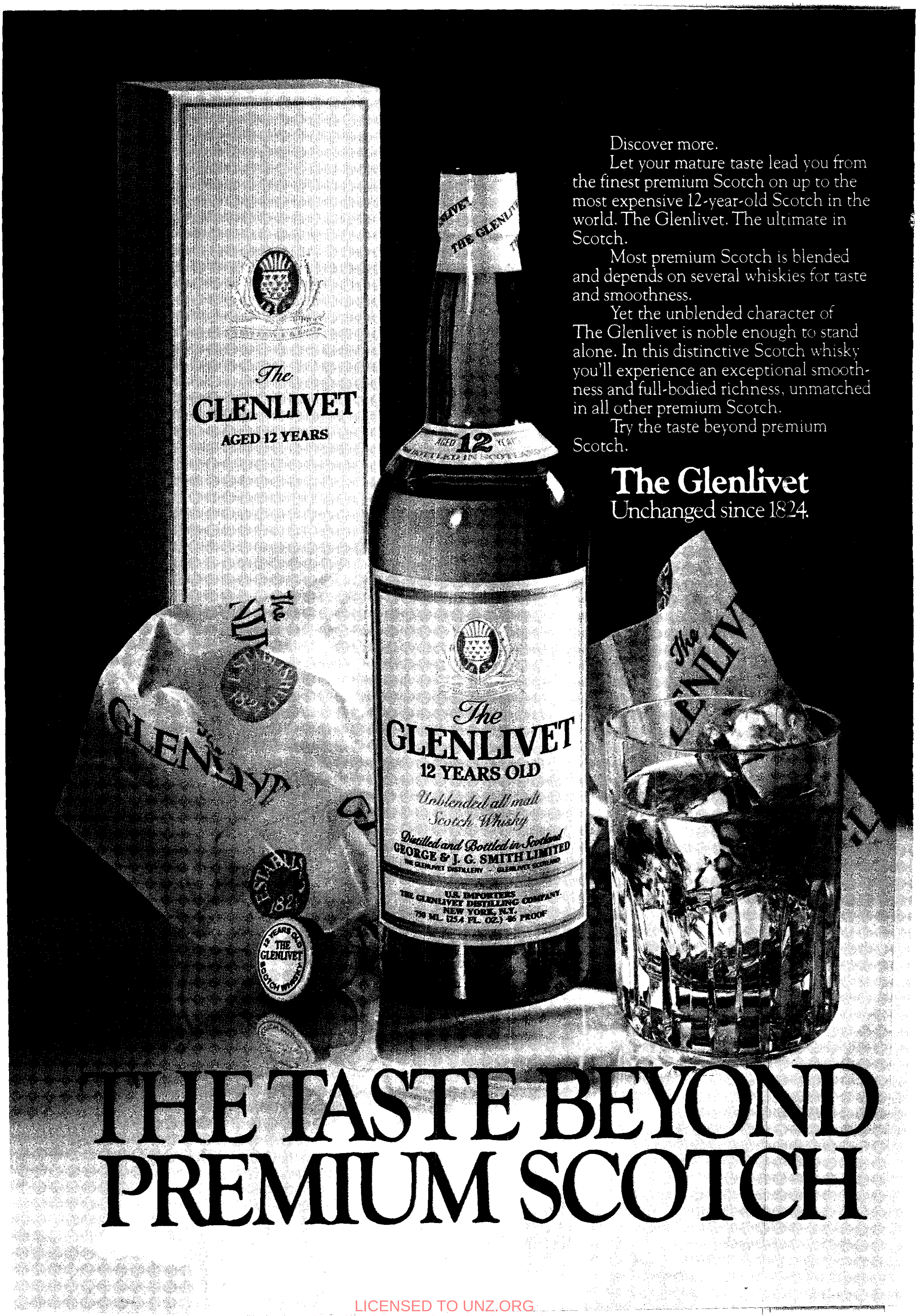
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MUSICAL EVENTS

"Lulu" at Last

ALBAN BERG'S "Lulu," composed between 1929 and 1935, was given its first complete performance, at the Paris Opera, last month. Berg died untimely, on Christmas Eve, 1935, before he had finished setting out Act III of the opera in full score; until now, only two acts and some fragments of the third have been available for performance. Helene Berg, his widow, who in 1936 had hoped that Schoenberg would complete the scoring, later decided to suppress Act III as far as she could. She died in 1976, and in her will reiterated her objections to anyone's even seeing the autograph of Act III or the photocopy of it held by Berg's publishers. But those publishers, Universal Edition, had already engaged the Austrian composer Friedrich Cerha to prepare a score. The Alban Berg Foundation—set up to execute the terms of Frau Helene's will—has sought but so far not obtained an injunction against its performance. The day after the Paris première, the BBC broadcast a deuxième, piano-accompanied, of the final sequences. The American première of the full "Lulu" is due in Santa Fe this summer.

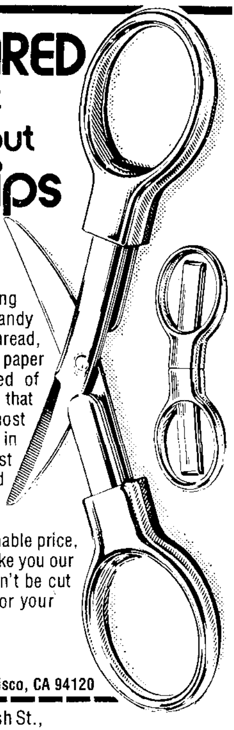
In all previous productions, "Lulu" has been misrepresented by truncation. In Paris, the opera was misrepresented by malinscenation, the prevailing operatic sin of our day; the chance of presenting a "Lulu" accurate in staging as well as in musical text was not taken. Nearly fifty years ago, Schoenberg complained to Webern about "the new despots of theatrical art, the directors," and what he said then—"This side of things is in a very bad way nowadays; the high-handedness of these minions and their total lack of conscience are surpassed only by their lack of culture and their feebleness"—is still true today. The Paris "Lulu" was put on by the team that perpetrated Bayreuth's centenary "Ring" extravaganza: Pierre Boulez conducted, Patrice Chéreau directed, Richard Peduzzi designed the scenery, and Jacques Schmidt designed the costumes. The final scene of their "Lulu" was set not in the London garret prescribed by the composer but at the foot of a monumental staircase leading down into a lofty, magnificent public lavatory, cased in malachite, towering into the flies. In this improbable edifice, Lulu and her cronies had taken up quarters. The mechanics of Berg's action depend largely on doors, degrees of privacy and intimacy, surprise entries, and various forms of concealment; most of what he wanted was impossible in Peduzzi's grandiose, open halls. In the first scene of Act II, a huge party was going on. Odd of Dr. Schön to express surprise at finding visitors in his house: an immense coatrack was full; posses of waiters and waitresses in musical-comedy formations kept crossing the stage and prancing up and down another immense staircase. Lulu shot her husband with dozens of people looking on. At the close of the previous act, another party turned up, to watch the taut, tense, very private scene in which Lulu compels Dr. Schön to write a letter breaking with his fiancée; the fiancée herself even watched some of it. Dr. Schön wrote the letter crawling about the stage on all fours, and Lulu rode triumphantly on his back. This was but one of several vulgar extra touches that Chéreau had added to an already sensational libretto.

The musical design of Act III was familiar; George Perle published a detailed account of it fifteen years ago. What was needed—and what Paris did not fully supply—was confirmation in the theatre, through the senses, of what the mind knew: that neither the music nor the drama of Acts I and II makes full sense without the developments, recapitulations, parallels, and correspondences to be found in Act III. In this act, there are restatements of earlier passages as literal—and as revelatory, as "transfigured" in effect—as Isolde's Liebestod is of a passage from Act II of Wagner's opera. Through Berg's music there runs a paradox: it sounds spontaneous and direct, yet all its elements—even the metronome markings and the number of measures in a movement—reflect aspects of patterns. The score of the

"Trim the fat? Are you kidding? We're the fat!"

three-act "Lulu" is also a two-part structure, dividing at the palindrome interlude at the center of the central act. Berg imposed further dramatic patterns and symmetries on the two Wedekind plays, "Earth Spirit" and "Pandora's Box," from which he drew his libretto. For example, by doubling roles he brought back the three husbands whom in Part 1 Lulu drove to their deaths as the three clients whom in Part 2 she leads to her London garret. The third husband, Dr. Schön, returns as the third client, Jack the Ripper, who puts an end to her. The music recurs, supporting new words; sometimes there are verbal affinities as well. It is disconcerting and rather horrible to hear the glowing, passionate, almost effusive love music of Lulu and Dr. Schön return to accompany Lulu's encounter with the Ripper. If Lulu possesses any attractive or "redeeming" quality, it is her true emotion for Schön, the man who was kind to her when she was small and tried to steal his watch—"the only man I loved." But that emotion is soured by Lulu's ardent wooing of Schön/Jack—"I like you so much! Don't let me beseech you any longer"—to the point where she pays him to take her. It has been said that Helene Berg gave as a reason for her suppression of Act III Alban's regret (communicated from another world) that he had ever dealt with such squalid subject matter. Seeing "Lulu" whole gives one a certain sympathy for the widow's viewpoint. It *is* a painful and sordid drama pushed to the point of sensationalism. If there is a moral, it must be that desire degrades everyone who feels it. Even the lesbian Countess Geschwitz, whose final love song is set to a flood of "noble," beautiful music, ending the opera, has been reduced to an amorous spaniel. People talk of her self-sacrificing love; in fact, like all Lulu's victims, she is dragged low by unquenchable lust.

Chéreau views Lulu not as a femme fatale but as a woman who more specifically attracts self-destructive men (and women). I'm not sure how much sense this makes, or how it squares with the reversals of role in Berg's final scene. (Must the destroyed always be destroyers as well?) The doubling of Lulu's first husband and first client was not made in this production; here the first client was a bouncy little dwarf—which merely added a pointless kinky gloss to Berg's drama. Franz Mazura gave a substantial, subtle, and detailed portrayal of both Schön and Jack. Teresa Stratas, in the title role, showed herself, as ever, a plucky, intelligent, and determined little soprano. She does



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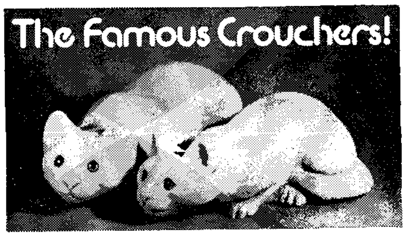

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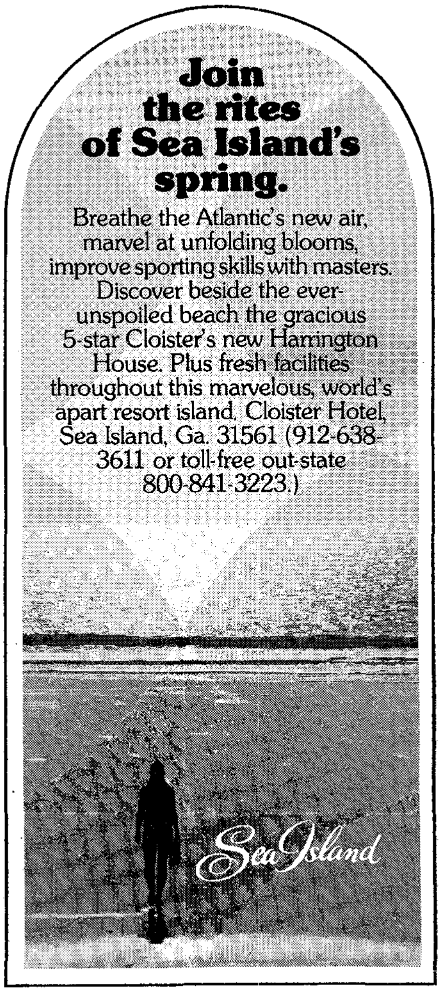

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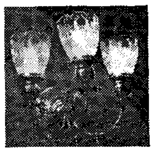

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not have the high, sweet, pure tones the part requires, and became rather pinched and squeaky when the pitch rose, but she had some charming, vivid, and individual moments. Yvonne Minton's Geschwitz, strongly sung, was a shade undercharacterized. Alwa Schön calls for singing more lyrical in timbre than Kenneth Riegel's. The other performers were without exception efficient, and sometimes more than that. Boulez's conducting was lucid, rhythmically keen, but not emotional enough for the romantic Viennese music. The orchestral playing lacked warmth, glow, passion.

This Paris première was a big occasion in that "all the world"—at any rate, the directors of a dozen or two opera companies, the international press, many other well-known faces—was there. But it did not provide the revelation one had hoped for. The truncated Met "Lulu" two seasons ago, sensitively directed, lovingly conducted, and intelligently and aptly designed, gave a truer account of Berg's piece—so far as it went—than this pretentious and somewhat perverted presentation. —ANDREW PORTER

•

THE OTHER

When you come to the other side
of lust the body lays itself
down in others as itself
no longer, and the fields, till now
fallow, bloom vermilion.

When you cross to the other side
of pride the heart withers
into tinder, the wind blesses it.
Your body flares, white sticks
this side of anger.

Arriving at the other side
of terror the voice is a dark flame
walking evenings in the garden,
your name unknown to it
if the last light calls you.

And when you have passed the other side
of hope the shore will blaze
finally. We are all light here.
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—PETER COOLEY

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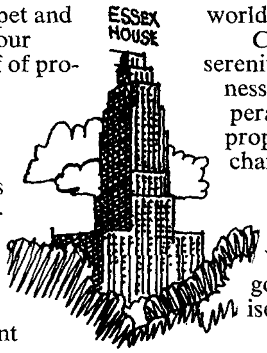

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THE AIR

On Giving the Devil His Due

MELODRAMA (the "song drama" of the ancient Greeks) is a still potent form of storytelling which seems ideally suited to movie and television screens, where passages of romance and adventure appear with a vividness and "reality" that the printed page and even the technically resourceful modern stage find hard to equal. But, on the whole, much of the melodrama one sees on the television screen is disappointing: not in the bourgeois cultural sense of being too lowbrow or popular but in that television melodramas rarely seem to succeed on their own terms as emotional entertainment. TV romances and adventures are usually jammed with incident and give the appearance of dramatizing basic conflicts, but, as with the proverbial Chinese dinner that leaves the diner hungry afterward, there's all too often an emotional thinness to the stories which makes them finally unsatisfying.

A recent and fairly typical case in point was a two-hour made-for-TV movie called "Murder by Natural Causes," which appeared a short while ago on "The CBS Saturday Night Movies." Made-for-TV movies have improved perceptibly in the last couple of years, and clearly this one was no slapdash cops-and-robbers quickie, for it had a recognizable cast of capable actors (among them, Hal Holbrook, Katharine Ross, and Barry Bostwick), and from the smartly paced opening moments of the action it also appeared to have a script (by Richard Levinson and William Link) of more than average interest and literacy.

Indeed, the story begins with a fine mixture of suspense and authority. First, one sees Hal Holbrook making a long-distance phone call to a hospital computer to check the Pacemaker on his heart. Then one finds out that Holbrook is Arthur Sinclair, a world-famous mentalist, or mind reader, who is about to appear on a television talk show. Then, in the talk-show anteroom, Holbrook receives a phone call from his apparently loving wife (Katharine Ross), though the camera reveals that she is in bed with another man as she makes the call. Then Holbrook appears on the talk show and proceeds to dazzle the host and the studio audience by "reading" not only the combination of a safe that has been brought onstage but also the contents of it.

So far, so good. We are evidently in the hands of professionals who are about to give us a good time. The dialogue is lively. The short scenes with Holbrook have energy and work well; there's an astringent cleverness to his part, and also a generosity that loosens us up. Holbrook seems right as Sinclair. It's a verbal-ego part, and Holbrook has generally been strong in such roles, projecting the force and charm of the verbal ego as well as whatever may be unsettling or unreliable about such a personality. But already a soft, or, rather, a flat, spot has appeared in the texture of the story: the wife. We've seen only a little of her, and from all appearances she's a bad girl, which might be promising. But there's no subtlety here; she doesn't seem interestingly or even convincingly bad—just *bad:* bitchy, dishonest, and unfaithful. Also, in contrast to the almost light touch with which Holbrook is presented and moved through the opening sequences, there's something dourly heavy about the scene in which Katharine Ross is talking on the telephone from the conjugal bed—a clumsiness in that old-fashioned, facile way of panning the camera to reveal the lover in the bed beside her. Still, sex and wickedness are arresting, and it seems reasonable to expect that the wife's affair with the young man will tell us something interesting about her, and presumably about her relationship with her husband, so that what seemed at first to be merely meanness will turn into character.

This never happens. As the story progresses, Holbrook's character continues to evolve: his dazzling mind-reading act, for example, is shown to be something of a fake. But the characters of the wife and her lover remain frozen at pretty much the point where we first found them. Not that there is no change at all: whereas the wife started out mean and bitchy and vaguely murderous, she gradually becomes meaner and bitchier and more explicitly murderous; and the young lover (whom she keeps trying to bully into murdering Holbrook), who began weak and petulant, now becomes even weaker and more petulant. At any rate, an unintended split develops in the focus of the narrative. On one side, there is Holbrook, the fascinating mentalist: clever, humorous, something of a charlatan, and decidedly ambiguous. And on the other side is the decidedly unambiguous duo of the mean

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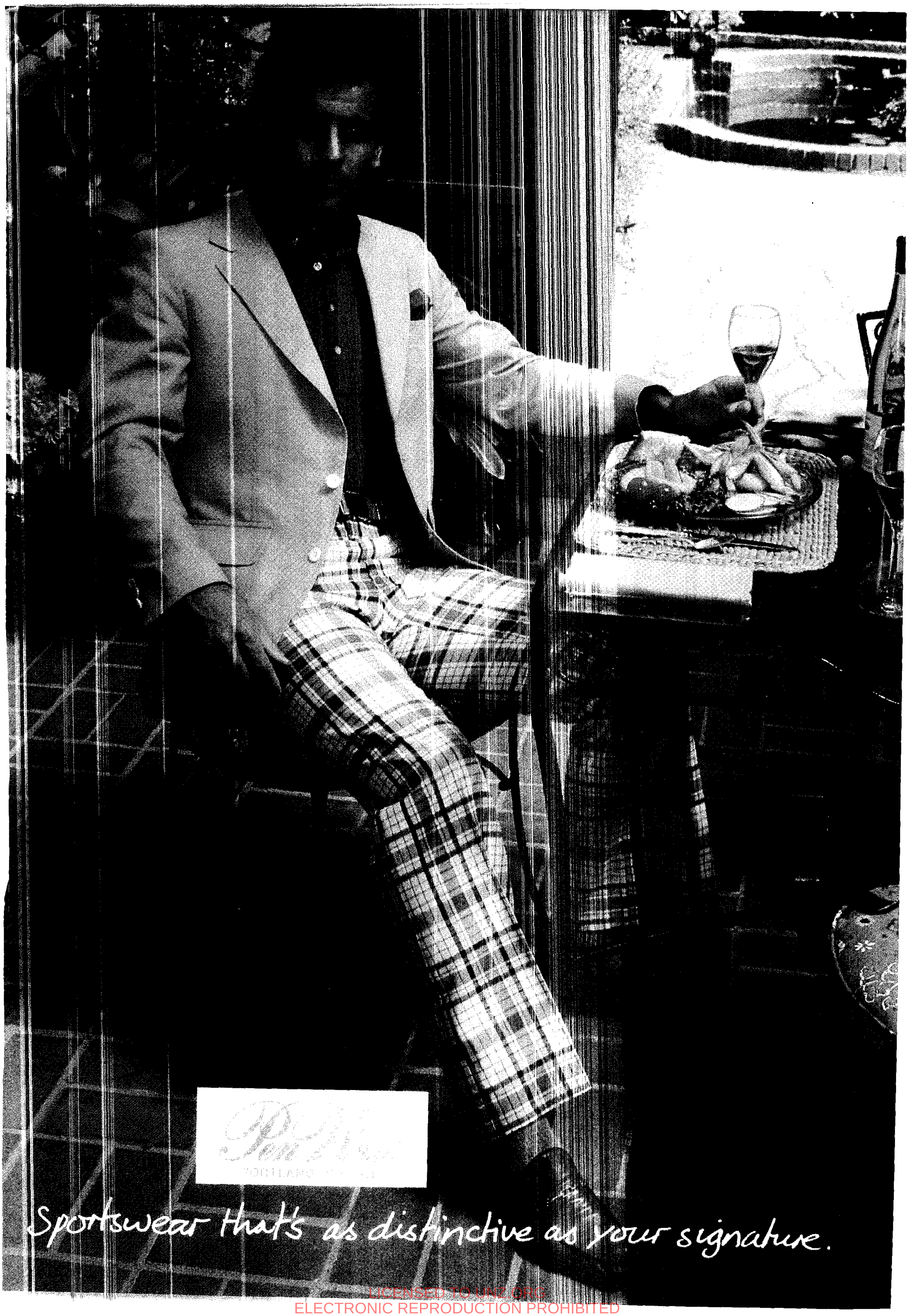
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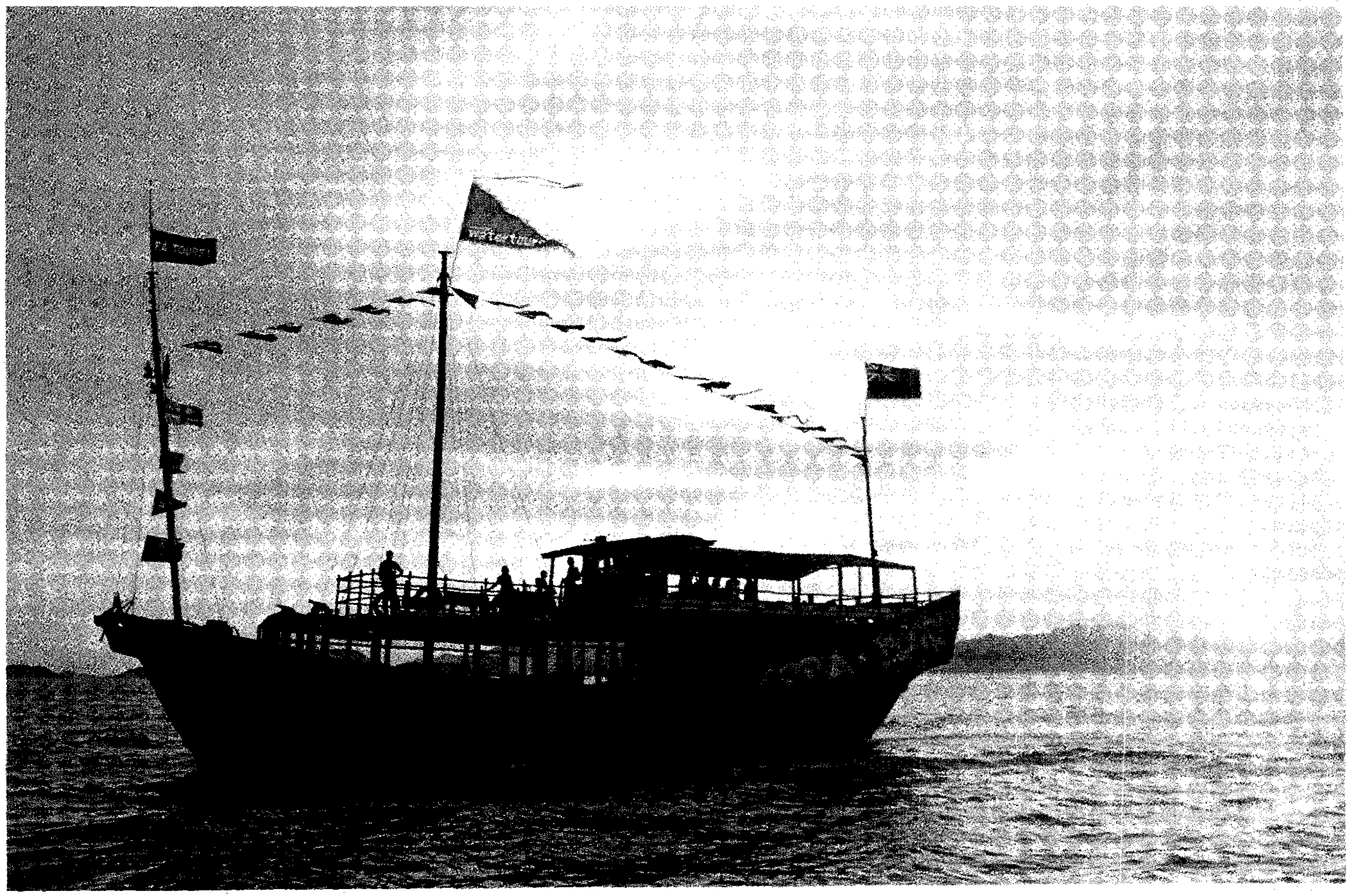
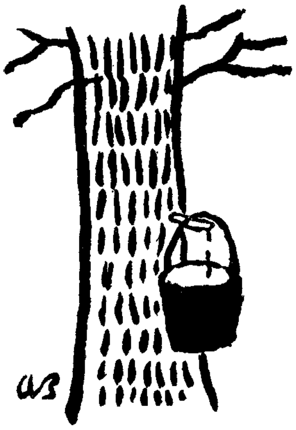


HONGKONG

wife and her churlish lover and their nasty murder plot. The wife is an especially sour note; I have never been a great devotee of Katharine Ross as an actress, but I doubt whether the legendary Duse herself could have done much with a part of such simpleminded meanness: except when she is being stagily insincere, the lady never has a kind word for anyone; she wishes to bump off poor Holbrook for no better-developed reason than that she's a greedy girl and has "expensive tastes;" she doesn't like her young lover any too well; later in the story, another lover turns up whom she doesn't seem to like much better (he is Holbrook's lawyer: yet another blandly squalid and homicidal role). Thus, though there's quite a bit of clever twisting and turning to the plot, the movie never really develops any impact as melodrama, because one can't get involved in the emotional life of any of the characters: that is, one might be able to be involved with Holbrook but the wife and her young lover (and her lawyer lover) are so thinly drawn that their lack of plausibility and substance aborts the human flow of the story before it gets started. In short, it's hard to generate much emotional electricity from exchanges between a "real" character and cardboard cutouts—which is a shame in a case like this, when a certain amount of talent and skill must have gone into the creation of the Holbrook character.



This is a kind of failure in the dramaturgy of modern melodrama, I think, which recurs time and again, and usually in the same place: in the character—or perhaps the lack of characterization—of the villain. One sees it often in routine movie thrillers, and even more often in commercial television adventures, where wickedness seems to be consistently painted in monochrome colors of such flatness and predictability as to make a meaningful or interesting connection between good and evil almost impossible. Consider the parade of modern villains who march across our screens: for the most part, they are only superficially different (sometimes a white banker, sometimes a black pimp; sometimes a gangster or a Southern sheriff or a government official); essentially, they are alike—fashioned from the same psychic mold and sharing the same quasi-chivalric adherence to a code of simple malice. Evil is theatrically fascinating and exerts a powerful attraction on audiences, but nowadays, in those regions of the popular entertainment world where Satan is allowed to cast his shadow, wickedness seems largely to have degenerated into a one-dimensional and textureless meanness—more often than not a cool and facile cruelty, pruriently tiptoeing on the edge of outright sadism until those moments when the plot, or lack of plot, causes the evildoer to tumble off the edge into fits of viciousness or mayhem.

Now, it might be argued that this criticism of modern-entertainment villainy asks too much of melodrama. Weren't the villains of traditional melodrama always one-dimensional bad guys who wore stovepipe hats and sneers, and tied helpless heroines to railroad tracks? This simple rationale, I think, misses the point. No one is suggesting that a villain in a modern television melodrama should be constructed with the same richness as Iago but, rather, only that the evildoer (or negative charge) in a popular story might be given the same dramatic plausibility and potency as the hero (or positive charge), so that the two forces between them will produce enough tension and energy to make the story interesting. A hundred years ago, a one-dimensional villain in a stovepipe hat made sense in melodrama, because he invariably played opposite a one-dimensional hero: equally unambiguous and untextured—as good as the villain was bad. But this unambiguous hero hardly exists anymore, even in popular entertainments. True, one now and then comes across a young cop or paramedic of such unalloyed nobility as to infect the drama around him with irredeemable silliness, but by and large the heroes of most modern melodramas have been drawn with an increasingly realistic brush: they have quirks, crotchets, and sometimes more than petty weaknesses; their once perfect purity is all too visibly flawed—in other words, they are ambivalent, in tune with the revealed sensibility of modern man. Back in the nineteen-fifties, when the traditional one-dimensional, unambivalent hero made one of his final appearances, in the person of Alan Ladd as Shane—wearing a pale buckskin jacket and a de-

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meanor of medieval saintliness, to do battle with black-vested Jack Palance beneath the Grand Tetons—he was already something of an anachronism: a storybook figure whose chief appeal (as in the case of a more recent anachronism, "Rocky") was less to anything as vigorous as living myth than it was to the softer, fuzzier, more charm-conscious contemporary demands for *juvenilia* and nostalgia. By contrast, many of the most successful heroic figures in modern melodrama (whether played by Dustin Hoffman, Al Pacino, Clint Eastwood, or Jane Fonda on the movie screen, or by Robert Blake, Peter Falk, Alan Alda, James Garner, and many others on television) are men and women whose capacity for doing good—far from being lacking, as the vogue description "anti-hero" seems to imply—in fact persistently surmounts, in classic heroic fashion, the obstacles not only of the plot or situation but of the ambiguities in their own characters. As a small footnote: though it wasn't a hugely profitable movie, it seemed both pleasing and well-suited to the spirit of the age that when, a few years ago, the screenwriter James Goldman reworked the legend of Robin Hood into "Robin and Marian" he should have reincarnated Robin Hood (played by Sean Connery) as a middle-aged, overweight, doubtless decent but somewhat slow-thinking medieval chap—obviously no match at swordplay or vine-swinging for John Barrymore, Douglas Fairbanks, or Errol Flynn, but a role that nonetheless made a kind of honest, uncamp sense to modern audiences which the earlier, more glamorous, and less grainy interpretations could surely not have provided.

Thus, it seems that our popular modern heroes often connect to the evolving psychology and sensibility of the contemporary audience but that our modern villains rarely do so. Why, one wonders, with all the attractions of wickedness they have going for them, are they so frequently uninvolving, untextured, without past or future, without enough humanity or even "background" to relate plausibly to the other characters in the story? A mean and homicidal wife—or drug pusher or C.I.A. agent—is usually simply that: mean and homicidal, with occasionally a line or two of antiquated "psychological" exposition thrown in about a deprived childhood. These thinly sketched traits of personality—one as banal as bitchiness and the other as uncommon (at least, according to crime statistics) as murderousness—are supposed to co-exist as naturally as eggs and bacon,

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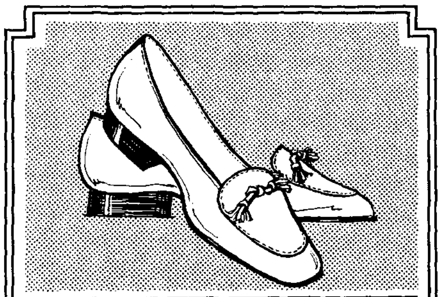
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and represent not just the limits of character but character itself. What else (the melodramatists seem to be saying) do we need to know about evil beyond a certain surface nastiness, beyond the modern, show-business *look* of evil, with its reliance on modish, though simpleminded, art-design effects? For example, in "Murder by Natural Causes," just before the lawyer lover takes a shot at Holbrook, in order to make clear to us his utter wickedness he slips on one of those dainty little black gloves, as worn originally by Jack Palance in "Shane," and by five dozen movie and television bad guys since—presumably the contemporary equivalent of the stovepipe hat.

But if it's easy enough to spot the failures of texture or dimension in modern melodrama villains, it's another matter to understand why this should be so. Do villains lag behind heroes in ambivalence and plausibility—in largeness—simply out of nostalgia for the old forms? That seems unlikely, for there is a force behind the new creations which surely comes from something less weakly narcissistic than mere nostalgia. And yet it doesn't seem to be the stronger, more vital force of observed life and experience. I wonder, in fact, if the men and women who create popular melodramas—those stories for the public—haven't for some time now been taking a shortcut, away from life and into literature, for their source material for evil. As Richard Slotkin pointed out several years ago in his book "Regeneration Through Violence," the role of serious eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American literature was crucial in embedding in the public consciousness the artistic idea of the redemptive killer—the classic murderer hero of the American fictional landscape, who kills to save his soul, and whose family tree, originating in early Puritan fiction, reappears in Hawthorne and Melville, and has since spread its progeny as far afield as "The Virginian," "High Noon," "Shane," and countless Westerns and detective stories. So the influence of literary art (with its, alas, equally attractive habit of sometimes reordering and sometimes falsifying experience) has been felt on popular fiction and melodrama for many years, especially in the creation of morally ambiguous heroes. More recently, though—at least since the Second World War—a new secondhand influence has interposed itself between the public audience and those who must turn out entertainments for this audience: namely, the so-called modern novel, whose masters are a law unto

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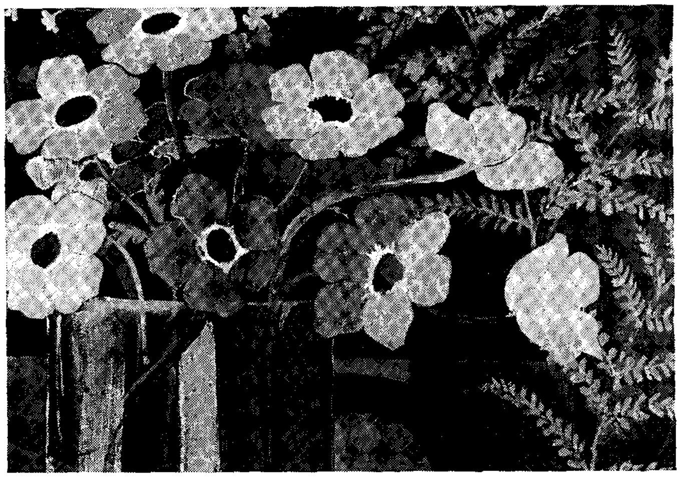

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themselves but whose imitators and second- or third-rung practitioners have been disbursing such a quantity of cool, ironic, alienated, existential, or nihilistic figures onto the impressionable contemporary scene. The moral line these "artistic" literary creations tread is usually so faint as not to exist; thus they are often called "amoral;" thus they can serve as role models for either heroes or villains—but especially the latter, for the audience for popular melodrama is generally not so baffled or overeducated as to willingly accept an absence of moral character as heroic ambivalence. And so a new family tree has evolved. This one begins, at a far remove, with such writers as Hemingway and Camus and Graham Greene (whose creations, however much they may artistically falsify reality, at least originate in life, or in some particular moment in life), and branches out with all the trendy imitative novelists and then with their vast progeny—the "serious" detective-story writers and the "serious" screenwriters—until the final growth is reached, in the television entertainment factories. At this point, the original, laconic Hemingway killer has usually degenerated, through excesses of secondhand "art," into a deaf-mute, sadistic gunman, and Camus's alienated *étranger* has become a disaffected teenage ganglord. In other words, the outer form of villainy has been retained, while the interior substance—the humanity—that gave shape and energy to the form has been dropped or forgotten. Depictions of evil in modern melodramas often have this strange, cartoonlike quality because they are in fact cartoons, not so much of life but of literature, and the character of the villain is expressed in hasty, unrevealing flicks of the pen. The actor fills the part as best he or she can, but the part is usually all surfaces: an art director's conception of evil as a composition of looks and gestures. Of course, it is difficult for all but the greatest artists to stare evil in the face and re-create it in human terms—to render it as human as it is—which is probably why so many lesser artists either give us the remembered outlines of the creations of great artists or else escape into fantasies (totalitarian, conspiratorial, sexual, and so forth), where their souls are safe.

Still, I don't want to give the impression that all current melodrama is impoverished, for there are several bright spots—even in conventionally packaged popular entertainment—where fairly successful attempts have been made to deal humanly with evil as well as good and thus create an emotionally coherent whole. For instance, there's a weekly one-hour series on CBS called "The White Shadow," about a white basketball coach at a predominantly black high school, which is a mixture of tried-and-true entertainment clichés (old vs. young, black vs. white, teacher vs. student) but which also works unusually well as melodrama, I think, because badness is given as much texture and credibility as goodness. In a recent episode, the coach was assaulted by a dangerously belligerent black student and had to hit back. At first, the story touched down in what seemed to be the conventional swampland of show-business morality, with the other black students furious at the coach for picking on "one of us," and with the coach guiltily reluctant to file charges against the student with the police. But then, as if drawing a breath of energy from something approaching life, the characters unfroze themselves from their original positions. As the story progressed, the coach's goodness was called into question, for the belligerent student attacked another teacher; and the belligerent youth's badness was also given human dimension—neither trivialized as bitchiness nor skipped over in evasive code terms, as a disconnected symptom of a deprived home life. It was a measure of the quality of this well-crafted series that, at the end, the screenplay (by Marc Rubin) didn't content itself with fashioning the standard inconclusive and ironic resolution from the ambiguities of the characters: after swimming through his own guilt, so to speak, the coach came out the other side and sent the bad kid off to reform school. No cartoons or cardboard cutouts there. A good melodrama: a plausible God and a credible Lucifer having a go at one another once again, as we seem to want them to.

—Michael J. Arlen

• •

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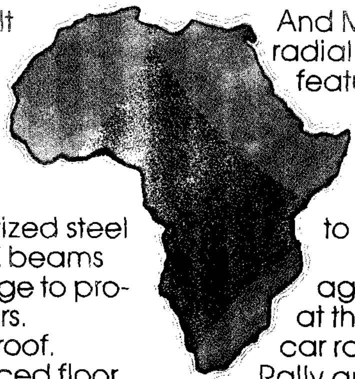

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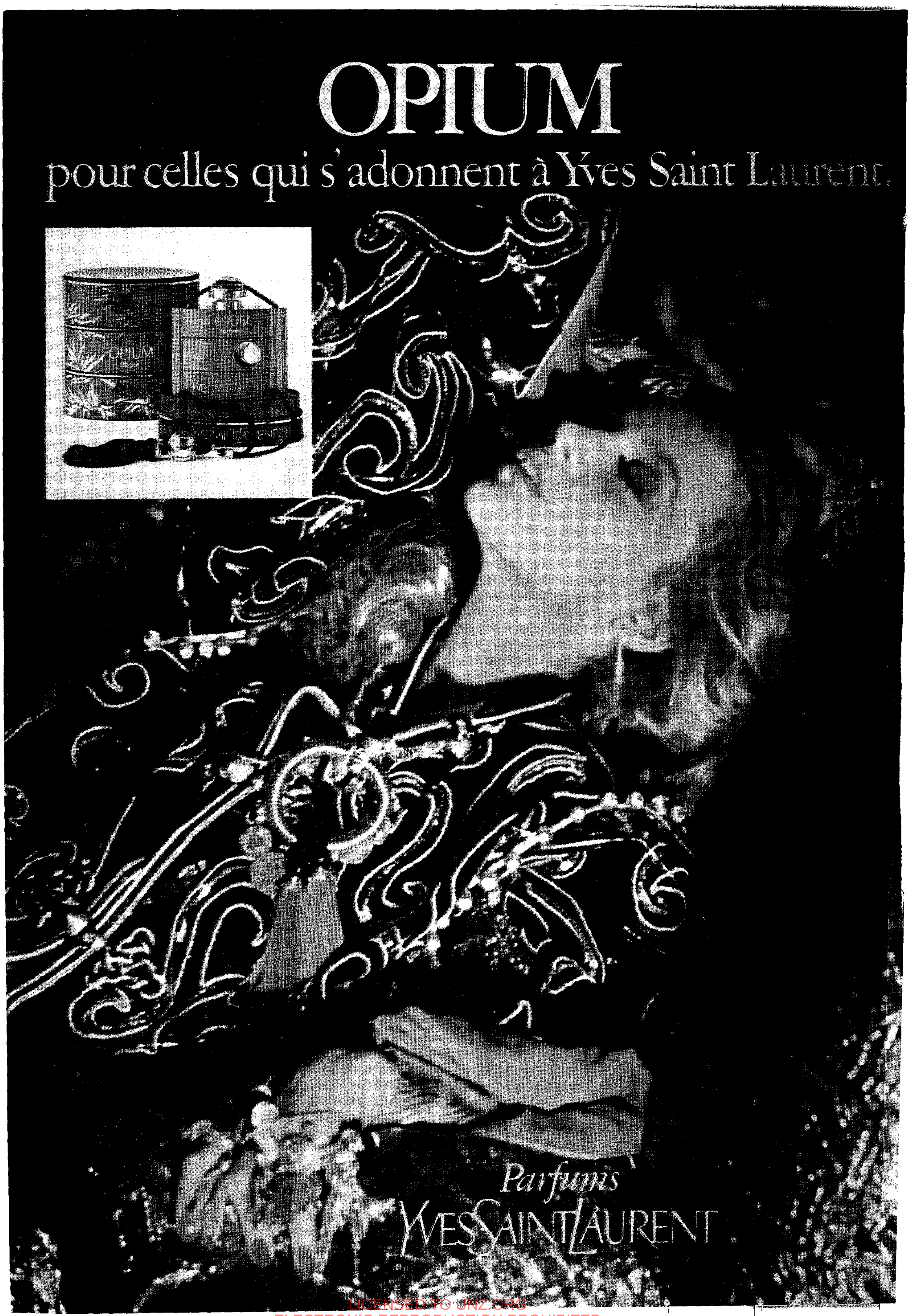
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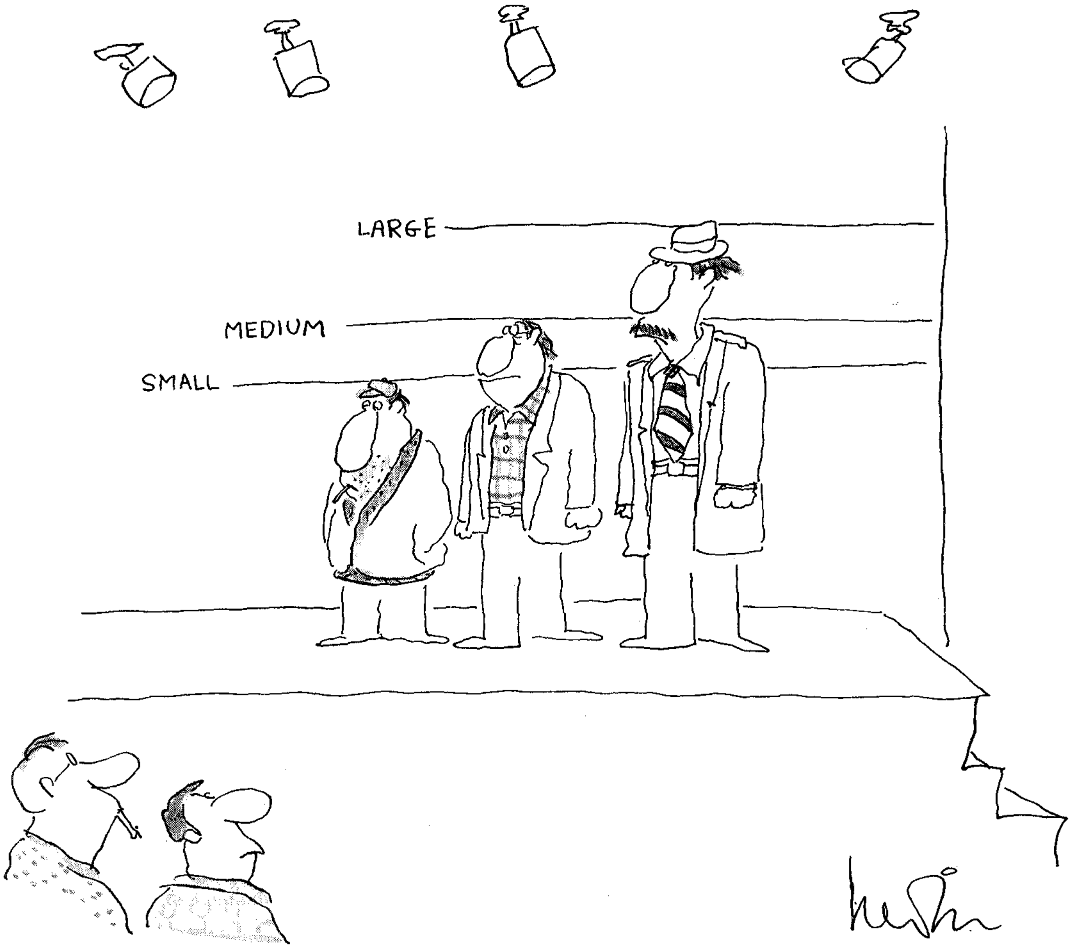
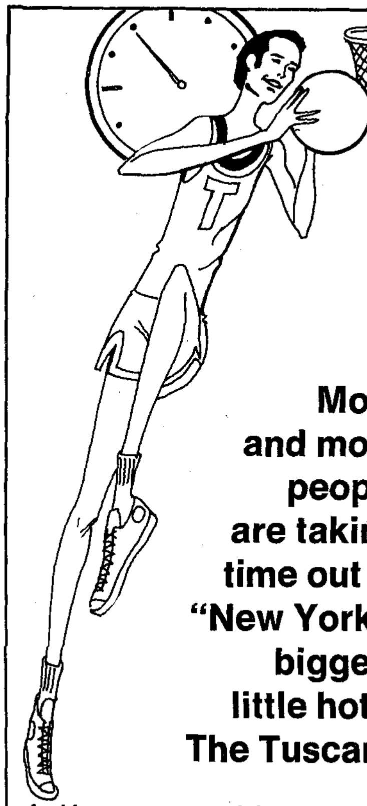
BOOKS

To the Tram Halt Together

THOUGH Karl Barth and Paul Tillich represented, in their generation, opposite poles of Protestant theology, the two men had much in common. Both were born in 1886, the eldest children of pastor fathers. Both were early committed to careers in the ministry, and partook in their training of the liberal tradition of Kant and Schleiermacher—of German idealism, with its strenuous scholarship and stately vagueness. Both studied for a time at the University of Berlin, whose theological faculty was headed by the great historian of dogma Adolf von Harnack. Both Tillich and Barth embarked upon pastoral work, and their very different theological approaches were forged in the heat of the active ministry at a time when the catastrophe of the First World War had shattered the mold of idealist thought: Tillich served as a Lutheran chaplain in the Kaiser's armies through some of the worst carnage of the Western front, and emerged a libertine and virtual atheist; Barth from 1911 to 1921 acted as the Reformed pastor of the Swiss village of Safenwil, and in his "pastor's perplexity" ("I feel like someone trying to blow into a trumpet; my cheeks are all puffed out, and yet curiously no sound emerges") rejected the liberal, humanist tendencies of nineteenth-century Protestantism and began to preach and write in the accents of neo-orthodoxy. Both men were outspoken Socialists, and distrusted the church's old alliance with the landed and the comfortable. Both were natural scholars and teachers, and found their destined niches not in any ecclesiastical hierarchy but in professorial chairs. Both early resisted Nazism and were ousted from their posts at German universities, Tillich emigrating to America in 1933, Barth returning to his native Basel in 1935. Though one was Swiss and the other became an American, the intellectual homeland of both remained Germany. Tillich regarded Matthias Grünewald's "Crucifixion" from the Isenheim altar in Colmar as "the most religious of all paintings," and it was this very painting, in reproduction, that Barth always hung above his desk, to contemplate as he worked. Both theologians derived surprisingly strong pleasure and comfort from the secular arts: while a soldier, Tillich, "as a reaction to the horror, ugliness and destructiveness of war," studied the poor reproductions of paintings obtainable in military bookstores and, for the rest of his life, was an enthusiastic museumgoer; Barth began each day with the playing of a Mozart record and once jested that "if I ever get to Heaven, I shall first ask after Mozart, and only then after Augustine and Thomas, Luther and Calvin and Schleiermacher." Barth said in praise of Mozart that "he plays and does not cease to play," and Tillich too, following Nietzsche, allowed play a high place in the scheme of things human. Tillich's compulsive and flagrant infidelities have been given ample publicity in his widow Hannah's memoir "From Time to Time" (and from there to *Time*); what has been less well known, at least in this country, is that Barth in 1929 installed a "loyal assistant," Charlotte von Kirschbaum, in his home along with his wife, Nelly, and their five children, and that Lollo Kirschbaum for decades occupied the place of a wife during his travels and summer vacations. Both men were handsome and tall, and kept their hair into old age. Both wrote copiously and lectured much, yet both resisted completion of their respective *magna opera*—the last volume of Tillich's "Systematic Theology" was finally coaxed from him by the demands of systematic students of his work, and was termed by him "an incompleteness of the completed;" Barth let his massive "Church Dogmatics" drop after thirteen volumes and 9,185 pages, with the ethics of reconciliation incomplete and eschatology still to go. Both men lived well past the Biblical allotment of threescore and ten, Tillich dying at the age of seventy-nine, Barth at eighty-two. And now both are the subject of (as things go in theological circles) recent biographies—"Karl Barth: His Life from Letters and Autobiographical Texts," by Eberhard Busch, translated from the German by John Bowden (Fortress Press; $19.95), and "Paul Tillich: His Life and Thought, Volume I: Life," by





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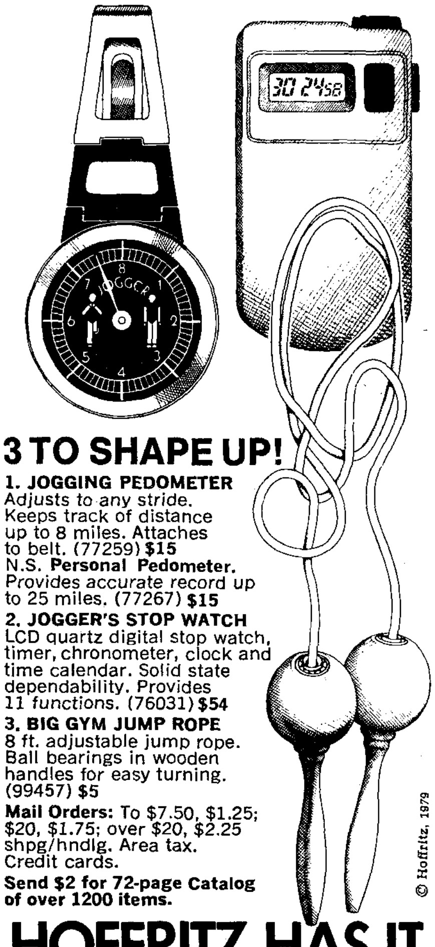

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dent, make a considerable effort to penetrate the revered object and disclose the elusive, ambiguous, sometimes irritating and inconsiderate subject. "Sometimes he took up the words of others into his work, often without benefit of footnote. . . . In his later years on the lecture platform he tended to exaggerate out of all proportion the size and influence of the religious socialist group to which he had belonged." None of the Paucks' hints are as damning, though, as the portrait offered by Hannah Tillich, in her memoir, of a cruel deceiver who, caught out in his deception, "threw himself on the floor, screaming and kicking, because this time there was no way out," and who collected pornography and mementos of his amours in greedy quantity:

> I unlocked the drawers. All the girls' photos fell out, letters and poems, passionate appeal and disgust. Beside the drawers, which were supposed to contain his spiritual harvest, the books he had written and the unpublished manuscripts all lay in unprotected confusion. I was tempted to place between the sacred pages of his highly esteemed lifework those obscene signs of the real life that he had transformed into the gold of abstraction—King Midas of the spirit.

The self-effacing Pastor Busch permits himself little more than connective tissue between Barthian quotations, except for a passage that in his own voice delicately explains the Charlotte von Kirschbaum matter—"this sore and vulnerable place in his life." Otherwise, we take at Barth's own evaluation, in his own words, his relationship with his family, his children, his colleagues and opponents. We are not invited to judge as one old friend after another falls away, repelled by the latest turn in Barth's course; only his brother Heinrich, with whom his relations had been "decidedly cool" for years, is permitted to be overheard calling Karl "a man who would brook no opposition." Still, Busch avoids hagiography as well as criticism, and this biographical enterprise is a model of modesty and thoroughness, drawing upon an immense number of published texts and unpublished letters and documents. From the two biographies, we can gather a substantial, if not ultimately intimate, impression of the two men: of Barth as a combative, and Tillich as a mediatory, personality.

The young Karl Barth loved to read about battles. "Until I was sixteen, I lived and dreamed of military exploits. My brothers and I would play with lead soldiers for hours on end and did so with great seriousness." At the age

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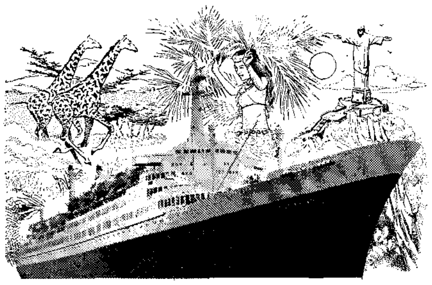

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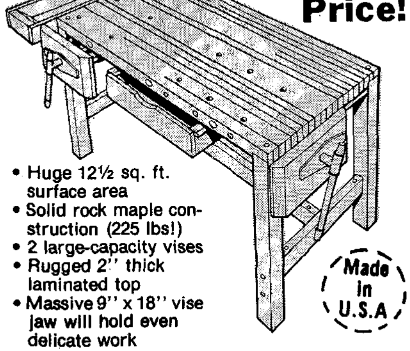

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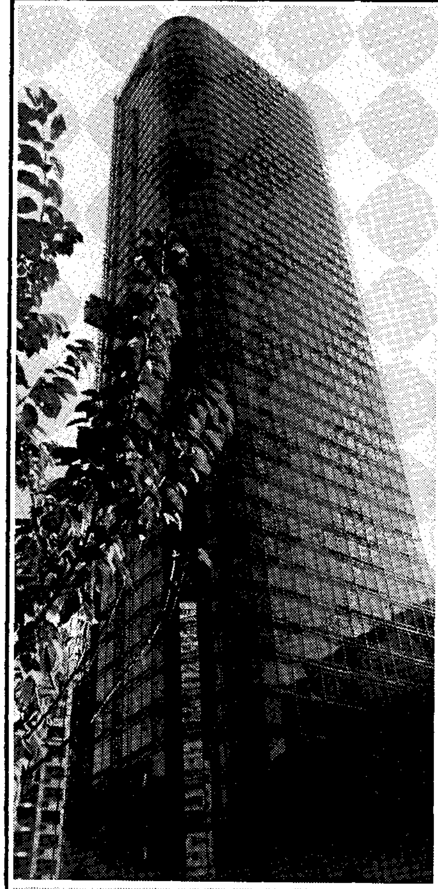
of seventy, he surprised an audience in Hanover by seeming to know "more about the victory won by the Hanoverians over the Prussians in 1866 than they did themselves." And when, after his retirement, he overcame a long-standing reluctance to visit the United States, he toured Civil War battlefields. "In a ruined Civil War fort by the St. James River, I fired a hundred-year-old musket and to the honor of the Swiss army even hit the target—an event which could with good will be regarded as symbolic of my other capabilities and successes." Though Swiss neutrality denied him experience of combat, he took satisfaction in the guard duty he performed, in uniform, during both world wars; as a pastor in Safenwil, he organized snowball fights among his confirmation classes, "to heighten our mutual pleasure." In the theological wars declared by his commentary on Romans and his leaving the Safenwil pulpit for a professorship at Göttingen, there is no lack of military terminology, of "breakthroughs" and "joining forces;" unable to lecture for a few weeks because of an ear infection, he described himself as "unfit for battle." Whoever his enemy is—the millowners of Safenwil; his old teacher Harnack; the "*moribund*" (his italics) "dyed-in-the-wool liberals;" the Nazis and their "German Christian" church; the Bultmannites; Emil Brunner; the politically conservative Swiss who deplored his lack of Cold War fervor—Barth swings into battle with a righteous joy: "I accepted an invitation from the cathedral council in Berne and opened fire with all guns." If Tillich's is a theology of the dubious "Yes," Barth's is one of the triumphant "No." "Nein!" was the name of his famous pamphlet against Brunner in 1934, and a collection of his postwar writings bore the title "Against the Stream." If Tillich, "on the boundary" of Christian faith, sought conciliation with rival realms of wisdom from the Greeks to the Freudians, Barth's tactic was to isolate, to repel and exclude everything—*Kultur*, idealism, natural theology, polymorphous religiosity—that might be confused with the narrow ground of Biblical revelation where he makes a stand, a ground finally narrowed to a phrase: "The last word which I have to say as a theologian and also as a politician is not a term like 'grace' but a name, 'Jesus Christ.'" From his student days, he had headed for such high, stripped terrain; "What I now looked for in books and from my professors was the true knowledge of simplicity." Of his favorite professor,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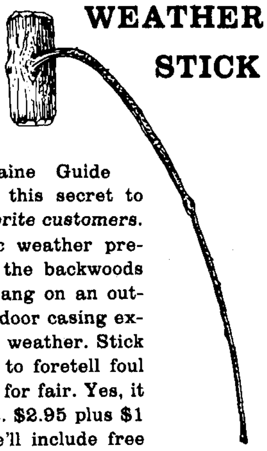
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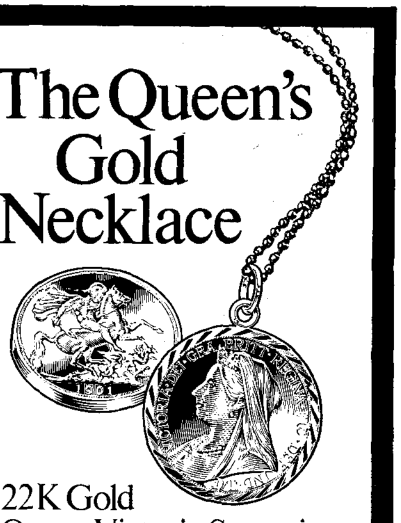
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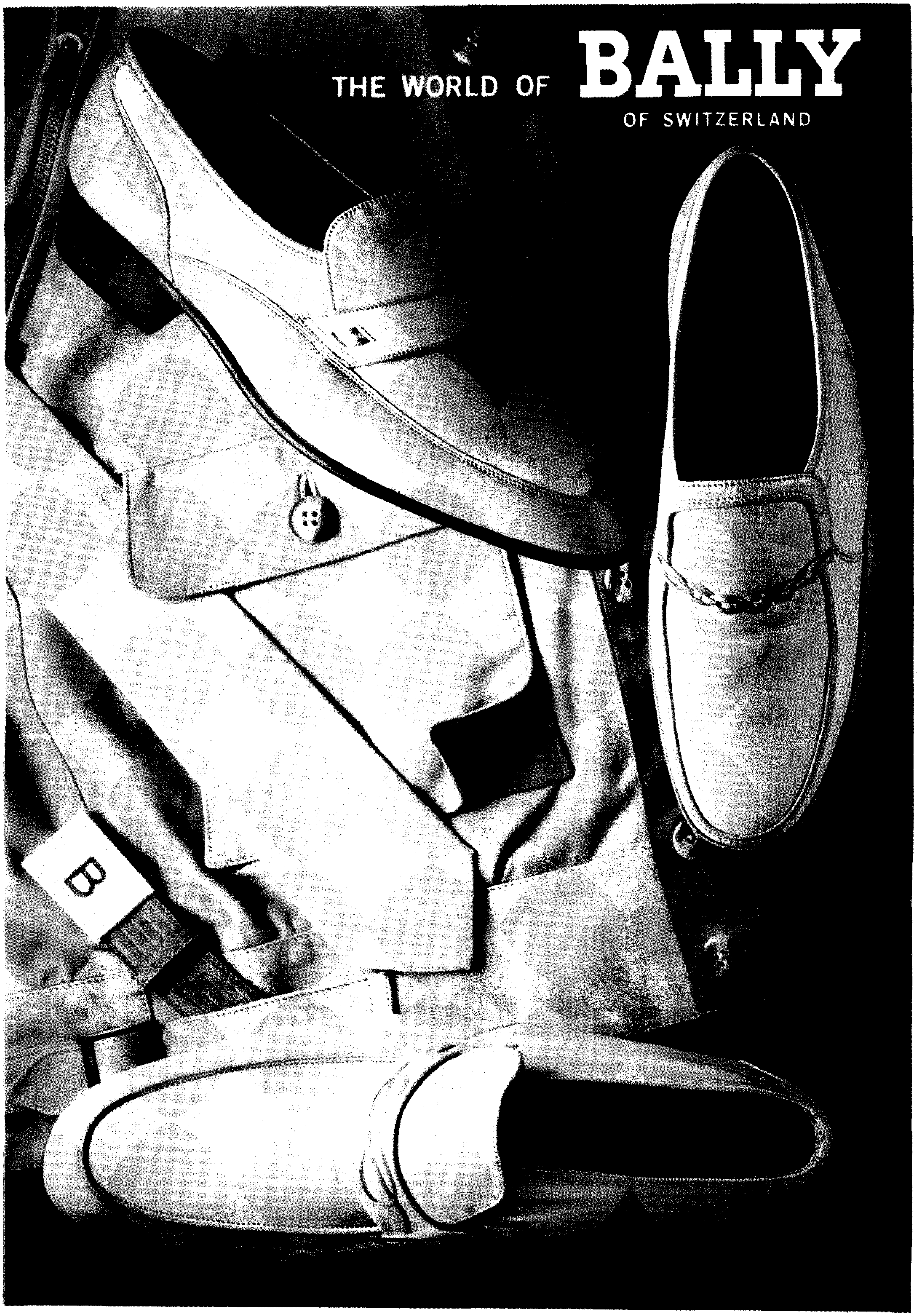
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he wrote approvingly, "There was steel in Herrmann's voice." Tillich himself, writing of "the strong but tight-fitting armor of Barthian supranaturalism," cannot but fall into a military metaphor. The odd thing was, Barth did not find the armor tight. Secure in his one-man fortress, he regarded the world with great good humor and genial shrewdness. After witnessing a "frolicking" stage show in Paris, he asks, "Why doesn't the church at least try to be as good at what it does as the children of this world with their singing, miming and dancing?" His pronouncements upon secular matters have an almost invariable pith, freshness, and freedom from anxiety; having so firmly distinguished between men and God, he looks to men to do what they can. He complains of Bach's "desire to preach" and hears in Mozart "a final word about life insofar as this can be spoken by man." He read a surprising amount of fiction, and wrote of the contemporary novelist, "I expect him to show me man as he always is in the man of today, my contemporary—and vice-versa, to show me my contemporary in man as he always is . . . [The novel] should have no plans for educating me, but should leave me to reflect (or not) on the basis of the portrait with which I am presented."

The portrait that the Paucks present of Tillich offers a wobbly surface for reflection. At the age when young Barth was rehearsing battles, Tillich was a dreamer. In his brief—but open—autobiographical sketch "On the Boundary," he said:

> Between fourteen and seventeen, I withdrew as often as possible into imaginary worlds which seemed to be truer than the world outside. In time, that romantic imagination was transformed into philosophical imagination. For good and for ill, the latter has stayed with me ever since. It has been good in that it has given me the ability to combine categories, to perceive abstractions in concrete terms . . . and to experiment with a wide range of conceptual possibilities. It has been of doubtful value insofar as such imaginative ability runs a risk of mistaking the creations of the imagination for realities.

Tillich's sternest critics could scarcely improve upon the last sentence of this self-characterization. If theology for Barth was a kind of war games, for Tillich it was an inflated mode of introspection. "On the Boundary" confesses his Prussian habit of dutiful subordination; this habit places a "tremendous burden upon my conscience, which accompanies every personal decision and every violation of tradition, an indecisiveness in the face of the new and unexpected, and a desire for an all-embracing order that would reduce the risk of personal choice." Such paradoxes seem very German—nothing of the hardheaded Swiss about Tillich. He himself suggests that dutifulness and highly developed philosophical systems stem from the same wish for "all-embracing order." Tillich's life as described by the Paucks includes these ambivalences: he was often indecisive and vague in pedagogic matters but showed cool courage through battles that included Verdun; he twice married vivid, disorderly women with little sympathy for his work; he rarely attended church services except when he was the preacher; at least in his American years, he read relatively little and depended upon personal conversation and conferences for intellectual sustenance; he found refuge in our land of freedom but felt watched and hounded here by Puritan moralists; he loved to build sand castles, to stay up late, and to lecture. His peculiar personal radiance and joy in "creative communion" shine brighter in these pages than his theological thought, which seems a matter less of recasting concepts than of rechristening God "the Ground of Being," Christ "the New Being," revelation "the *kairos*," etc. His theological affirmations take place at the weakest possible level: the level of the verb "to be." "The courage to be is rooted in the God who appears when God has disappeared in the anxiety of doubt," his most famous book concludes. By his formulations (in the Paucks' paraphrase), religion is merely "the dimension of depth in all of life's functions," the eternal is "what ought to be," and theology's task is "to ask for being as far as it gives us ultimate concern." The benign effects of Tillichian obfuscation are described in an almost comical passage:

> What he did learn, through dialogue with his colleagues, he persistently translated into his own terminology, to the amazement, amusement, and sometimes frustration of others. He thus frequently reconciled their conflicting opinions.

He saw himself as a bridge between the church and those outside it, between "the Anglo-Saxon and the German theological world," even as a "triboro bridge" between systematics, philosophy, and history. But a bridge has no content, just traffic. The instinct was perhaps shrewd which kept him within a church whose tenets and rites he observed so selectively. For it is not clear that Tillich, as a secular philosopher or historian, would have de-

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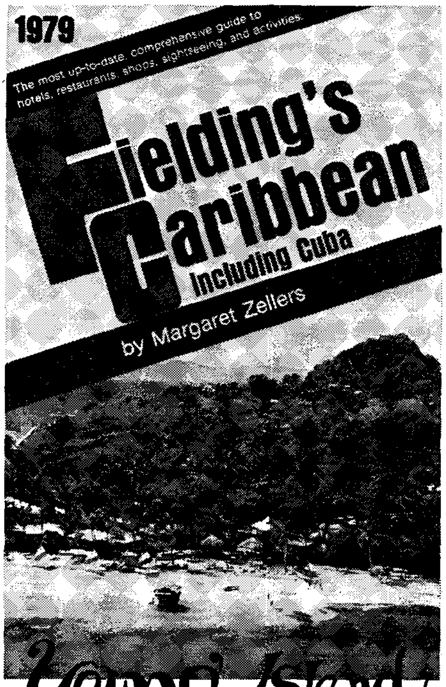
veloped ideas original enough to win the attention he received as a clergyman—an apostle to the unbelievers, with unbelief on his own countenance. He himself cherished his long essay on "The Demonic" as one of "the few truly original contributions he felt he had made." In this area, of the demonic and the fallible, of sin and guilt, he strikes us as more Christianly sensitive than Barth, whose righteousness braces every utterance and who once did retort to an opponent who accused him of wanting always to be right, "But I always am right!" Tillich confessed pain where Barth admitted none. Tillich wrote of risking "tragic guilt in becoming free from father and mother and brothers and sisters," and, according to the Paucks, his "special talent for friendship was marked by an extraordinary ability to make it last." He hated splits, and his theology abounds with blurred distinctions and separations that are "overcome." Where Barth insistently emphasized the absolute difference between human culture and God's revelation, Tillich's "personal inability to accept the split between a faith unacceptable to culture and a culture unacceptable to faith prompted him to interpret the articles of faith through cultural expressions."

The two men met infrequently. Both were involved in Religious Socialism after the First World War, and in 1922 Tillich visited Barth in Göttingen. In a letter to his lifetime friend and theological ally Eduard Thurneysen, Barth wrote of Tillich: "The most remarkable things about him are his 'antipathy to orthodoxy' and his mythology of history, in which the need for the supernatural, which he otherwise takes pains to suppress, comes pouring out. . . . Hirsch [*another theologian*] took pleasure in setting us against each other, denouncing Tillich to me as un-Christian and me to Tillich as unscholarly. Of course we did not agree with this type-casting, although there is something in it." When Tillich began to teach at Marburg, in 1924, his students "expected him to address himself to the theological upheaval caused by Karl Barth," an expectation he disappointed, "developing his own ideas" instead. In his writings, he tends to address Barth and Barthianism gingerly, his disapproval softened by a tone of historical detachment. His "History of Christian Thought" says in its concluding paragraph:

> Again the diastasis against the synthesis of Christianity and the modern mind became real under Karl Barth.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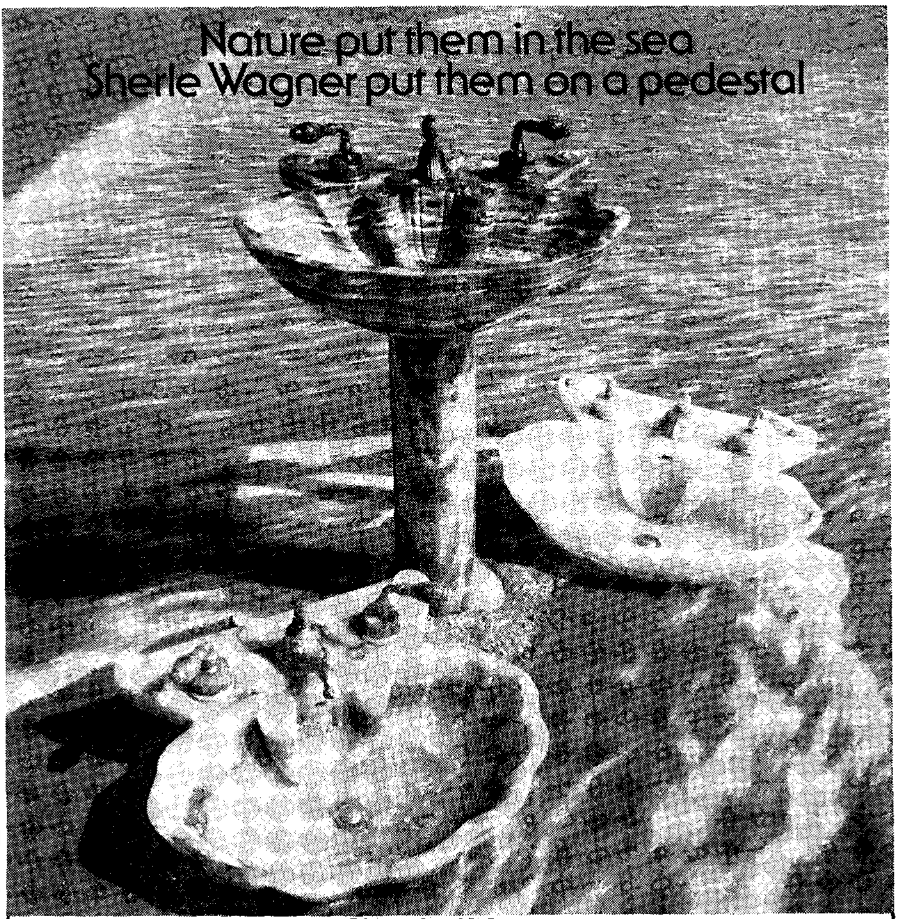
My own answer is that synthesis can never be avoided, because man is always man, and at the same time under God.

His "Perspectives on 19th and 20th Century Protestant Theology" remarks of Barth: "He silenced the problems of historical criticism completely. The question of the historical Jesus did not touch him at all. But problems cannot be silenced." "On the Boundary" is still more astringent: "The extremely narrow position of the Barthians may save German Protestantism, but it also creates a new heteronomy, an anti-autonomous and anti-humanistic attitude that I must regard as a denial of the Protestant principle." Yet, loath to give up friendship with even the arch-negator of the Protestant principle, Tillich called upon him whenever, after his emigration, he visited Europe. "Extremely animated friend-to-friend conversation in which we trade insults," Tillich wrote in his travel diary of 1936. "He feels my existence in America is providential. We part as great friends." After another of Tillich's visits to Basel, in 1958, Barth expressed this view: "A charming man, though his theology is quite impossible (Oh dear, I have undertaken to hold a seminar on him for the whole winter!)." Of this seminar, Barth later wrote, "I constantly try to interpret him for the best and to defend him against the students, who want to snap around him like hunting dogs." Their last meeting, in 1963, was confirmed by an aggressively jocular postcard from Barth: "You are welcome on December 1. Where shall we begin when we meet again and see each other face to face? With the troubles of old age which now assail both of us? . . . Or with the difficulties you have with my books and I have with yours?" Tillich returned from this meeting saying, "Barth and I are friends again!" Pressed for evidence, he replied, "He accompanied me to the tram halt."

Their years devoted to expounding God as they understood Him, to giving Christianity a twentieth-century face, did not exempt them from the pains and indignities—catheters, forgetfulness—of old age, or bring them total serenity. Tillich expressed an oddly fundamentalist anxiety that he "was a sinner who would be excommunicated from the Kingdom of God" and on occasion would ask a late-night auditor, "Am I a phony? I fear so." Barth confided in a letter, "I often have to fight with a quite inexplicable sadness in which all the success that life has brought me is *no use at all.*" Their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work—to rescue the Christian good news not only from the perennial bad news of the human condition but from the modern contraindications of Biblical criticism and materialist science—was not the sort to stand forever. Theology is not a provable accumulation, like science, nor is it a succession of enduring monuments, like art. It must always unravel and be reknit. In "The Word of God and the Task of the Ministry," an address given in 1922, Barth said, "Our systematic theology . . . has been many times altered and sometimes improved . . . But has this meant anything more than the turning over of a sick man in his bed for sake of change?" And, a few pages on:

> It is obvious that theology does not owe its position at the university to any arbitrary cause. It is there in response to a need and is therefore justified in being there. The other faculties may be there for a similar reason, but theology is forever different from them, in that *its* need is apparently never to be met.

In offering to meet the needs of their time, Tillich and Barth set their fellow-Christians opposite but, so elastic are the dialectics of faith, not mutually exclusive lessons. Both confronted the apparent withdrawal of God from the world around them—Barth by claiming that He was Wholly Other and thus immune to detection, Tillich by suggesting that He was present, weakly, in everything. Theology buttresses the faith that would hold off mortal fear, and these two theologians, a decade after the decade of their deaths, present a merged afterimage, positive and negative slants on the problem of fear. What lingers of Barth, still ringing in the air of churches and seminaries, was his tone of fearlessness, his bold, encyclopedic, and hearty exposition of the word of God, as over against the word of Man; whereas Tillich, unable to exclude anxiety and doubt, brought them into the sanctum, and called them holy emotions.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Confessions of Josef Baisz, by Dan Jacobson (Harper & Row; $10). Josef Baisz, citizen of an imaginary totalitarian state, recounts every detail of his adventures as an informer and duplicitous bodyguard. His first job—reporting the confidences of his youthful peers in the élite paramilitary Guard to a suspicious officer—wins him a reputa-

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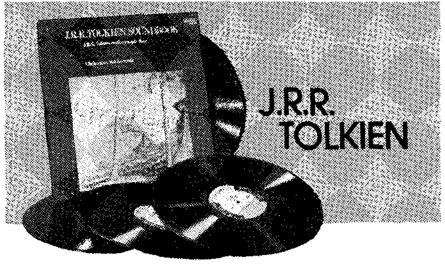
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tion as an ambitious flunky without moral qualms, which determines the course of his career: he is offered, and accepts, a series of important jobs that serve as covers for increasingly dirty undertakings—cuckoldry, kidnapping, and then murder. Josef's meticulous descriptions of the world around him—the people, the machines, and the land itself seem ugly and hostile—suggest that the habit of cynicism has narrowed the range of his emotions; it is his notion that the thrill he feels at the moment of betrayal must be love. When he declares, in the final pages, that he plans to take his own life and thereby outwit his superiors, his boneheaded self-satisfaction is at once pitiable and repellent. A chilling portrait but an enthralling one, because Dan Jacobson lets this lucid and deluded creature betray his folly with his own—for once, candid—words.

NOTE: "Too Far to Go: The Maples Stories," by John Updike, has been published by Fawcett Crest Books ($2.25, paper). Much of the contents first appeared in these pages.

GENERAL

THE BYRONS AND THE TREVANIONS, by A. L. Rowse (St. Martin's; $11.95). Mr. Rowse is a Cornishman, and Cornwall is the site of the ancient demesne of Caerhays, for hundreds of years the seat of the Trevanion family. A youthful curiosity about that illustrious tribe is, no doubt, what eventually sparked this brilliantly written extended essay on the Trevanions and their history of intermarriages and extramarital entanglements with another noble family, the Byrons. And it is in this dual study, full of remarkable and often outré characters on both sides, that he believes the key is to be found to the complicated and tortured personality of George Gordon, the sixth Lord Byron, grandson of Admiral John Byron and Sophia Trevanion. Mr. Rowse makes an interesting case for this rather romantic viewpoint—certainly, as regards Byron's incestuous love affair with his half sister, he can show that incest was almost an avocation with earlier Byrons and Trevanions—but whether or not one accepts his premises about the subtleties of inheritance or the cross-fertilization of eccentricities, the book is a pleasure to read.

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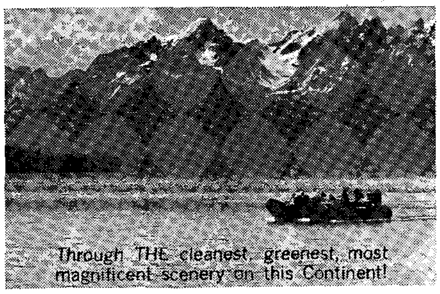
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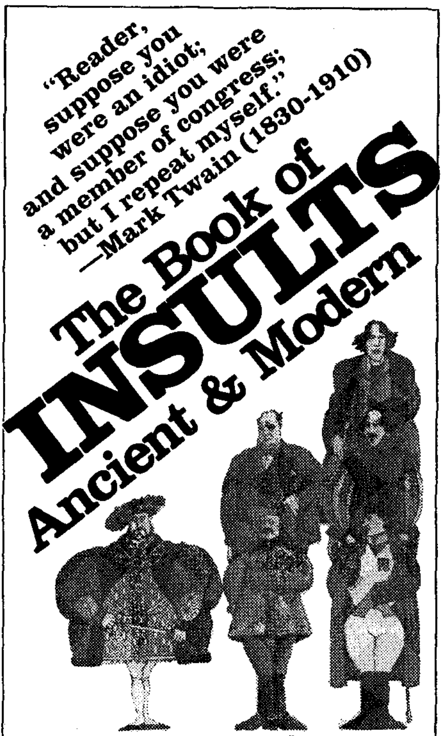
FACTS, edited by Shelford Bidwell (Prentice-Hall; $14.95), and THE THIRD WORLD WAR: AUGUST, 1985, by General Sir John Hackett and other NATO generals and advisers (Macmillan; $12.95). Both these books come from Great Britain, both agree on many technical matters, and both choose the next decade for the next big war. Yet they are very different kinds of work. Mr. Bidwell, himself a military expert, has collected a group of his fellows to discuss not only politics and geopolitics but, mainly, the potentialities of contemporary weapons in a European war involving the United States and the Soviet Union. Only the last third is imagination—a scenario based on the assumption that the Russians will attack West Germany to forestall her developing an independent nuclear deterrent. The closing chapter discusses the array of possibilities available to both sides in the way of nuclear weapons. The work is cogent, lively, and not nearly as optimistic as Sir John's book, which is really a novel with an enormous amount of factual information tucked into it. It, too, assumes a Soviet assault into West Germany, but assigns a different motive: the Russians hope to conquer Western Europe in order to repress dissidence in their empire. Sir John and his staff agree with Mr. Bidwell and his team that NATO will hold. The novelist, however, envisions a conventional (i.e., non-nuclear) counterattack that affords time for every Warsaw Pact malcontent to rebel, so that (with but a single nuclear exchange) the Soviet Empire simply falls apart. What is particularly striking to an American reader about these sophisticated works is their awareness of Western Europe's total dependence upon the United States' will to defend it.

ARNOLD BENNETT: A LAST WORD, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday; $7.95). Bennett died in 1931, at the age of sixty-four, and he has since been very largely forgotten, both as a man and as an artist, but not by Mr. Swinnerton, his friend for the last twenty years of his life. This engaging memoir—the work (almost incredibly) of a man in his ninety-fourth year—attempts not so much to evaluate Bennett's writing as to examine the true nature of the man. "My sole object," Mr. Swinnerton declares, "has been to present the man I knew; a man who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has been more written about, often with animus and misjudgment, than any of his contemporaries." The man he presents is a stiff, self-educated, deeply inhibited man, a pathologically compulsive writer, a man afflicted with a stammer so painful that his efforts to speak made his every utterance sound peremptory, a man generous with both his money and his time, "who combined fun and seriousness with a total lack of self-importance" and who was much loved: "Men as different as Maugham and Max Beerbohm always referred to him as 'dear Arnold.' " One gathers that the "animus" to which Mr. Swinnerton refers was directed less at the man than at the work, which the influential Bloomsbury set so languidly scorned. Photographs.

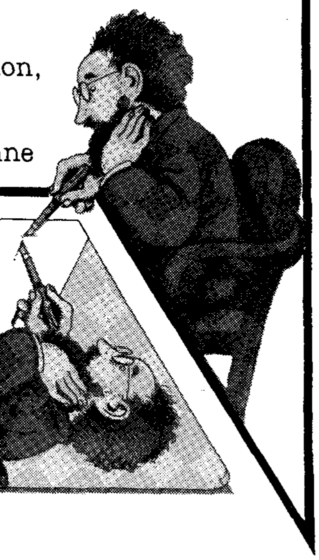
ALARM AND HOPE, by Andrei D. Sakharov, edited by Efrem Yankelevich and Alfred Friendly, Jr. (Knopf; $8.95). This collection of speeches, letters, interviews, and essays opens with the Russian scientist's acceptance speech for the Nobel Peace Prize in 1975, which was delivered by his wife. The papers make clear the variety of Soviet dissenters for whom Sakharov speaks, and they show the assortment of means—from petty harassment to concentration-camp sentences—by which the Communist government attempts to suppress dissent. As most readers know, Sakharov was a *Wunderkind* physicist, and throughout these pieces he demonstrates, along with great moral qualities, a really blazing intelligence and clarity of thought, whether he is suggesting Western policies that might be adopted toward the Soviet Union or explaining why he believes the development of nuclear energy is safe.

•

DEPT. OF AMPLIFICATION AND CORRECTION

ATTENTION has been called to a slice of turbot that I mentioned on page 88 of the February 19th issue of this magazine, in a Profile of a chef called Otto. Referring to a slice of turbot he consumed at the restaurant Lutèce, Otto was quoted as follows: "The turbot is delicious, very fresh, perfectly cooked. My guess is it was frozen." Otto guessed wrong.

—JOHN MCPHEE



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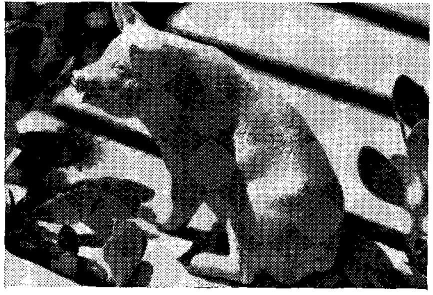

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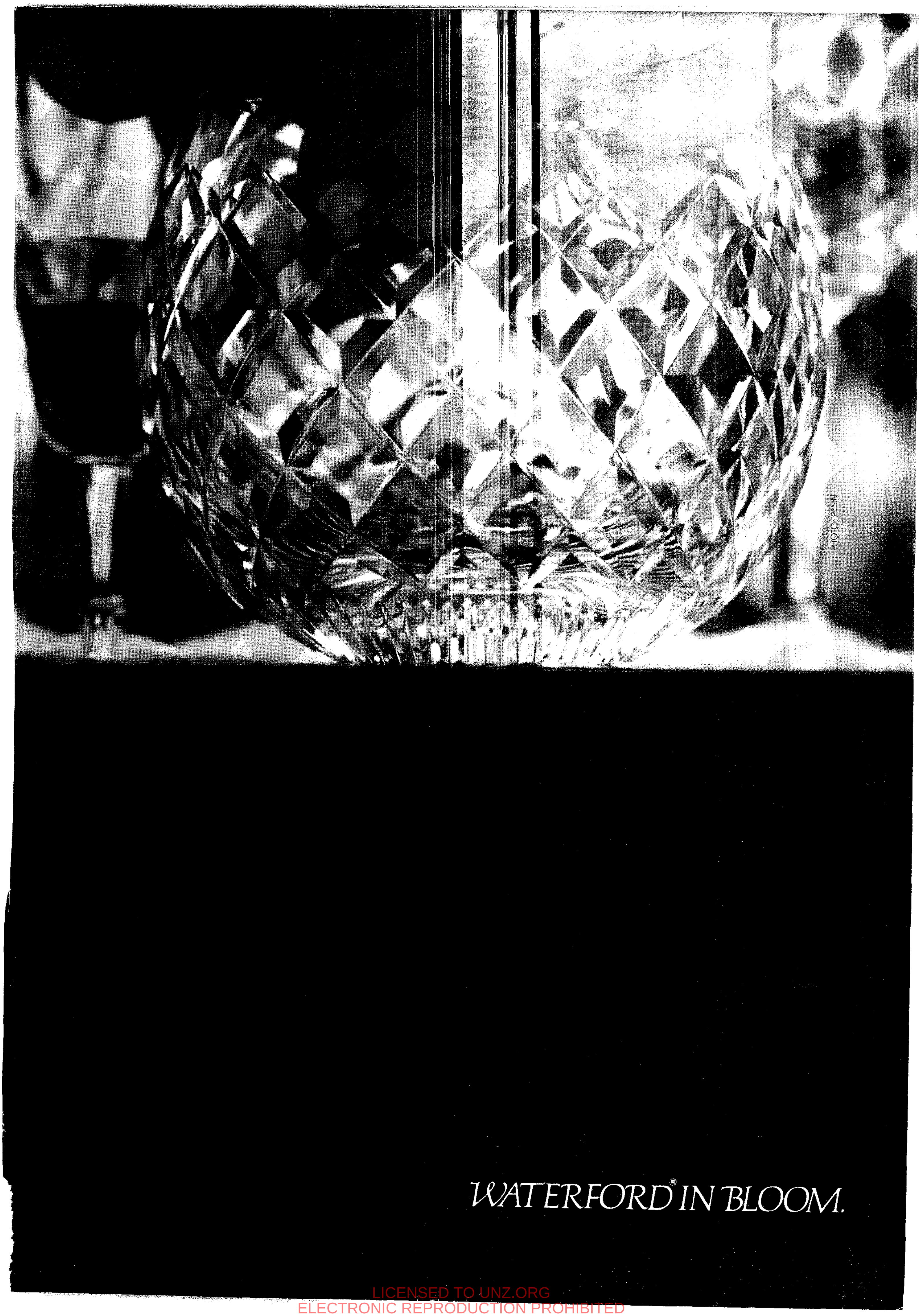

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S. ALLEN COUNTER

HOME: Cambridge, Massachusetts

AGE: 32

PROFESSION: Professor, neurobiologist

HOBBIES: Jungle exploration, film making, archery.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Origin of Species" by Charles Darwin

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: While continuing neurobiological research in the South American jungle, he discovered a little known Bush Afro-American tribe, the first black slaves in the Americas to gain independence.

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